Saturday Review

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March 12, 1966 25¢

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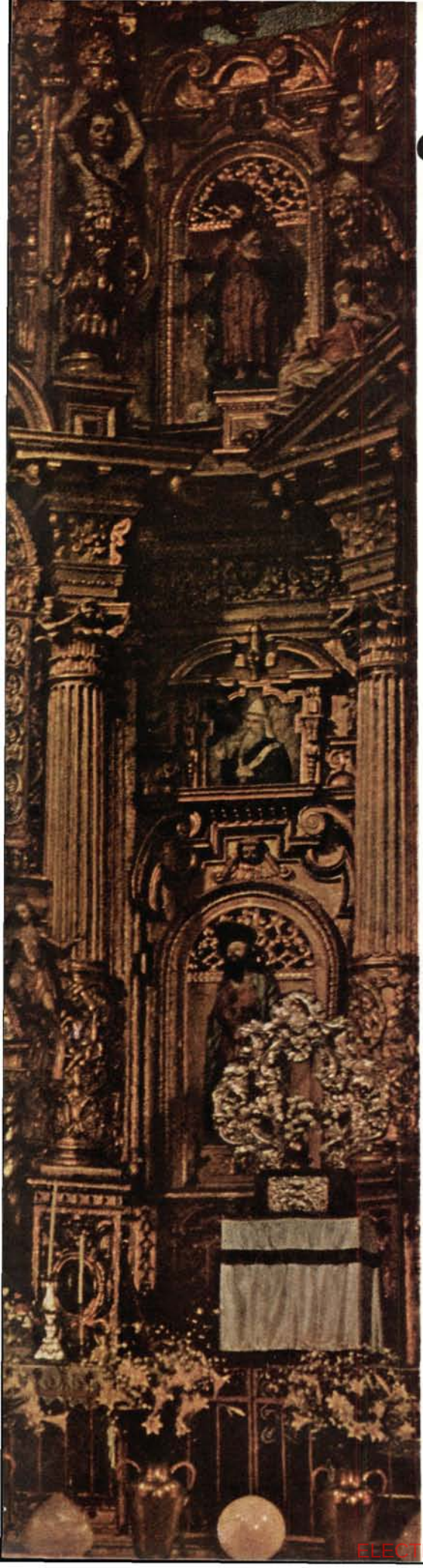

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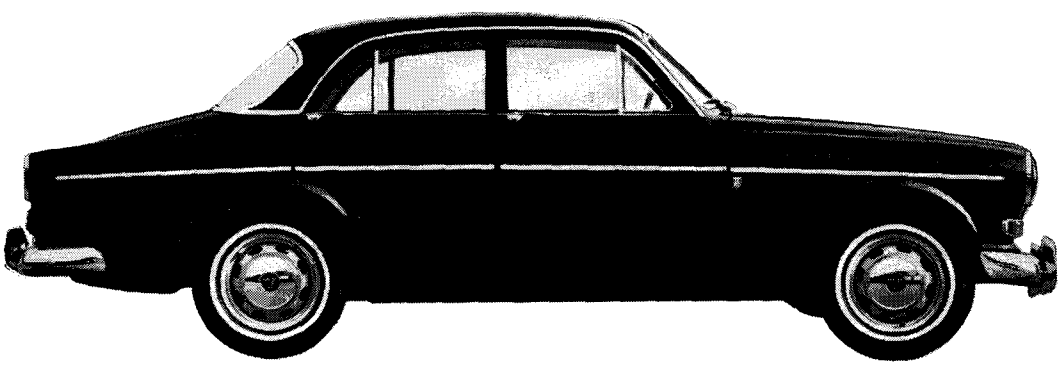

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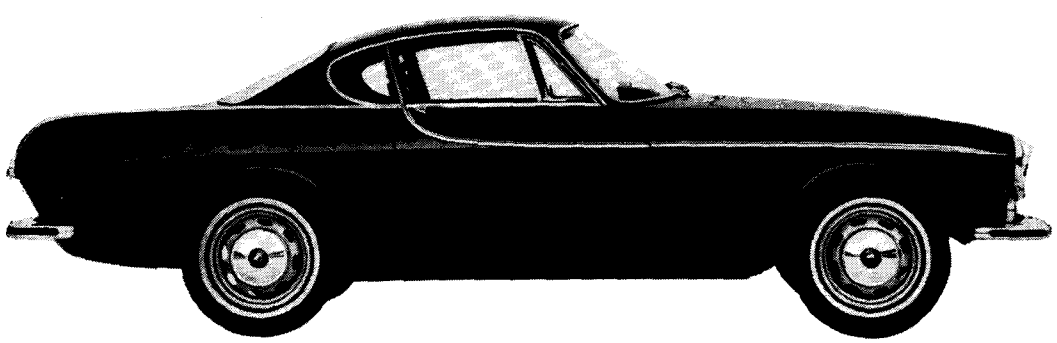

Road & Track magazine said it best. "The 1800 S is a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price that many people who cannot afford a Ferrari or Aston Martin will be able to pay."

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(Advertisement)

You open the book at any point and brisk, fresh, astonishing ideas jump out at you. To be sure, it seems to be a "religious book," even a "Catholic book," but what sort of Catholic religious book begins thus?

> *"The greatest contribution of the Hebrew people to religion was that they did away with it."*

You've scarcely read further when the following appears:

> *"Religion seems to thrive on two delusions. The first is the hostility of the gods, who must be appeased . . . The other . . . the conviction of man's natural goodness to man."*

To be sure, the book is titled *The Human Church*. But that title, promising as it is, does not explain why the book is so vigorous. The answer, as it tends to be in books, is the author: Father William H. DuBay. This young priest was the object of some national attention when he asked for the removal of Cardinal McIntyre as Archbishop of Los Angeles for the Cardinal's alleged failure to act in the racial crisis. Father DuBay, a thoughtful, outspoken man, has written in *America*, *Jubilee*, and elsewhere. He believes that writing should be a natural part of some parish priests' lives because they are in "a position uniquely able to contribute to the dialogue between the Church and the world."

And that dialogue, of course, is a lively one. Father DuBay's proposition —that the Church is staffed by humans who should help solve human problems but who too often wait for divine intercession—is nothing if not lively.

"The difference between Angry Young Men and the Angry Old Men," he says, "is that the Old Men have more to lose and the Young Men have less to work with." Father DuBay, whose book closes with a reasoned proposal for the unionization of priests, has a good deal to work with—and on.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Human Church ($4.50), by Father William H. DuBay, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 6315 York Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212.

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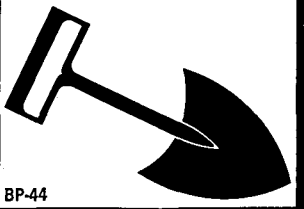

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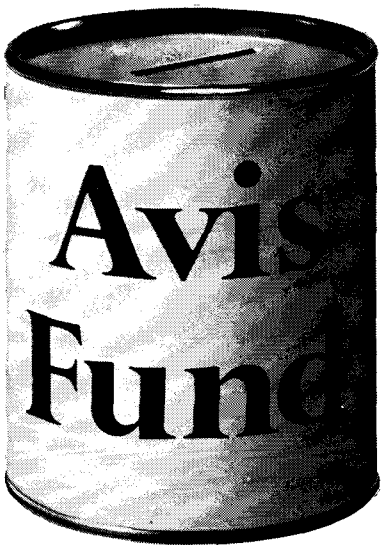

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Edited by Martin Levin

Duet for Diesel and Computer

Who sings now, happy at his work?
Problems solved and new ones coming!
We fill out forms in triplicate
And machines do all our humming.

—Virginia Brasier.

The Princes and the Pauper

THE RECENT CASE of Prince Felix Yussupov vs. CBS has stirred up a new interest in the bizarre fate of one of the most incredible figures in the incredible history of Russia—Grigori Rasputin.

Much has been written about Rasputin's end. Two of the principals, Yussupov and Purishkevich, published their memoirs. But there is also a lesser-known side of the case: the report of the man who conducted the investigation. He was S. V. Zavadski, the then State Attorney for the Petrograd District. The hot case was thrown into his lap by a distressingly simple and honest *gorodovoy*, the Russian name for policeman. I found Zavadski's story in *Arkhiv Russkoy Revolutsii*, an old emigré magazine published in the Twenties.

Patrolman Vlasiuk's station was near the river Moika, two blocks from Yussupov's mansion. Late at night on December 3, 1916, he heard two shots. He went toward the place from which the shots came, to investigate. He stopped at the Yussupov garden, looked in through the grating in the fence, and saw several figures, among them one with a lantern. He recognized only two: the prince and his butler. The *gorodovoy* opened the gate and went into the garden. He was met with hostility. Prince Yussupov told him to return to his post. Nothing happened that merited the attention of the police. A dog had been shot by accident—and that was all.

Vlasiuk went back to his station. The killing of a dog, even in a prince's garden, was an unimportant matter. He gave it no second thought. The incident was forgotten.

But Prince Yussupov and his accomplices were very poor conspirators. They became worried. The prince dispatched the butler to bring back the *gorodovoy*. In the prince's study were Yussupov and Purishkevich. The Russian M.P. showered the poor policeman with questions: "Do you know who I am? Do you love your Czar? Are you loyal to your country? Do you know who Rasputin is?" To each of these questions Vlasiuk answered: "Yes, Your Excellency." Then Purishkevich said: "Rasputin is dead. Go back to your station. If you love our Czar, forget about this conversation."

Vlasiuk returned to his post. But he could not forget the conversation. Doubts began to beset him. He wanted to heed the Deputy's admonition yet was afraid to do so. Quite by chance a detective from his precinct passed by. Vlasiuk told him the story and asked for advice. The detective told the policeman to report at once to his superiors. And that was when Zavadski came in.

Prince Yussupov at first tried to deny any connection with the slaying of Rasputin. He even went to the Minister of Justice to express his indignation over the attempts to link his noble name with the crime. He had company that evening, he said. The Grand Duke Dmitri, Mr. Purishkevich, a few ladies. Always the perfect gentleman, the prince refused to divulge the names of the ladies. Rasputin had called late in the evening and invited the prince to join him in a cozy little orgy in a popular Gypsy cabaret. Since he had guests, the prince refused. Rasputin felt offended. Shortly thereafter the Grand Duke decided to leave. While getting ready to go he accidentally shot a dog.

The minister was impressed. "You know," he said to a subordinate, "I think this young man is telling the truth." A dead dog was actually discovered buried under snow in the prince's garden. It was sacrificed in vain. Rasputin's body was found a day later. Another *gorodovoy* discovered it under a layer of ice by the bank of the river. He stumbled upon it by accident. The rest is well-known history.

There are, however, two postscripts, peculiarly Russian. The Czarina let Zavadski know that she wanted all the things found on Rasputin's dead body including his magnificently embroidered shirt, now spattered with blood. Zavadski complied with the request. Thereafter, when visiting military hospitals, Alexandra insisted that wounded officers put on the sacred shirt of her martyred friend—"for good luck." She was obeyed.

Three months later the Throne of All Russias fell. The provisional revolutionary government declared an amnesty for all accused of political crimes. Thus the

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True or false?

Can you pick all 9 true statements in this quiz?

(No time limit—but no help from your spouse or a 12-year-old boy who happens to know everything.)

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2. T F — Ford is one of the largest manufacturers of vinyls. In addition to car upholstery, Ford vinyls are used for furniture, wall coverings and sporting goods.

3. T F — We manufacture both color and black and white TV sets, refrigerators, radios, automatic washers and dryers, air conditioners, phonographs, ranges and home freezers. (Need extra help on this one? Philco Corporation is a Ford subsidiary.)

4. T F — Our Philco scientists have developed an electronic print reader that can read 15,000 words a minute. (That's about one novel every 10 minutes.)

5. T F — The planet Mars was approximately 134 million miles from Earth when Mariner IV passed it in midsummer 1965. The first pictures ever taken of Mars were relayed from Mariner IV by a Philco-built antenna from a distance of 150 million miles. True or false?

6. T F — The trend in women's fashions is to shorter skirts. Ford of Paris has created a new collection of sports car clothes for Mustang-minded women.

7. T F — In order to track satellites moving through space at 17,500 miles per hour—Ford's Philco subsidiary has built some of the world's largest antennas that move in 2 directions at one time.

8. T F — Most of the major safety devices on today's cars were pioneered by Ford. These include seat belts, safety glass, padded instrument panels, deep-dish steering wheels and safety door locks.

9. T F — American astronauts traveled more than 3 million miles in their historic flight last August. Ford's Philco scientists designed and provided most of the equipment for Gemini Control at NASA's Mission Control Center, Houston, Texas.

10. T F — On an average day, U.S. Post Office Department handles more than 200 million letters and packages. Zip-coding speeds delivery. Ford's Philco subsidiary has developed a machine that can read 36,000 zip-coded addresses an hour.

11. T F — Ford manufactures the following cars in the United States: Mustang, Bronco, Falcon, Fairlane, Ford, Comet, Stutz Bearcat, Mercury, Thunderbird and Lincoln Continental.

ANSWERS: False: Numbers 6 and 11. We don't make Paris fashions yet—but give us time. And the nearest thing we make to a "bearcat" is our wild little pony—Mustang.

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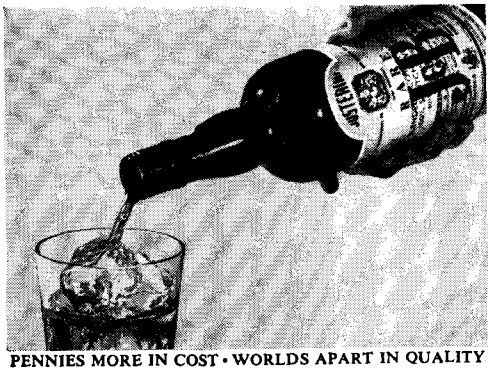

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—M. K. ARGUS.

A Bearded Titan in the Home

"DEAR FRIEND," Time-Life Books recently wrote to me, "will you invite into your home one of the most interesting personalities you will ever meet? Will you let him visit for a while, so that you may share his passions, his vision, his genius with marble and paint and chalk? Michelangelo is waiting to be your houseguest for the next ten days. You will pay nothing for the pleasure and knowledge this bearded titan will bring you during that period. And the story of his life will enrich yours enormously."

Well, frankly, I don't know. There is already enough mess with paint and chalk around the house without chunks of marble, too. And what we really like is a houseguest who will listen to the story of *our* life.

"Though he pursued beauty," the letter continues, "Michelangelo was himself short, broken-nosed, and forbidding looking." (You see, there's one of his problems right there—he was a *short* titan.) "His moods swung between despair and triumph." We have a teen-ager in the house so we have just about all the alternating despair and triumph we can handle.

And, in addition, if we let Michelangelo in, we are apparently in for a whole gang: ". . . sad-eyed Utrillo and Modigliani searching for their souls . . . smoky discussions . . . as Van Gogh and Gauguin rebel against the smug academicians. America's Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins introducing a new kind of refreshing realism." Now that could mean real trouble.

So, at the risk of seeming ungracious, I must really say no to Time-Life Books. Our popularity may have declined in recent years, but we have not yet had to resort to paying people to be our houseguests. —DOROTHY B. SUTHERLAND.

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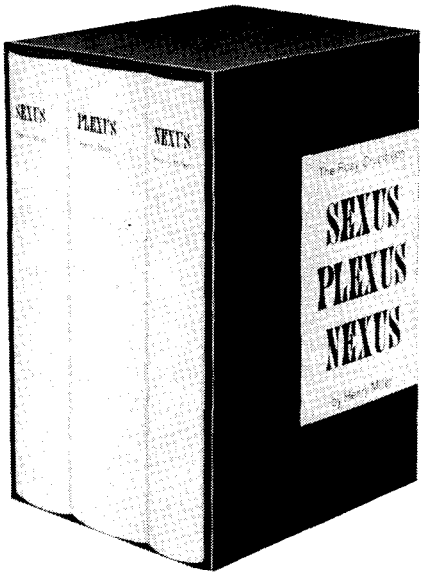

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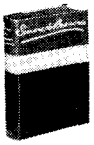

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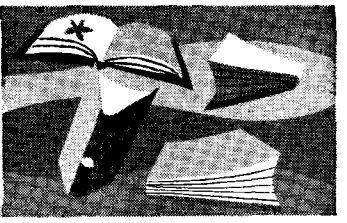
Trade Winds



I had a couple of humiliating experiences recently while trying to eat in New York. I entered a posh little place in midtown for lunch and the head man asked me if I had a reservation. I said no and asked him how long I would have to wait. He studied his big

log book very carefully and then replied, "Well, I believe we can seat you tomorrow."

At the Algonquin Hotel, that haven and hangout for offbeat writers and literary types for years, they didn't want to serve me breakfast because I wasn't wearing a necktie. Why, Heywood Broun used to go there, and you can easily imagine what *he* looked like!

While I'm on the subject, it seems to me that receptionists are pretty mean to me, too. Wherever I go to keep an appointment, the receptionist invariably asks, "Is he expecting you?" It doesn't matter whether I say yes or no; they go ahead and announce me anyway. So, when a woman at Time Inc. was giving me a hard time and asked the inevitable question, I couldn't help myself and said, "How should I know if he's expecting me? I'm not a mind reader."

Whereupon she bawled me out, which is what I deserved. However, I hereby start a campaign to make receptionists cease and desist asking that stupid question. (Let's begin with *Saturday Review.*)

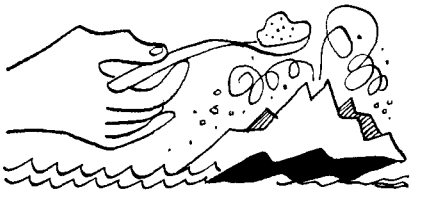
I suppose John Riding must be contemplating the capricious behavior of the gods of fame and fortune. He is a six-foot-four Lancashire athlete who crammed himself into a twelve-foot sailboat and sailed her from England to Newport, Rhode Island. Unfortunately, he arrived there just as a smaller man in a larger boat was greeted in Cornwall by photographers, reporters, and agents with contracts to be signed. He was Robert Manry, in his *Tinkerbelle.* We have a saying, Mr. Riding—"That's the way the cookie crumbles."

Recent culinary events in Washington—to wit, the changing of the guard in the White House kitchen—led me to *The First Ladies' Cook Book,* to see what have been the gastronomic ups and downs of our nation's leaders over the years. It gives the favorite recipes of all the Presidents and indicates that there probably have been as many executive chefs of the United States as Chief Executives.

Jefferson, for instance, went for Wyeth's English plum pudding with hard sauce. The Yankees John Quincy Adams and Franklin Pierce wanted clams and lobster more than anything else. Are you surprised to hear that Grant's favorite was Roman punch, a blend of lemon sherbet, rum, and champagne? Taft, who reached 350 pounds, liked sauces, I guess, for lobster Newburgh and chicken croquettes were his choice.

There was no nonsense about Harding, who always asked for filet mignon. That may explain what the Kitchen Cabinet was working on. Coolidge? Corn muffins and pineapple salad. The Kennedys, as we know, chose beef Stroganoff and poulet à l'estragon. When the Johnsons took over, there was a revolution in the kitchen. LBJ's favorites are Pedernales River chili, spinach parmesan, peanut brittle, and double divinity. This last is made of sugar, cornstarch, corn syrup, egg whites, and vanilla; it is called double divinity because it is twice as divine as a divinity.

For some reason I began thinking about bicarbonate of soda, so I learned that there is a Baking Soda Institute. At the time I spoke with them, they



were interested in pushing bicarb as a cure for colds. January was Break-That-Cold Month. A half-teaspoon per half-glass of water is not only a cold remedy but it is supposed to stave off the flu.

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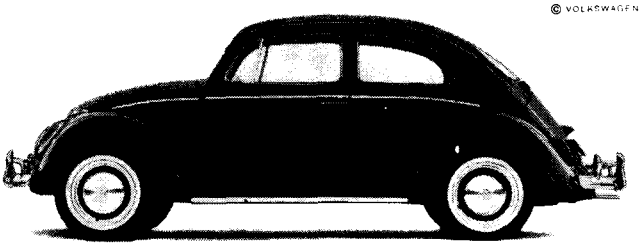

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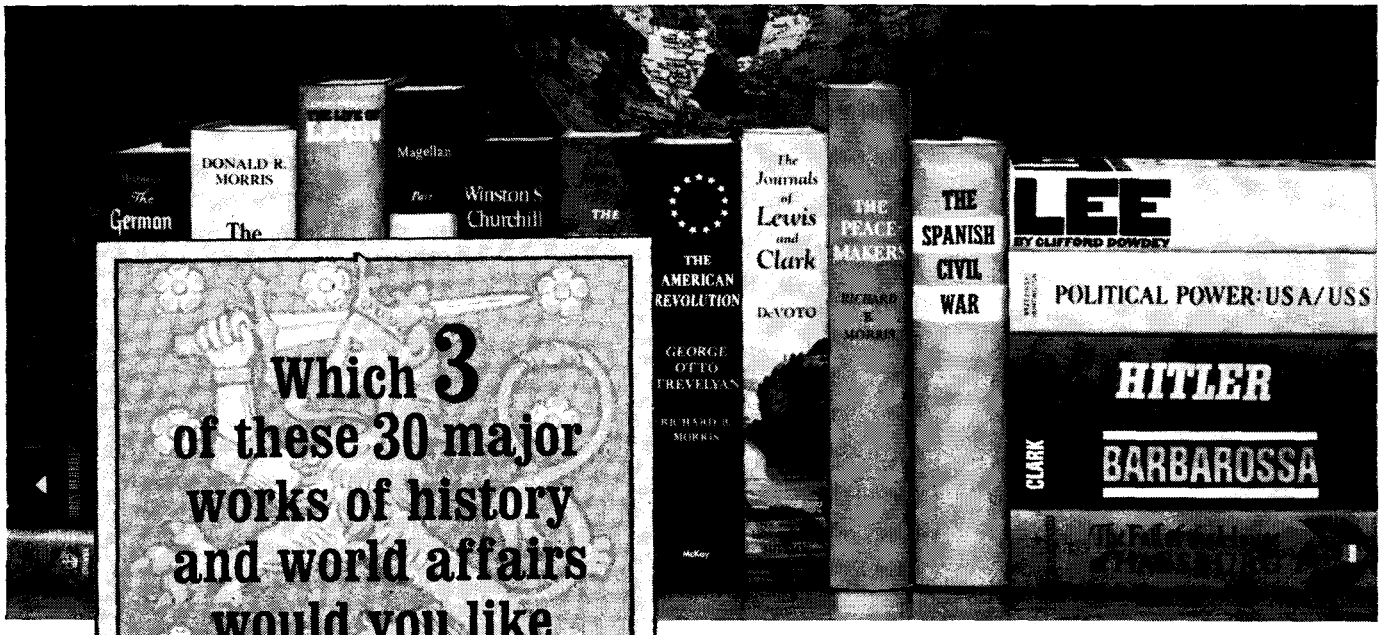

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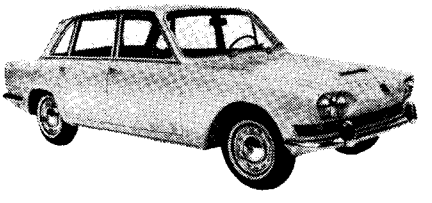

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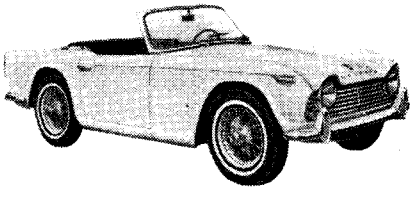

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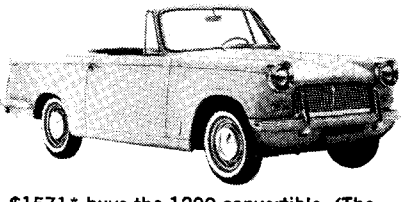

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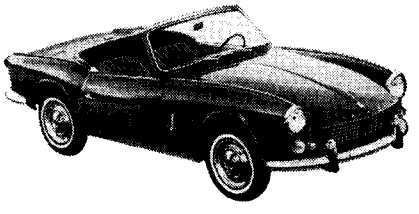

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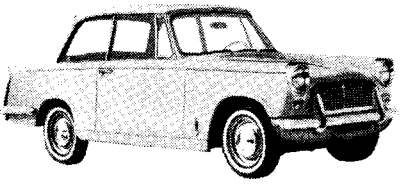

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and grease fires and it can remove onion odors from the hands. It is a good dentifrice and it is used many ways in caring for the baby. Added to a chicken's drinking water, it hardens egg shells. It soothes burns and it can be made into plasma in an emergency when blood plasma isn't available.

The major use of soda bicarbonate is for indigestion, and that's why the Baking Soda Institute works so hard on National Indigestion Week, which lasts not just a week but from Thanksgiving to New Year's Day. Perhaps the most dramatic method of calling attention to the observance occurred a few years ago. A truckload of bicarb was dumped into a live volcano in Hawaii when that volcano started acting up, or "belching smoke," as the Baking Soda Institute phrases it. The volcano, Kilauea, felt much better and was calm, but recently began burping again.

Writing in *Panorama,* Joseph Haas points out that the amoral spy in *The*

Spy Who Came In from the Cold is named Leamas, and that his name is Samael spelled backwards. Haas did some digging into Talmudic literature and found that Samael, too, was accuser, seducer, and destroyer. One of the fallen angels driven from Heaven, Samael was a spy, stoolpigeon, and agent provocateur. Is that why the author, Le Carré, chose the name Leamas? Haas didn't find out. He interviewed the author but forgot to ask. —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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Joshua Slocum:

Sailing Alone (around the world)

Worse still, there might be other reefs ahead forming a bight into which the current would sweep me, and where I should be hemmed in and finally wrecked. . . . I justly* lamented the day I had allowed on board the goat that ate my chart.

*Inserted to get the J.

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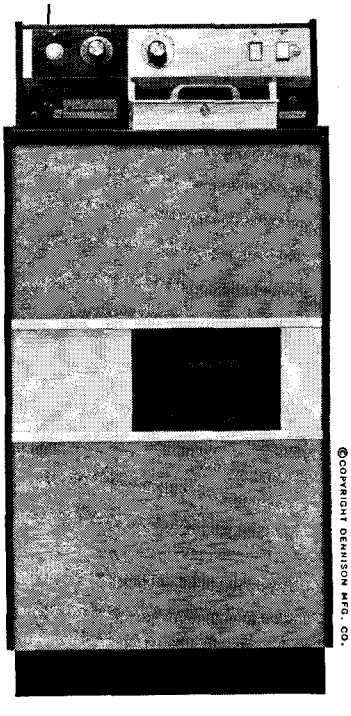

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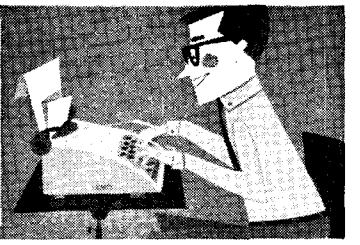
Top of My Head



Instant Critic

THE THEATER, like its bastard art-form offspring TV, has been having its unbelievably ludicrous moments of travail.

In television an unfriendly network preferred showing *I Love Lucy* with Lucille Ball instead of *I Hate War* with Senator Fulbright. This brought down on the medium the wrath of the press.

In the theater the producers vented their spleen on the press when Stanley Kauffmann, *New York Times* drama critic, announced he would have more time to write a meaningful critique if he attended the final night of a play's Broadway preview rather than rush to his desk and meet his paper's late-city deadline.

Broadway producers immediately rushed into print to complain that a final preview is the crucial performance necessary to a play's polished quality. Also, though they didn't mention it, the theater has its own opening-night laugh and applause track, which includes shouts of "Huzzah," "Author," and "Go, go, go!"

I have great empathy for Mr. Kauffmann's appeal for more time to write his review and I would like to say a few words in his behalf. But I can't. I happen to know an instant critic who can review a play swiftly and with a clarity so perceptive that it never fails to astound me. I am married to her.

First let it be shown for the record that she has great contempt for the critics and their ability to control the longevity of a play's run. I quote: "It's un-American for actors on the stage to be at the mercy of twelve old men sitting as a referee."

This is a metaphor mixed with equal parts of the Supreme Court and our jury system with an anachronistic referee thrown in to compound the felony.

But however confused her flair for picturesque language, she has a great talent for quick decisions in the matter of Broadway plays. She is not an opening-nighter. She is a first Saturday matineeer, and her reviews take two forms: "Great" and "Don't go."

Actually, she can do even better than that. Before the play opens on Broadway and is ironing out the wrinkles in Philadelphia and Boston she is able to decide whether the play will be a hit here or a flop. I might go back even further than that. When the play is first announced on the drama pages and its stars are named she can assay the play's chances at a glance.

Often this is accomplished by examining the attractive or unattractive title or the name of the theater in which it will be housed. Often it is judged by its locale. Period plays will never make it. Irish plays hardly ever. Classic plays only with John Gielgud.

At any of her Saturday-matinee openings, if she is seen standing at the bar in Sardi's restaurant ten minutes after the second-act curtain has risen, the closing might as well be put up on the callboard that instant. And the longer she stands there the more unpicturesque her language becomes. Actors have been known to quail and forget their lines when they look out into the audience and notice that she has not returned to her seat for the second act.

As indicted here, she is endowed with startling prescience. And you will be surprised to hear the number of plays on which she has called her shots and to learn that she is always—well, I won't say always, but she is almost always—wrong.

Parenthetically I add the interesting footnote that she also practices hypnotism. But it's only at private parties that she works her spell on friends. And while she has never actually put anyone to sleep, guests have been seen to develop great fatigue and leave soon after she has waved her hands and recited her mystic ritual.

She has a great affinity for writers of plays. She knows one Broadway playwright personally, Mr. George Axelrod, and takes credit for having launched his career with his first play, *The Seven Year Itch*. She was noncommittal when she first read he had written a play because Mr. Axelrod was working for me at the time as a writer of radio scripts. But when the play opened and was acclaimed by the critics she quickly joined in the praise of it. And she even liked it after she saw it at her first Saturday matinee.

But she really knows and appreciates good writing. She has publicly stated that I am the best writer on the scene and has often privately asked me why I don't write a play. When I replied that I am too far along in years to take up playwriting she jeered.

"Nonsense," she said, "look how old Shaw was when he wrote *My Fair Lady*."

—GOODMAN ACE.

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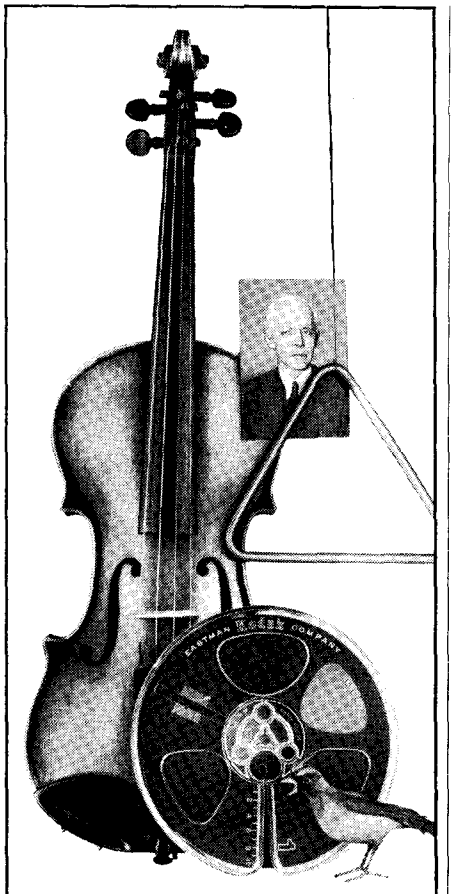

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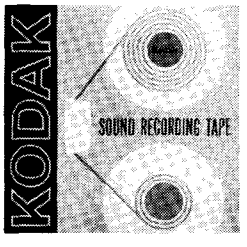

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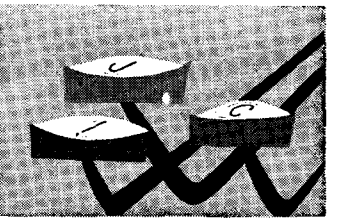
Manner of Speaking



Spectaculars: That Camels sign that has been blowing something like smoke rings into Times Square for something over a quarter of a century is on its way down as of this writing, and will have disappeared as of this printing. Perhaps it will have gone to join those Adam and Eve colossi that used to flank the waterfall that used to advertise—what? I seem to remember that it was Bond's clothes, but could such naked figures really have been advertising men's and women's wear? I do recall reading that Adam and Eve ended up in the New Jersey meadows—taken for a ride, alas, in much the way many another figure-around-town had been taken out and dumped by the cruder and more old-fashioned gangster types of not really so long ago.

There are always those who are ready to sigh their nostalgias at the passing of any prominent monstrosity. Perhaps they should band together into a Society for the Preservation of the Ludicrous and set up a second-hand but still flashing Times Square in the Jersey meadows. There, for a while, and especially on moony nights, little men in flying saucers might still see ghostly smoke rings drifting into space, Adam and Eve might still glow in a plaster ruin, Kleenex might still pop out of its ghostly box as Little Lulu blows her ghostly, glowing nose.

In time, of course, all such relics will sink into the muck of those self-clearing meadows. Yet all of them will provide good fill toward the time when the meadows become solid enough to hold up their own securely based monstrosities. What a legendary rightness there would be to having some future crossroads of High Honky-Tonk rise above the swallowed ruins of past Spectaculars till the whole earth there, layer by layer to bed-rock, is firmed by swallowed junk!

Meanwhile, of course, Times Square itself, in the act of remaining the world's largest open-air insane asylum, will go on producing its flashing inanities, and the topophiliac in the ambulatory ward will go on lamenting the passage of each new grotesque. And yet, through every change, Times Square will flash on, raising the idiotic to a scale at which it becomes almost sublime by the sheer power of mass (see Longinus—not to be confused with Longines', not to be confused with Accutron by Bulova, which is now playing at Forty-sixth and Broadway—"On Sublimity.")

And meanwhile, if only to give loose nostalgic a firmer ground for its own swamplands—and because the truth is not sufficiently known—I hereby enter for all future historians the indisputable claim to the invention of the Spectacular for Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), a native of Florence, Italy. Nor was his invention a crude forerunner of the current models. It was a full-blown, message-spelling, animated, flashing Spectacular-plus on a sky-wide scale yet to be equaled. In evidence of which, if the class will open the *Paradiso* to Canto XVIII at line 73, we may begin:

Dante has just entered the Sixth Heaven, the Sphere of Jupiter, and there he encounters the souls of the Just. At that height of heaven the souls no longer appear as bodies but as living, gemlike radiances. As Dante appears on the scene, swarms of these radiances rise to greet him with a Spectacular message on the nature of Divine Justice. They begin, with the entire sky as their billboard, to spell out a flashing message—D . . . I . . . L—and continue till they have spelled out *Diligite Iustitiam Qui Iudicatis Terram* (Love righteousness ye that are judges of the earth.)

Simple stuff, you may say, as Times Square goes. But Dante has only started. The last letter of that first message is "M," and it does not flash off but remains in the sky. (You must visualize, however, not the jagged-top "M" of modern usage but the rounded-top character of medieval manuscripts as formalized from the cursive, much like a lower-case "m" printed large. That "m" easily suggests a flying bird, and it is into a bird that the heavenly Spectacular now transforms it.

The transformation begins when a shower of radiances settles on top of the "m." Then, in a fountain of sparkles:

> more than a thousand of those lights
> uprose,
> some to a greater high, some to a
> lesser,
> (each to the place the Sun that lit
> it chose)
>
> and as each took its place in that
> still choir,
> I saw the head and shoulders of an
> eagle
> appear in the fixed pattern of the
> fire.

It is still a simple animation, to be sure. But wait. For other radiances now move, forming a series of *fleur-de-lis*

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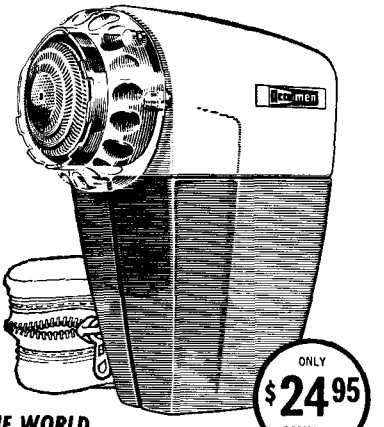

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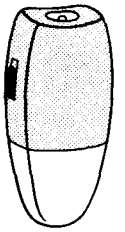

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patterns on the "m," and then shift, transforming it into the body of an eagle (which serves as a joint symbol of the Holy Roman Empire and of Divine Justice). So we find it at the beginning of Canto XIX:

> Before me, its great wings outspread, now shone
> the image of the eagle those bright souls
> had given form to in glad unison.
>
> Each seemed a little ruby in the sky.
> And the Sun's rays struck each in such a way
> the light reflected straight into my eye.

Maybe the manufacturers of Times Square Spectaculars will claim that they, too, have captured the art of nailing each spectator with the direct rays of each message, but I doubt that even they will dare say so. Nor is that all of Dante's effect. The Eagle not only shines with its wings spread across the sky, but it opens its beak and speaks. Nor does it simply answer Dante's questions: it reads his mind and answers questions he has not yet formed there himself—or, at least, it answers them in detail that had not yet occurred to Dante. And as additional effects, it beats its wings, circles above Dante as it flashes in many colors, and blinks its eyes in unison with its speaking.

That Camels sign (Dante loved instantaneous transitions, though not from the sublime to the ridiculous) was not really a Spectacular. Webster's NWD defines lower-case "spectacular" as "unusual to a striking or wonderful degree; characterized by a great display, as of daring." An upper-case "Spectacular" is an electric sign that strives for all of these qualities except daring. The Camels sign was little more than a face (that changed from time to time) painted around a tin gape from which there emerged puffs of steam that sometimes formed into smoke rings but that more often blew apart into nothing.

But even the Spectaculars, I must insist, are primitive stuff compared to what the master knew about the outdoor display business. Let all those electric giddies (plural of "giddy") go their way one by one, for all I care. I do find something impressive in their total and totally unrelated frenetic massiveness. But I shall find no cause to mourn the passing of any one of them until these modern imitators manage to come up to the specifications of the first imagination to go into the business. —JOHN CIARDI.

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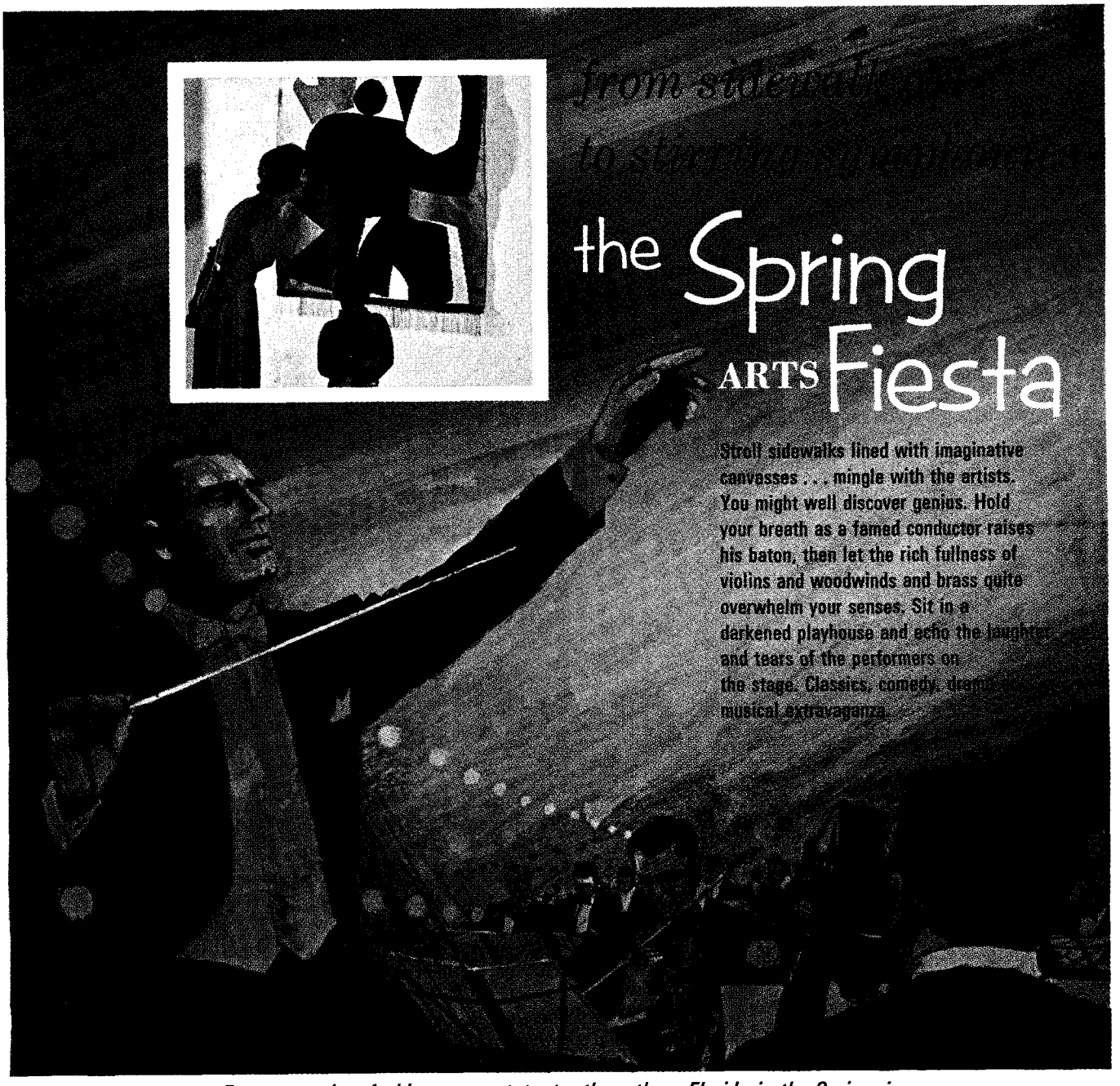
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the Spring
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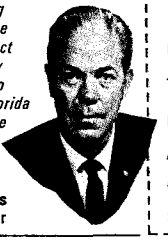

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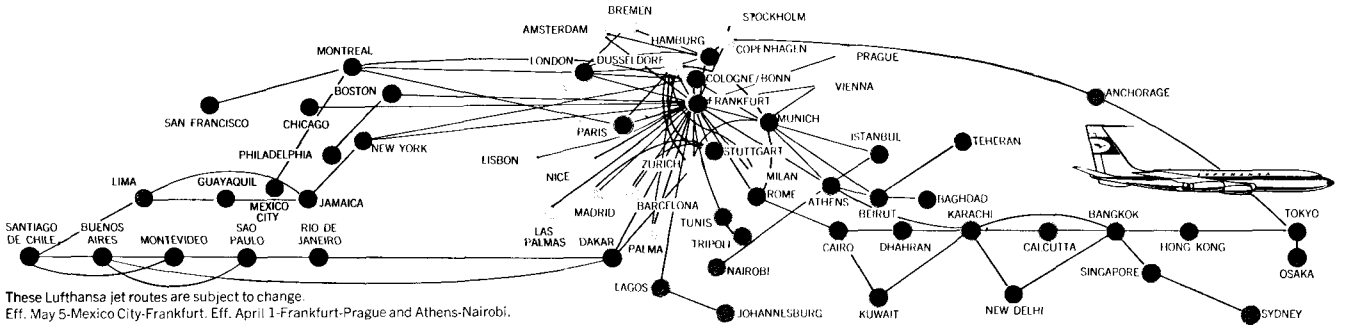

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Saturday Review
March 12, 1966

The Age of Overwrite and Underthink

A timely reminder, for a civilization that too often forgets it, that words, written or spoken, are meant to communicate

By STEPHEN SPENDER

IN THE FAMOUS controversy about the two cultures, one important point seems to have been overlooked: that if there truly is a gulf between the literary and the scientific culture, it cannot be bridged by science, but only by language. Language is the only means of communication between specialities as far apart as every individual's unique experience of his own life. Scientific specialization itself is human experience, and if it is to become part of the general culture it can only be so by communication through language. When there is a question of discussing and explaining our experiences of the other arts, music, or painting, we use words. If architecture aspires to the condition of music, all human experience aspires to words.

This very simple point, that we communicate by means of language, seems to be largely overlooked by our educators. Our own language is thought of as just one thing taught like all the others, not as an intermediary between all things taught. Before the end of the last century, English, I believe, was not a subject at English universities. There was no English school at Oxford and Cambridge. Everyone was supposed to know English literature, and apart from the grammar taught in one's childhood, how to write English was a benefit conferred by, or inferred from, a classical education. I suppose that some of those who hotly contested the introduction of the study of English literature must have argued, with reason, that if English becomes a subject, then reading and writing English literature becomes a specialization among other specializations. The main road of communication becomes a cellar occupied by people who make a profession of reading and writing. In our own time an attempt is being made to turn the tables on those who have made English one subject among other subjects by giving it the status of principal subject. Dr. Leavis and his followers argue that English should be the main study at the new universities. They argue that in the era of the breakdown of values, and in the absence of religion, our only connection with the past of the "organic community" is through the English books of the Great Tradition, as chosen by the Leavisite priesthood.

THIS seems an attempt to replace compulsory religious teaching with compulsory study of English literature. It seems an extreme position only serving to dramatize that it is a desperate one in the age of nuclear fission when the people who are studying either to reinvent us or to completely destroy us have no time for any other work than their frenetic pursuit of bigger and better means of doing one or the other.

What one may insist on, though, is that life attains significance through the consciousness of the individual who lives it, and who is able to understand that significance through comparing his own experiences with those of other people. Language is the only means of communicating experiences, realizing consciousness. One cannot, I think, reasonably argue that everyone ought to be a New Critic, or a doctrinaire of the Great Tradition, but one can point out that it is urgent for people to be able to communicate, and that they can only do this through being able to read the works that illuminate their experiences. This means developing a capacity to speak, think, and write clearly.

It seems to be universally recognized that everyone should learn to read and write. Not to be able to do so is to be illiterate. Little importance, however, is attached to *what* you read and how you write. The idea that writing is not just a physical attainment, like using a knife and fork, but is communication, and that everyone should be concerned with it to the degree that he has experiences and ideas to express, seems to be regarded as eccentric. Yet it is doubtful whether you can carry on an intelligent conversation without being able to write down the ideas conversed about. Anyone can demonstrate this to himself by simply turning on the radio or TV and listening to the dismal attempts of experts in politics and government to communicate their expertise. What one witnesses again and again is the breakdown of language.

We groan over specialization, but we accept it as inevitable, reflecting that specialists are so specialized in matters of which we are so ignorant that even if they could tell us about the things they know, we would not understand. Yet there exist, especially in France and England, a few masters of exposition who show that the most specialized subject is often far more communicable than we would anticipate its being. Moreover, it is doubtful whether what we need or want to know from the specialist is really that which is highly technical and particular to his research. What we need to know from scientists is how their scientific picture of the world should affect and qualify our life. A good deal of this can be explained. And if – as Robert Oppenheimer seems to think–there is a highly important kind of scientific experience that cannot be communicated to the nonspecialist then the significance of noncommunicability is something that also needs to be explained, because it may be a factor, or, rather a blank, in the picture of life we need to allow for. In the past it was considered important to understand that there were incommunicable mysteries. But these were communicated

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as *experience of the incommunicable*, in that people realized there were mysteries of knowledge and priesthood. If there is a kind of scientific experience that is central to modern life and cannot be explained, then this is something different from mere "specialization," and it can and should be understood.

WHETHER what scientists have to explain to us is communicable, or whether they have to explain that it is incommunicable, the fact is that the present breakdown in communication is due at least partly to the neglect of English. It is slovenly to accept without question the cliché that we cannot communicate because we live in "an age of specialization." One only has to look at the essays of most sociologists to realize that language, the medium of communication, is often the last thing that people who have very important things to tell about the state of our society have taken trouble about. We enter the era of mass communication when the study of the traditional, and the ultimate, means of communication, the English language, is looked at as a matter concerning only literary specialists.

I do not see why an attempt should not be made at school through the widened study of writing and speaking English to break down some barriers of incommunicability. The basic condition for making such an attempt possible would be that everyone, in whatever discipline, wrote an essay on some general subject once a week or fortnight. Some of these essays might take the form of communications from members of one discipline to another. For example, students on the science side of the school might be asked to write essays directed to those studying history, explaining, in words that the science student hoped the historian would understand, what some aspect of his science was about, and vice versa. The historians, or the scientists, would then read the best essays from the science students, and perhaps both classes would meet to discuss the essays.

Another exercise that I have thought about (without being able to fire anyone else with my own enthusiasm) is that a day of a term or a year should be set aside for general academic exercise in which speakers from different specialized disciplines would explain before an audience what they thought was the meaning and importance of their work. A good classroom exercise might be to make students listen to TV interviews with Senators, ex-Presidents, etc., taking with them notebooks in which they would write down sentences in the interview that strike them as particularly good, or particularly bad, considered not for their content but as language—to be followed by a general discussion of these by the class. This might prove linguistically therapeutic.

I think, then, that we should regard English literature—fiction, nonfiction, poetry, etc.—primarily as teaching people to communicate with one another and in that way helping them to live their lives. We are not, even in the university creative writing course, teaching them to be writers. We are concerned only with teaching them to read, to express themselves, to appreciate language, to discuss and talk better because they are trying to read and write. Instead of giving them a specialist view of writing, we should try to break this down, to emphasize the importance of writing everything as well as possible: a letter to a friend or to a member of the family, a private journal. We should make them think of reading and writing as two sides of the same medal. One reads better because one writes better, one writes better because one reads better.

That students often distinguish sharply between reading and writing is painfully evident. Some years ago, after reading an essay by one of my students I suggested to her that she should read Samuel Butler's essays. "Oh, I don't read, Mr. Spender," she protested, "I write."

As I suggested above, every student at school ought to write a weekly essay. Students ought to be given a wide choice of subjects, with a view, perhaps, to their sometimes being very close to themselves and sometimes demanding that they should get away from their self-absorption, their subjectivity, into their opposite, the objective. But it is a mistake to produce the impression that this kind of belles-lettres is literature, or, at any rate, more literary, than the subject I suggested previously, of a scientist writing for a historian about his scientific studies. Everything that is well written can be literature, if literature is what we are concerned with. One of the masterpieces of English literature is a handbook on angling.

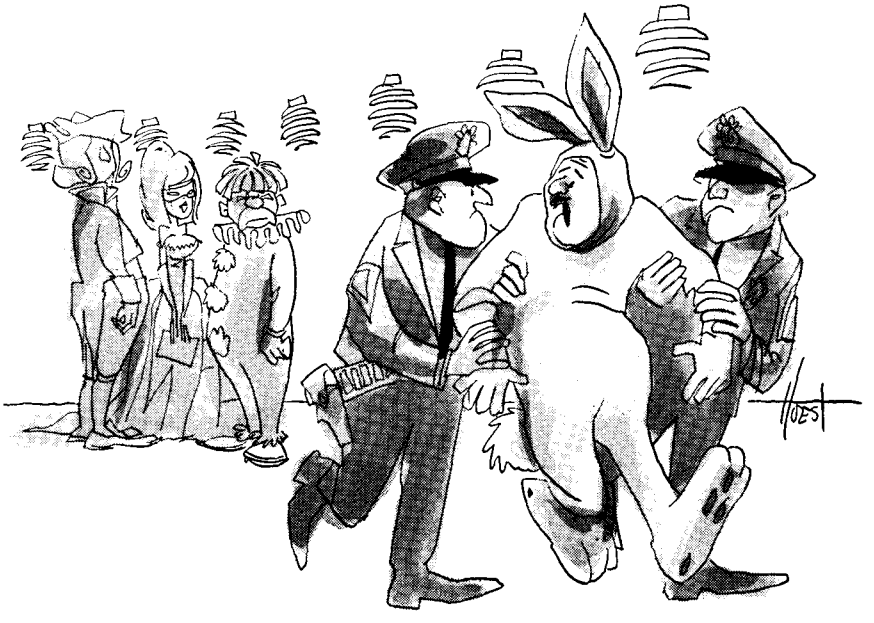
Feeling for language includes grammar, texture of sentences, the difference between prose and poetry. The important thing is to emphasize the sensuous aspects of writing. For example, grammar is not just obeying rules. It is the exercise of the power politics of language. Words rule other words, subjects have objects. Prepositions are powerful indicators, instruments of authority, traffic directors. All this suggests the visual and it seems to me that grammar should be visualized as much as possible, with parentheses enclosed in separating walls, nouns elevated to kingship by verbs and ruling their objects, etc.

I hope that the following poem will illustrate what I am here trying to put forward:

Subject: Object: Sentence

A subject thought: because he had
a verb
With several objects, that he ruled
a sentence.
Has not Grammar willed him these
substantives
Which he came into, as his just
inheritance?

His objects were wine, women, fame
and wealth,
And a subordinate clause—*all life
can give.*
He grew so fond of having these,
that, finally,
He found himself becoming quite
subjective.
Subject, the dictionary warned,
means *someone ruled by*



"Oh please Sir, don't throw me in the briar patch!"

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Person or thing. Was he not
having's slave?
To achieve detachment, he must be
objective.
Which means to free himself from
the verb *have.*

Seeking detachment, he studies the
context
Around his sentence, to place it in
perspective:
Paraphrased, made a critical analysis,
and then reread it, feeling more
objective.

Then, with a shock, he realized that
sentence
Like subject-object, is treacherously
double.
A sentence is condemned to stay as
stated—
As in *life-sentence, death-sentence,*
for example.*

Apart from one term teaching school in England, most of my experience of teaching is taking a creative writing course at Northwestern University—an "advanced composition course," as we call it there. Before discussing this I feel the need to make an apologia, to explain what my attitude is to such a course. Most writers feel, I gather, the same need to justify teaching "creative writing."

I do not think that the writer, taking such a course, thinks that he can provide a formula that will turn students into poets and novelists. A teaching course sets up a meeting place for students who are interested in writing. Here they exchange views and they come in contact with a vocational writer. The creative writing course is a Midwestern substitute for the Parisian café where young writers come and show one another their poems and stories, and where older writers are in the offing. The more students, with or without the official "writer," meet and continue their discussions outside the course, the better. I am very doubtful whether I have been of much help to the potential writers in my courses. I do think, though, that the atmosphere of a community has been created quite early in the course, and that this has been helpful.

THE most difficult thing to teach writer-students is how to approach the problem of writing poetry. Obviously what one can do is give them an idea of the techniques of prosody, of the forms in which poems have been written, and of different metrical patterns. I understand that W. H. Auden, when he took a course at Ann Arbor, concentrated very much on technique. He would make his students write sonnets, sestinas, etc. (It is worth noting as a matter of literary history that the presence of Auden in America has—at any rate until quite recently—enormously stimulated the interest of young Americans in writing poems in traditional forms.)

To my mind, teaching poets to write in a wide variety of forms has its dangers. For a good many professional poets, especially among the moderns, have got on very well without knowing any more about form than was necessary to them for writing their own kind of poetry. A poet may not need to know more about form than suits his purposes at a particular stage of his development, and going beyond this stage he acquires new techniques and forms as they are needed. To a poet who has read a good deal of poetry by other poets, form—the kind of form that he needs for his own development—may come almost instinctively. When Auden was an undergraduate and started writing his own early poetry, he read a great deal but he had very little theoretical knowledge of form. The forms of his earlier work are more or less instinctive echoes of Anglo-Saxon, Hardy, *The Waste Land,* and *The Tower* of W. B. Yeats. Only about five years later did he seriously study a great many forms and become a virtuoso in them.

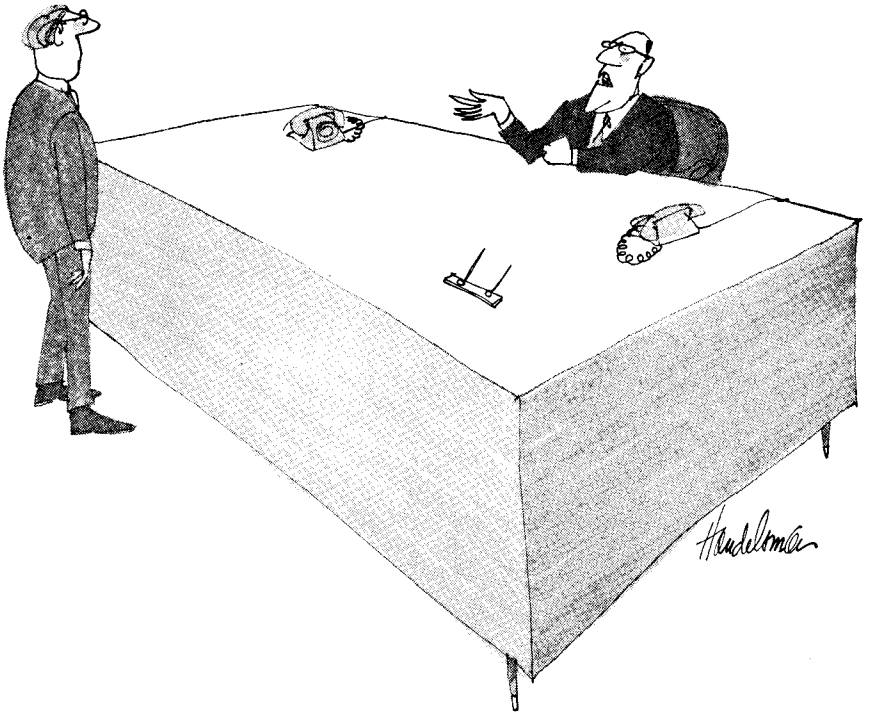
Another example that illustrates my doubt as to whether students should write exercises in traditional forms in poetry is from Robert Graves. Graves rarely if ever writes poems in which he shows interest in the virtuosity of form. Reading his poems, one has the impression that his stanza patterns "come" to him. I once asked him about this and he explained that the first lines of a poem nearly always come into his head in a certain pattern, and then, when writing the poem, he simply follows the stanza pattern throughout. I asked him what he did if he found that the accidental-seeming stanza pattern did not work—did he then begin again from the beginning of the poem, in a new pattern? He said no; if this happened he simply scrapped the poem.

Again, rereading recently T. S. Eliot's 1917 essay on the technique of Ezra Pound, it struck me that the young Eliot applies remarkably little formal analysis to the work of Pound, who, at that time, was open to such analysis, since he often wrote poems in conventional forms. Eliot writes not of "form" but of "technique," by which he means something different: the ability of the poet to create a language which is absolutely true to the music of his own ear, to the inner rhythms of his mind.

Another scruple of the same kind is my feeling that it might have been a positive disadvantage to Walt Whitman to have known how to write a sestina or a sonnet. Whitman was more made by what he did not know than by what he knew.

So I have doubts about teaching stu-

(*Continued on page* 132)



"You know perfectly well, Griswold, that company rules forbid you to quit without the usual debriefing."

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THE STATE OF THE ARTS: A 1966 BALANCE SHEET

By ROGER L. STEVENS

SOMEBODY someday will take the story of *Candide* and write it backwards. He will write about an American who is taught to believe that everything that happens, happens for the worst – but is disoriented because good things often happen to him.

Here, then, in advance of that rewritten *Candide*, I have a hope to express. I hope the author will have a solid reason to include some episodes about good things that happened in the United States—because a bill creating a National Council on the Arts was passed by Congress in August 1964 and signed into law by President Johnson.

The following year, with the President's strong endorsement, a foundation was established that authorized $10,000,000 to support the arts throughout the country.

On the eve of these precedent-setting legislative events, a statistical picture about the state of the arts in the United States put a question mark after the talk of a cultural explosion in the nation. True, in the sphere of the performing arts there were 1,400 symphony orchestras, 5,000 community theaters, and several hundred opera and ballet companies throughout the country. True, since most were born after the Second World War, they commented in their own way about a natural hunger for a cultural life beyond the television set. But most of the companies lacked a sustained quality of performance and were isolated from any chance to have significant exposure to high standards of excellence.

It was on this very point that the statistical lens brought the picture of the performing arts in the United States into a truer focus. It looked like this: In 771 American cities with 25,000 or more residents—and they comprise in the aggregate almost half of the nation's total population—only 131 had a chance to hear at least one professional symphony orchestra in a three-year period from 1961 to 1964. Only 157 had a chance to witness at least one performance by a professional theatrical company. Only 117 had a chance to witness at least one performance by a professional dance company, while only 84 had a chance to listen to at least one performance by a professional opera company.

The cause of this barrenness everywhere was tied to a variation on the old theme that problems were primarily a lack of money. In the case of the performing arts, touring professional companies with their own high costs to meet followed a law of natural selection in their choice of sites for performances. They tended to pick the cities with a proven ability to support such tours, and the result was a static pattern. Tours were concentrated in cities of the Northeast, parts of the South and Midwest, and California. But in broad reaches of the nation from the Mississippi west to California, professional companies on tour were rarely if ever seen. No resident professional companies ever took root. Even amateur local companies often tended to have as brief a life cycle as the mayfly.

YET the performing arts are not the whole of the arts. There is the world of painting and sculpture, of environmental arts like architecture, of literature, of photography, and that hybrid art, the motion picture. Each of these always has problems special to itself. But in many cases the problems of the performing arts duplicated themselves in the other arts like a single figure seen in a mirrored hall.

There was, for example, the problem of distribution. A case in point was that of the painter or sculptor whose original works would have buyers all over the nation if only those works could be shown in local communities instead of being concentrated for exhibition in only a relatively few places. There was the problem the creative artist faced of finding working quarters whose rentals were within his means; for his old quarters, even in a garret, were being bulldozed right out from under him by real-estate development projects. There was the problem of awakening a measure of concern about standards of taste—as in the case of officials who were indifferent to the design of public edifices and their effect on the environment, and thought only about the nuts-and-bolts utilitarian functions the edifice was to serve.

There was, in the case of literature as in all the other arts, the need for an audience of discriminating critics capable of making its own informed judgment about any work instead of parroting the judgments of a few critics on the Eastern seaboard. Indeed, this was—and is—among the greatest of all the needs in all the arts. For it seems to be a law of creative life that the artist is not going to be any better than his critics. It also seems to be a hard paradox of American life that while increasing millions of Americans are university graduates, the lack of a tradition of criticism leads to a kind of echo criticism. It leads to a dependence for one's judgment on the opinions of a handful of New York critics as amplified in phrases like "I *hear* it's good" or "I hear it's no good."

A criticism as empty as this works its way backward to infect the roots of vitality in the arts, a vitality that draws its juices from the willingness of the artist and the entrepreneur in the arts to experiment with new ideas and new forms. But when a habit of mind arises that insists that every work of art should be a commercial success as well as an artistic masterpiece, the natural tendency is to make the commercial outlook for such a work superior in importance to its artistic merit. Who then will be willing to risk himself greatly in what he attempts if the risk carries with it the likelihood of failure? And if there is no risk, where are the forces of growth to come from?

The case in science points up, by force of contrast, the "ethic of guaranteed success" that can be an ambassador of death to the arts. Science is really a mass of failures looking for one answer. It is one failure after another running sometimes into thousands, tens of thousands, or even hundreds of failures before an answer is found.

But in the field of the arts, one is never supposed to fail. A book publisher is supposed to publish only great books that will also be popular. A theatrical producer is supposed to produce only hits of great literary value. An art dealer is supposed to sponsor an artist only if his work will become a masterpiece as well as make money for the purchaser and be acceptable to the future critics in the art world. A composer's work is supposed to be a masterpiece as well as popularly acclaimed. Who remembers that Homer sometimes nodded, and Bee-

The author of this article is chairman of the National Council on the Arts.

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thoven sometimes thumped? Who remembers that these men, expressing the summit of their art, emerged out of the morain of a thousand failures by other poets and composers of their day? Yet under contemporary circumstances no artistic failure is to be risked as the purchase price of possibly producing something outstanding.

Against the background of what I have said, the bill providing for the creation of a National Council on the Arts was approved by the Congress and signed by President Johnson.

On the eve of the bill's enactment, I was asked by a leader of Congress if everyone in the art world was in agreement about the terms of the measure. I answered that if there was one thing people in the world of the arts had in common, it was that they were never in agreement about anything—not on what constituted "art," "good art," or how the arts could best be promoted, or on the proper relationship between government and the arts. But precisely because there was so much chaos in the matter, there was a chance to make some sort of a world out of it, without in any way throwing the weight of the government behind an "official art."

One has only to see the works of "socialist realism" in Communist countries to get an acute case of indigestion at the mere mention of "official art." On the other hand, one has only to recall that the total U.S. federal expenditure of $5,300,000 on the WPA art project in Depression days not only produced a body of "unofficial art" now conservatively valued at around $50,000,000, but provided the inducements and training from which has come the artists who have made New York the current world capital for painting.

The National Council of the Arts is not and cannot be in the business of computerizing the arts so that by an input of a certain amount of money at one end of a machine, the output at the other end will be a number of certified geniuses. What it can do is to take the lead in developing by thought and deed a "public philosophy" about the arts.

What it can do more specifically is to give concrete form and force to the intent of Congress as set forth in the language of the law authorizing the creation of the council and later the foundation. Thus the council can recommend ways to maintain and increase the cultural resources of the United States. It can propose methods to encourage private initiative in the arts. It can advise local, state, and federal departments and agencies on methods for coordinating existing resources and facilities, and for fostering artistic and cultural endeavors and the use of the arts. It can recommend methods for encouraging greater creative activity, a higher quality of performance, and a more widespread involvement by the nation as a whole in the enjoyment of the arts. And now, thanks to the new foundation, it can use federal funding to stimulate local private effort—whether through the creative artist, the entrepreneur in the arts, or local communities and states—in order to get such efforts over the humps that now stand in the way of their becoming self-supporting and self-directing.

The venture on which the National Council on the Arts is now embarked poses one of the most interesting challenges American society has faced. We are about to find out whether we have the sense and the spirit to aid from taxes, an activity that can, on the one side, adorn that society and, on the other, remain free from the bureaucratic control of the very society that supports it.

Business methods of a special kind are needed if this challenge is to be met effectively. They are needed in the form of pilot projects that can show state and local governments and the whole of private enterprise the areas of the arts they have neglected and the opportunities awaiting them in those areas.

THE National Council on the Arts, through the new foundation, for example, can foster the creation of audiences in two interrelated ways. It can make it possible for artists in various media to exhibit their talents in places where they were never seen before, and can stimulate local people to put together a "subscription series" in communities where none now exist. Once the audiences are formed, the council's work would no longer be necessary in the local picture. Indeed, if this work succeeded to the extent of stimulating an active interest in the arts by 10 per cent of the people in the United States, the need for federal support would largely disappear because demand for every kind of artistic work would greatly increase.

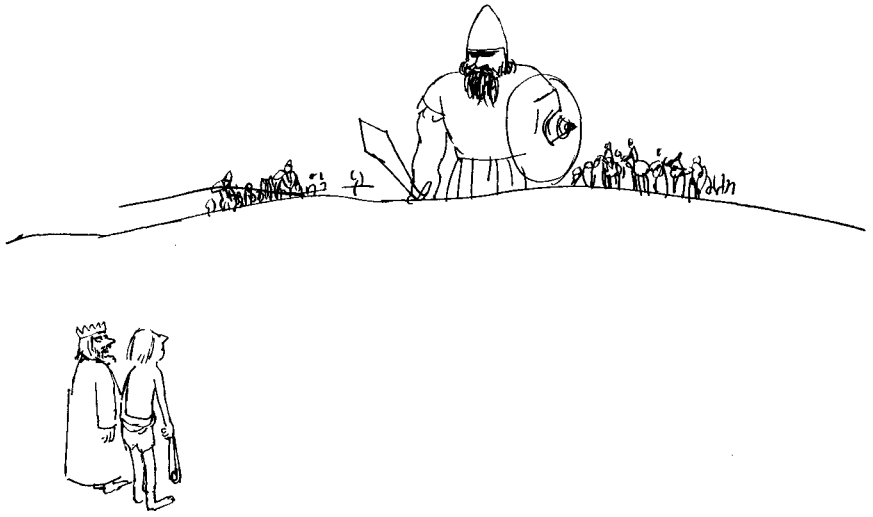
While the National Council on the Arts uses business methods to stimulate the growth of audiences, by its use of "seed grain" money it can help make five other things possible.

It can help in the organization and support of state and local arts councils that can then tap their own resources in promoting the arts. It can help promote the better training of artists. It can help make it financially possible for mature artists, now forced to teach for a living, to win a margin of free time in which they can devote themselves wholly to their own creative work. It can assist by direct commissions those artists in fields—like music composition—where existence at best is at the level of genteel poverty. It can render assistance in the education of critics who, spreading themselves over the country, can help educate local audiences about the works of art presented to them.

A first step in the direction of realizing such ideas was taken by the National Council on the Arts in November of 1965 in the course of allocating the $2,500,000 appropriated by Congress for immediate activities.

Thus with audiences and artists in mind, the council allocated $100,000 to the American Ballet Theatre, and earmarked on a matching basis $250,000 for a national tour by the company. The council also approved an invitational art competition that will produce an exhibition to tour cities under 250,000 in population, while the artists whose works are exhibited will be paid a monthly fee of $100 for the use of their work. In the same vein, approval was given to a Laboratory Theater Project for Education. In collaboration with the Office

(*Continued on page* 133)



"That's him, all right!"

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Prejudice and Progress

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial, David Danzig, is an associate professor at Columbia University's School of Social Work.*

DURING THE week that President Johnson signed the new Immigration Bill, Prime Minister Wilson took steps to reduce English immigration from 20,300 to 8,500 per year. This cutback, which works greatest hardship upon potential immigrants from Jamaica, India, and Pakistan, is a response to growing racial tension in Britain. While the American bill eliminates the notorious national-origins quota system and erases a nearly fifty-year blot on her record, England adopts new discriminatory measures.

The widespread existence of group prejudice has become a familiar fact. But in the unexpected situations in which it flourishes, it is particularly disturbing and should prompt us to examine some of our easy assumptions. We have learned that where prejudice is institutionalized or where it arises out of a specific pathology, it is most difficult to eradicate. At the same time we have come to believe that when no vested interest is served, the progress of society itself tends to diminish the disease or to immunize against it. Thus it is something of a shock to discover that the presence of Hindus, Jamaicans, and Pakistani, constituting less than 2 per cent of the English population, could make race feeling a serious national issue.

Were the Labor Government fearful that non-white immigrants might take sorely needed jobs from native-born Englishmen, the action would not be unexpected. But the issue is not jobs; on the contrary, in England as in much of Europe there is a shortage of workers. Race prejudice in a sizable segment of the English population admittedly is the cause and seems to be crystallizing along lines not too different from those we in America know so well.

What makes the British reaction difficult to account for is its apparent spontaneity. Unlike German racism, which was whipped up by pathological nationalism, or American prejudice, which was inherent in our history of slavery, British race prejudice is neither institutionalized nor politically organized.

But the English are not alone in manifesting attitudes so at odds with their national goals. In British Guiana, for example, the conflict between two colored groups, East Indians and Negroes, from time to time threatens the country's political stability. In Israel, the religious homogeneity of the nation has not prevented the Oriental and dark-skinned Jews from being subjected to discrimination. The long series of difficulties African students experienced at the hands of the Russian people is well known. In Vietnam, itself a "non-white" nation, American Negro soldiers do not have long to wait before encountering all too familiar signs of color prejudice.

In Asia, race and religious prejudice, as well as caste and class friction, have been endemic for centuries. One has only to recall the violence of the religious warfare on the India-Pakistan border before the recent conflict over Kashmir, or the outbreaks between the Tamils and Sinhalese in Ceylon brought on by the adoption of English as the official language. In Europe, notwithstanding the progress reflected in today's ecumenical movement, an undercurrent of religious conflict remains. Although anti-Semitism, at the moment, rarely takes a political form, it has far from disappeared; in fact it is reported unabated in Poland and flourishes on the other side of the world in Argentina. Antagonism of long standing between ethnic minorities such as the Walloons and the Flemings in Belgium and Northerners and Sicilians in Italy continues, to say nothing of conflicts involving national minorities like the Germans in the Alto Adige and the French in Canada. Though such hostility does not reach the level of the horrible brutalities recently exchanged between the Greeks and the Turks, it persistently threatens the rights of minorities and even the stability of some nations. And if we look to Africa, it is obvious that the "new nationalism" has not brought to an end that continent's long history of group conflict stemming from religious, racial, and tribal antagonisms.

Taking full account of the widespread and persistent nature of group prejudice and its destructive consequences for national well-being, one wonders at the neglect of the problem by the nations of the world. South Africa, for example, with its flagrant caste oppression, is merely reprimanded by the family of nations rather than judged and held responsible. India, with its unsolved problem of 65,000,000 untouchables, receives little criticism, not because of great progress made but because little is expected of her.

To be sure, the standard of human rights which America proclaims and to which she attaches much of her claim for moral leadership in the world invites justifiable criticism of her practices. But the criticism that points up America's failings also highlights the lack of concern other nations have for their own. England acknowledged the issue of prejudice only when it became acute enough to call for a public accommodations law. Typically, when London's Race Relations Institute was established, its purpose was the study of prejudice and race conflict in other countries. It is now turning its attention toward studying the problem at home.

For centuries European nationalism led to the submergence of group differences and the exaggeration of homogeneity while Marxism, fixing upon class conflict, popularized a disregard for ethnic integrity. In much the same spirit the underdeveloped countries today assume that racial, religious, and ethnic antagonism will give way to the demands of national economic problems. Experience points to the contrary: the separa-

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Suggestions for Safety

HENRY BRANDON's discussion of automobile accidents in his February 19 STATE OF AFFAIRS column takes too much blame off the drivers and puts too much on the manufacturers. Education of drivers is the most important consideration.

I would suggest traffic schools in every city of 10,000 and over. Those who get tickets should be required to attend and should pay for the privilege. Their payments should maintain the school.

As for parking tickets, those for taking up two spaces or putting a car in an unsafe position should warrant attending a class on courtesy at least.

What are we afraid of? That we'd be caught ourselves?

W. W. MATTSON.

Clearwater, Fla.

I FEEL THAT Henry Brandon missed the whole point of how the few safety improvements have come about. The only answer is legislation. Until all manufacturers are forced to make safer cars, they will not do so. There is no technological barrier to the needed improvements. . . .

Some people will not use seat belts, some will roll over in convertibles, run stop signs, and drive on the wrong side of the road. But there is no reason why those of us who wish to survive intact for a few more years should be denied the protection of safer cars.

DAVID A. GIBSON.

Hilton, N.Y.

THE AMERICAN CAR is built for people who don't like to drive. Americans don't like to drive. But they seem to like to get where they're going by using a car. The people who take a real interest in and derive enjoyment and satisfaction from driving a car own Porsches, Jaguars, MGs, and the like. One has to drive these cars.

As long as Americans want to expend as little energy and thought as possible when they drive, they're going to continue to get the kind of cars they're currently getting from Detroit. The others, who take pride in driving, will continue to buy the European cars with their effective suspension systems, excellent brakes, responsive steering, and adequate power.

The question is: how do you make people really care about how they drive? When they genuinely want better cars, American manufacturers will build them.

B. DRAKE STELLE.

Wallingford, Penn.

Nature as Parent

ERIC HOFFER, in his article "A Strategy for the War with Nature" [*SR*, Feb. 5], is wrong in his description of nature as an enemy of man. Somewhere I once read that man attains his highest development in regions where there are great extremes of climate, and somewhere else that man has the ability to withstand hardships: lack of food, water, and sleep, not to mention heat, cold, noise, pain, etc., and that if he does not use this ability he loses it. Nature is not a cruel tyrant who must be defied and conquered but rather a stern parent who sometimes punishes the strong and destroys the weak. Evidence and illustration of this is simply too abundant to mention. The result is that man has made himself master of everything but himself; all of his failures are due to his own mistakes and not to the forces of nature.

RODMAN READE.

Palo Alto, Calif.

"Water boils down to nothing . . . snow boils down to nothing . . . ice boils down to nothing . . . everything boils down to nothing."

Wrong Party

HORACE SUTTON made a glaring error in his February 19 BOOKED FOR TRAVEL column. He said that Chester Arthur ran as a Democrat. This is not true. He ran on the Republican ticket.

LEWIS F. FERGUSON.

Elmira, N.Y.

Wrong Popper

PROFESSOR KARL R. POPPER would be interested to know that his book *The Open Society and Its Enemies* was written by Hans Popper as reported by Kenneth Rexroth in his CLASSICS REVISITED column on *Plato's Republic* [*SR*, Feb. 19].

JOHN LACHS,
Associate Professor of Philosophy,
College of William and Mary.

Williamsburg, Va.

Puzzle for the President

AS YOUR ARTICLE of January 22 stated, the White House Conference on International Cooperation Year ended with "complete transcripts and summaries of proceedings" being sent to the President's desk.

Placing this truckload of brilliant suggestions from 5,000 leading citizens on the desk of the President was roughly equivalent to dumping on it 5,000 scrambled pieces of a jigsaw puzzle in the midst of a deteriorating world crisis. The pieces are meaningless unless he finds a grand design.

What would happen if the President would now mobilize the American people to plan, develop, build, test, and demonstrate world-sized war safety control systems? This would not be done with a view to imposing them by force, but to give the people of the world a choice between annihilation and positive safety systems to prevent war.

The long-range goal would be a War Safety Control Authority under the political and legal control of a new world security organization, or a restructured and strengthened United Nations. This will require a continuing rising tide of creativity and invention in military, technological, legal, and economic matters, as well as in public opinion.

HOWARD G. KURTZ and
HARRIET B. KURTZ,
Co-Editors,
War Safety Control Report.

Chappaqua, N.Y.

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Leaders are developed, not grown! And our colleges, through quality education, can develop them best.

Today America needs leaders in constantly increasing numbers—educated leaders, able to cope with problems of business, science, world affairs and everyday living.

Tomorrow's leaders will require even better education. Our colleges can give it to them, but only if they have enough professionally competent teachers, adequate classrooms, libraries and laboratories . . . in other words, only if they can provide quality education.

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Tripping on the Light Fantastic

IN ASSESSING two new Tennessee Williams works, it is not enough simply to dismiss them as misbegotten failures. Rather, one is inclined to view the double bill grouped under the title *Slapstick Tragedy* as a manifestation of a rightly celebrated playwright's latest creative impulse.

The first of the two playlets, *The Mutilated*, appears to be a naked plea for compassion in the tough, degraded society of sailors and whores in 1937 New Orleans. In it the playwright counterpoints the true Christian spirit and a cruelly selfish materialism. The Christopher Flanders-Mrs. Goforth axis of *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore* is here altered by making the compassionate Trinket Dugan the character with the wealth, and the tenacious Celeste Delacroix Griffin the character who is down and out.

Unfortunately, in the Broadway production the play emerges as a series of petty quarrels and a too shallow display of end results, as if the playwright had either become impatient with the task of exploring the deeper motives for his characters' actions, or had been restricted by the shortness of the one-act-play form. While there are recognizable flashes of Williams's unique talent, the play seems a mere dramatic exercise. Its exposition is thrust at us bluntly, and its brief events seem out of key with the formal Christmas Carol that bridges them.

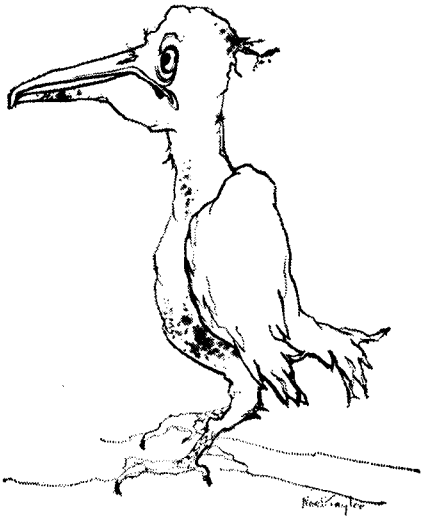
The actresses, too, suffer from the play's abruptness, which allows little subtlety. As Celeste, Kate Reid pushes a blatantly realistic rather than a poetically moving vulgarity at us. And Margaret Leighton, who glowingly achieves the pathos of the breast-amputee, Trinket, has no chance to show us the gradual transition from resentment to compassion that constitutes the play's most important action.

The second piece, *Gnadige Fraulëin*, is a more interesting piece of theater. In front of Ming Cho Lee's beautifully ramshackle setting of a Florida Key boarding house, euphemistically known as "the big dormitory," we meet several bizarre characters. There is Polly, the local society columnist, audaciously and magnificently performed by Zoe Caldwell. Miss Caldwell is a superb mixture of music hall, camp, and satirical dignity as she informs the audience, "I did the southernmost write-up of the southernmost gangbang, and called it 'multiple nuptials.'" There is Molly the ruthless boarding-house proprietress, "a vulgar, slovenly bitch with social pretensions" played by Kate Reid in droll clownish style. And there is the down-on-her-luck ex-European vaudevillian and B-girl, portrayed by Margaret Leighton. Miss Leighton gives it a good try, but sprinting after discarded fish is not really her cup of tea. Finally there is the grotesque cocaloony bird, nicely acted by Art Ostrin in Noel Taylor's inspired costume that makes him resemble nothing so much as a gleefully vicious drama critic in witty pursuit of some presumptuous antagonist.

One is merrily entertained by much of the goings-on, and admires director Alan Schneider's searchings for style. Above all one appreciates Mr. Williams's originality of conception, particularly when it is occasionally graced with such penetrating Tennesseeisms as "The dark angel has a duplicate key to the big dormitory." However, as in the late Sean O'Casey's *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy*, the fantastic quality of the proceedings often appears too much of a theatrical stunt.

Nevertheless, of the two playlets, it is certainly the more effective. Since even with the best material Broadway is notoriously inhospitable to any bill of unrelated short plays, it would be silly to take the official failure of *Slapstick Tragedy*, which closed after only seven performances, as a sign of Mr. Williams's waning talent. Rather it is simply a mistake in judgment (much as was Edward Albee's *Malcolm*) and should not prejudice anyone about the potential quality of our most distinguished living playwright's future work.

—HENRY HEWES.



Designer Taylor's "cocaloony bird"

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43 The Missile Crisis, by Elie Abel. Reconstruction in the South, edited by Harvey Wish; The Civil War Letters of General Robert McAllister, edited by James I. Robertson, Jr.
152 The Carefully Considered Rape of the World, by Shepherd Mead

LITERARY HORIZONS

Between the Writing and the Award

WHEN I read the list of leading contenders for the National Book Awards for 1965 (see page 41), I was surprised to find I had read and reviewed only three of the six books of fiction listed: *At Play in the Fields of the Lord,* by Peter Matthiessen; *The Collected Stories of Katherine Anne Porter,* and *Everything That Rises Must Converge,* by Flannery O'Connor. Any one of the three seems to me altogether worthy of the award, and I should find it hard to choose among them. My guess is that, if I had to make a choice, I should vote for Miss O'Connor: although the fact is, strictly speaking, irrelevant, I cannot forget that there will be no further opportunity to pay tribute to her. On the other hand, Miss Porter's long years of achievement cannot be left out of account, and I am full of admiration for the vigor and originality of the Matthiessen novel.

Of the other three books, there was one about which I had heard a good deal but hadn't read, one that I had barely heard of, and one that I hadn't heard of at all. I have read strikingly contradictory reports on Jesse Hill Ford's *The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones*; some of the praise has come from critics I respect, and I realize that, whenever I can, I must read the book. But what I was really troubled by when I saw the list was the presence thereon of two books whose publication I had scarcely been aware of.

That I might have missed two important books seemed quite probable. I have a catalogue from a secondhand bookseller listing nearly 400 adult fiction titles (excluding mysteries, westerns, and "romances") published in 1965. Taking the fifty titles on one page as a sample, I find that I have read five of the books and have some impression of twelve others, derived from reviews or advance notices. This suggests that two-thirds of the serious books of fiction that get published are never brought to my attention in any way that makes a lasting impression on me. Surely some of them must have been books that I should have read.

Because I know how easily novels may be overlooked, I was eager to read the two books rescued from obscurity by the arbiters of the National Book Award. Alas, neither is, as I had hoped, a neglected masterpiece. Both deserved more attention than they received, but so did many other novels and collections of short stories.

The (Diblos) Notebook, by James Merrill (Atheneum, $4.50), is a rather slight novel about a novelist. Sandy, the man who keeps the journal, has returned, after a seven-year absence, to the island of Diblos off the coast of Greece. (When Sandy, in his notes, uses the true name of a person or a place to be given a fictitious name in the novel, he surrounds it with parentheses.) His much older half-brother had fallen in love with an aging but attractive widow who lived on Diblos. She accompanied him to America, where they were married, only to separate shortly after.

In his notebook Sandy records not only ideas for the novel he proposes to write about his brother but also experiences and impressions that belong to the present. His memories of the past influence his present experience and vice versa. Merrill tells a story and at the same time tries to show how an artist shapes his material.

The story is mildly interesting, and the reader can learn something about the creative process; but he can learn much more from Howard Nemerov's *Journal of the Fictive Life*, a book that was also published last year. Nemerov is not trying to tell a story, as Merrill is; he is explaining quite personally and candidly why he couldn't write a novel that he wanted to write. The profundity of Nemerov's study underlines the superficiality of Merrill's.

Harry Mark Petrakis, author of *Pericles on 31st Street* (Quadrangle, $4.50), is an American of Greek descent who has published two novels. The present volume is a collection of short stories, all of them portraying Greek-Americans in Chicago.

The characters are interesting and for the most part credible, but many of the stories seem contrived in an old-fashioned and obvious way. In the title story, for example, a bartender tells about three or four shopkeepers who are in the habit of drinking beer at his bar after work. Nick Simonakis, who sells hot dogs and tamales and peanuts from a glassed-in pushcart, keeps himself apart from the others and always drinks wine. One night the man who owns the block in which the stores are located comes into the bar, orders drinks all around, and is kowtowed to by everyone but Simonakis. Later the landlord announces a rent increase. The storekeepers grumble, but the landlord easily cajoles and bullies them into silence. Simonakis, however, stands up the landlord, denouncing him as a tyrant and hypocrite, and the other men, inspired by the old Greek's courage, drive the landlord out. And then they drink a toast, in wine, to Simonakis, just like a chorus in a play.

Again and again, though the charac-

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ters are new, the plots are familiar: an old roué and scoffer recognizes the saintliness of a priest; an aging shopkeeper ingeniously protects the virtue of a beautiful widow; because of his mother, a man postpones marriage until it is too late; a father gives in to his son in the matter of reorganizing a store, thus symbolically committing suicide. Some stories are better than others, but the collection as a whole is mediocre, and I see no reason why it should be considered for a National Book Award.

On the other hand, I can think of several novels that are, at the least, more deserving of consideration than either Merrill's book or Petrakis's. As I have said before, I think Wright Morris's *One Day* is the most unfairly neglected novel of the year, and, though Morris has received one NBA in fiction, for *The Field of Vision*, the new book should have been recognized as a contender. (The award has been given twice to Faulkner and twice to Bellow.) John Updike has also had an NBA, and *Of the Farm* does not seem to me to show him at his best, but nothing he writes is negligible. George P. Elliott's *In the World*, Brian Moore's *The Emperor of Ice-Cream*, and Richard Stern's *Stitch* are faulty novels in one way or another, but they are all alive. Of course the judges are not limited to the list of books nominated, and two or three years ago a dark horse, Walker Percy's *The Moviegoer*, won the race. I am always happy when a worthy book is snatched from oblivion, but I am doubtful about the worth of Merrill's and Petrakis's efforts.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1179

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1179 will be found in the next issue.

AIUCJ MLJUICJDIU LT TLGFME

MCZADCAU OPCIAUK HLJP

GUCZLZA JX JPU DJGXTJ FXTTL-

VMU KUAIUU. —URIC FXDZK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1178

I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution.

—U. S. Grant.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Primary Source

Mr. K. Natwar-Singh was seriously unfair to Professor Stuart Gerry Brown of the University of Hawaii in his review of Brown's *Adlai E. Stevenson: A Short Biography* [SR, Jan. 1]. Natwar-Singh quotes Brown accurately as saying that Stevenson "himself" was Brown's "chief source of information," but then goes on to suggest that the author used only "two or three letters" he had received from Stevenson.

In fact, Brown's book is based very largely on *conversations* with Stevenson, and it also includes Stevenson's version of the 1962 Cuba confrontation and other material specifically written for Brown's use by Stevenson, and *unduplicated elsewhere*. . . .

Thomas F. Powell.

Syracuse, N.Y.

I have no desire to engage in a debate with Mr. Powell but I do not share his extravagant enthusiasm for Professor Stuart Gerry Brown's book, which I found "inadequate and patchy." Nothing in Professor Brown's book really enlarges our knowledge of the life and times of Governor Adlai Stevenson in any significant or consequential manner.

It is somewhat rash of Mr. Powell to say that the version of the 1962 Cuba confrontation and other material produced in Professor Brown's book is *"unduplicated elsewhere."* This is not so. Mr. Powell should have a fresh look at the chapters on Cuba in Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s *A Thousand Days* (pages 794 to 841). I would especially draw his attention to pages 810-811 and 835-838. There he will find an account of the events of October 1962 which is infinitely more detailed and comprehensive than what Professor Brown has given us and accompanied by an in-depth analysis of those events. It is, therefore, wrong and misleading to suggest, as Mr. Powell does, that Professor Brown (who makes no such claim) has a monopoly on facts relating to those events and others in which Governor Stevenson played a prominent role.

K. Natwar-Singh.

New York, N.Y.

Recognition

I am flattered that *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books Feb. 26 credits me with such a superb novel as *The Iron Country*. The author, who certainly merits recognition for her achievement, is Mary Patterson.

Martha Foley.

New York, N.Y.

"Frodo Lives" in Elf Runes

Frank G. Skillman, who inquired about "hobbit-warrens" for "Hobbiton Fanciers" in *SR* Feb. 19, may be interested to hear that my husband is currently studying Elvish during his rare evenings at home. Unfortunately, his accent still resembles Beornst more than Elvish to my ear; undoubtedly the finer rhythms of a dead language are difficult to capture when one is self-taught. Thus a group of the sort Mr. Skillman suggests would be exceedingly useful.

I am mildly horrified, however, by Mr. Skillman's choice of terms to describe Tolkienites who suspect a trace of Took in their genealogies. Surely "hobbit-warrens" sounds a bit more Dwarvish than might be desired. As for "Hobbiton Fanciers"—well, really, it simply won't do! Lobelia Sackville-Baggins might be expected to show up in search of spoons, while the general public would surely have the impression of a flock of hen-and-rabbit breeders.

An undertaking as serious as delving into the facts and customs of the Shire, to say nothing of Lothlorien and environs, requires a more sober, scholarly designation in my modest opinion. I should therefore like to suggest the name of *Michel Delving Fellowship* or *Fellowship of the Michel Delving Mathom-house* as evocative and appropriate to the endeavor.

Although the more profound discussions and papers might be reserved for male members or serious students only, meetings of a *Michel Delving Fellowship* could be preceded by festive Hobbiton suppers on appropriate dates. These would include September 22, Year's End, Midyear's, and, of course, March 25th. Here speeches, mathoms, and merrymaking might be shared by wives and maids, while an annual midsummer Family Night might aid in the proper education of future members.

Thus established, outstanding authorities on the Wars, as well as specialists on Ents, Orcs, Rohirrim, and other races could get on with the important work. There would remain only the devising of a Great Seal, to include, in Elf Runes, the words "Frodo Lives."

Patricia Aaronson.

Trenton, N.J.

Calling All Snark Hunters

Frank G. Skillman's letter prompts me to ask, Where are all you Lewis Carroll students? ("Snark-hunters"?) My interest was reawakened by Martin Gardner's *Annotated Alice*.

Louis Fargo.

Santa Monica, Calif.

Designation Demoted

In the introduction to my review of *The Innocent Eye: The Life of Robert J. Flaherty* [SR, Feb. 5] I was described as "curator of films of the Museum of Modern Art." This, alas, is not so, though I do teach film history at The City College in New York.

Herman G. Weinberg.

New York, N.Y.

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S.E.X. and the P.E.N.

THE AMERICAN CENTER of the P.E.N. Club is a sedate and unimpeachably wholesome organization whose monthly dinner meetings are usually given over to such topics as "What Is Happening in Publishing?" and "The Decline of the Mystery Novel." At its last meeting, however, which was far more widely attended than most, the subject was sex, disguised for the occasion as pornography. The next best thing to reading pornography is hearing it discussed by non-pornographers, particularly those who beat the bejaysus out of the subject and thereby demonstrate just how dangerous sex can be when it is approached virtuously.

That, I'm afraid, was the impression given by the four panelists at the P.E.N. dinner. In a series of flanking maneuvers the two women on board—Elizabeth Janeway and Marya Mannes—and their male counterparts, Professor Leslie Fiedler and publisher Barney Rossett, surrounded pornography as though it had just been discovered; as it has, in a sense, by Mr. Rossett. (His Grove Press was among the first to realize the sales value of litigated sex, and there is no doubt in my mind that the judiciary, including the United States Supreme Court, is better acquainted with Rossett's books than with those of any other publisher in the land.) Still, the great value of the erotic novel—and at the same time its supreme limitation as a work of art—is precisely that it must be *re*discovered; there's nothing there that sticks in the mind. So everyone settled down prepared to be shocked. "The books no longer do it," they seemed to say. "Let's see what you can do."

They were not disappointed. The evening was filled with liberated asterisks, as though by enunciating the forbidden word aloud we also proclaim its right to exist. The difficulty with such a discussion is that no one wants to be in favor of censorship, hence by default everyone is driven to find literary value and "redeeming social importance" in a good many worthless books. Of the four speakers, Mrs. Janeway was the only one to contend that pornography is wholly bad—bad for the novel rather than the reader. She did this by reading from a pornographic book. Her points were well made. Pornographic sex is an exaggeration of the real thing, an autistic fantasy aimed at the primitive levels of the psyche; this is an area which "genuine" literature sublimates into something socially meaningful. The problem is really an esthetic, not a moral one, and the trouble with most dirty books is that they are repetitious and dull.

Marya Mannes protested that she was neither Mrs. Clean nor the vestal virgin of community standards; to get off the hook of prudery, she proposed a panerotic religion which would relieve literature of the burden of continually exploiting sex. This would take the form of phallic symbols in public places—something to take our minds off books. Miss Mannes can always be counted on to come forth with bright and even, at times, platitudinous ideas. She was in good form; at her best, I think, when quoting D. H. Lawrence ("pornography is an insult to real sex"), at her worst when expounding her facetious religion of eroticism in public monuments: a

***** in the Pan Am building, a gigantic **** in Lincoln Center. Laughter. At which point the mike went dead, and Miss Mannes carried on unamplified, which was not difficult. But her thesis was sound. Now anybody can write about anything, no matter how poor the book. In her heart, Miss Mannes is an anti-pornographer—Mrs. Clean with a satyr's leer.

As the only publisher on the panel (although not as an appointed spokesman for the industry), Mr. Rossett was less ambiguous than most of his colleagues. He is for pornography. Literary pornography, that is, which is usually tough going, expensive, and frequently banned. You have to admire his honesty, although you don't envy him his legal expenses. As he says, it isn't up to publishers to dictate public taste. Let the reader beware, or at least discriminate.

If pornography needed a public defender, it got half way home in the presence of Leslie Fiedler, who performed the scholarly feat of being both for *and* against it—convincingly, too, and certainly very entertainingly, although to be accurate I should say that what he is against is not pornography as such but rather the fact that it is becoming integrated into our general culture. It moves freely everywhere now, and the fun has gone out of it. Thus, what terrifies Professor Fiedler is the threat that it may disappear—at any rate as a ghetto, or backroom, aspect of our culture, where it provided a convenient outlet for the slumming instincts of the educated classes. Rightly so. We have lost class distinctions; perhaps pornography was the last great barrier. We have lost the distinction between generations; it was always the younger writers who did the dirty work, but today there is no one left to be shocked. And we have lost the distinction between men and women—a point well made by the reaction, or lack of it, on the part of the female members of the audience. Dirty jokes have been taken away from the underground and put into books, the books are put on shelves, and sooner or later they are assigned to students by professors of English—the final sanctifying imprimatur and, may we add, the end of innocence.

So far so good. When you are cruising along with Fiedler you lose track of directions. It wasn't until he began redressing the balance that you discovered he was heading back to town after all. What the new attitude toward pornography has cost us in fun (if that's the right word) has been compensated for by the release of "magic words, forbidden words." (A good many of these were released during the evening; and, as someone commented to me, "They arrested Lenny Bruce for talking like this." I pointed out that writers can get away with things that nightclub performers can't, that we were meeting in the Overseas Press Club and that for all I knew we were outside the territorial jurisdiction of the law.) In Professor Fiedler's view, pornography recovers the lost language of kids, the language that education has brainwashed out of us. "I want my own language back!" he cried. Phooey! What he wants, and has a right to want, and finally got around to wanting is the inclusion of the "total human experience" in literary consciousness.

This, of course, is freedom to write. Which means that there must be a corresponding freedom to read. Which means freedom to publish. The cycle is in the grip of its own dynamics, so perhaps you can't blame publishers for what is happening after all. Yet the idea that the *real* pornographic book is automatically a wildly profitable item on any publisher's list is a mistaken notion. There is not a single case of genuine pornography among the current best-sellers, although if you count Robert Ruark's *The Honey Badger* (No. 10 on the *New York Times* list) you get the kind of fake pornography that makes money, and also illustrates Professor Fiedler's fear of integration. In this respect, the sin of publishing is that it passes the facsimile off as the real thing. "Every age gets the pornography it deserves," V. S. Pritchett observed—and this kind is ours. —DAVID DEMPSEY.

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People in a World Full of Things

For a New Novel: Essays on Fiction, *by Alain Robbe-Grillet, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Grove. 175 pp. $3.95), contains thirteen essays on the methods of the French new novel by one of its most eloquent practitioners and defenders. Harry T. Moore edits "Crosscurrents/Modern Critiques."*

By HARRY T. MOORE

THINGS, phenomena, objects—how dominant they are, making up so much of the world we continually see and feel. Yet most novelists today seem flatly unaware of *things*, and their characters walk through a blank universe, their actions reported in a grocery-list prose that is a far remove from, say, the rhythmic narratives of Joyce or, visually, from Cézanne's idea of landscape as made up of cube, cone, and cylinder. But most of the writers of the French *nouveau roman* are vibrantly responsive to things. Some of them are even called *chosistes*, which might be translated as thing-ists. One of these authors, Alain Robbe-Grillet, has for a dozen years written essays on the technique of fiction, and to have thirteen appear in English translation is a literary event.

Of all the new-novel writers—who include, among others, Nathalie Saurraute, Michel Butor, Marguerite Duras, and Claude Simon—Robbe-Grillet is perhaps the best known and most widely read over here. His novels that have appeared in English include *The Voyeur, In the Labyrinth, The Erasers,* and *Jealousy.* In translation the last title misses the double effect of jealousy itself combined with the suggestion of the screen through which so much of the action is "seen"; the French *La Jalousie* was more forceful. Set on a banana plantation, *Jealousy* is one of the most compelling works of Robbe-Grillet, who was at one time an agronomist in the tropics. The action doesn't occur chronologically but moves in a circular way, and the reader at first has to strain himself to find out what's really going on, and when. The narrative, not quite in the first, second, or third person, seems to be recorded through a detail-engulfing eye, imposing a geometry of things upon the consciousness of the reader which can in a rather hypnotic way become almost a physical part of the husband's savage jealousy of his wife and a neighboring planter. Concrete as it is, however, the story is mostly connotative (the patches of dialogue tend to heighten the ambiguity); but the reader who has persisted may find himself more deeply involved, intuitionally, than he is in many conventionally told stories.

His present volume of essays constitutes a defense of his frequently attacked method. But the book goes beyond mere defense into a valuable exposition of the movement which the French critic and novelist Claude Mauriac (son of François) has called "a revolution in the novel more radical than Romanticism and Naturalism were in their time."

Most of the objections to the new novel concern its supposed detachment from humanity. Robbe-Grillet answers these charges in his chapter on "Nature, Humanism, Tragedy." He asks how a book could, to begin with, be inhuman. "How, in particular, could a novel which deals with a man, and follows his steps from page to page, describing only what he does, what he sees, or what he imagines, how could such a novel be accused of turning away from man?"

The new novelists have their own brand of humanism, and while they oppose the hackneyed use of psychological analysis and the traditional presentation of "character," they dig down to the very roots of consciousness, where past, present, and potential mingle as they do in life. An awareness of "things" is always pervasive. In a world that Robbe-Grillet considers neither significant nor absurd but merely as existing, "things *are there*," all about us, "defying the noisy pack of our animistic or protective adjectives." As for things, "all our literature has not yet succeeded in eroding their smallest corner, in flattening their slightest curve."

Robbe-Grillet is also interested in matters beyond the immediate philosophy of *chosisme*. "The only possible commitment for the writer is literature." Within that commitment, however, one may fight on behalf of what is new. Robbe-Grillet continually attacks those who make use of moth-eaten methods. "Flaubert wrote the new novel of 1860, Proust the new novel of 1910," and now we need to write in and for the present. But even the new novel of today will become academic; critics in the future, lamenting over the books of their own time, will say, "Look how, back in the Fifties, people knew how to invent stories!"

Investigating the work of various authors of the past—there is much here about Balzac—Robbe-Grillet also takes up the writings of such recent novelists as Svevo and Beckett. There is, too, a chapter on Raymond Roussel, the little-known eccentric whom Robbe-Grillet claims as a literary ancestor.

In this book Robbe-Grillet has, like Nathalie Sarraute in *The Age of Suspicion* and Michel Butor in *Répertoire*, provided chapters for an esthetic of the new novel, the most exciting literary manifestation in years. Further, he has opened up paths of interest for the American appearance, later this year, of his most recent book, *La Maison de rendez-vous* (*The House of Assignation*). This is set in Hong Kong, and one of its leading characters is an American. It is interesting to see an American against, or rather enmeshed in, the intensified scenery of a *nouveau roman*. But those who will find *The House of Assignation* or other Robbe-Grillet novels difficult will at least find some explanation of their technique, and justification of it, in *For a New Novel.*

Conversation in the Garden

By Edward Weismiller

DEEPLY Adam spoke.
"This is His World.
His sun.
His garden trees: ours but His shade.
His impossible full
Radiance He has for us fondly broken
Into the flowers' color."

"Beautiful" Eve said.
"I see a space there for the Bower.
But what can I
Plant around it, or transplant,
That will grow richly in that pure ground
In this sun
Till, summers deep, the leaves have fallen?"

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The Marvelous as the Beautiful

The Philosophy of Surrealism, *by Ferdinand Alquié, translated from the French by Bernard Waldrop (University of Michigan Press. 196 pp. $5.95), examines the foundations of the post-World War I esthetic ideology that has influenced the new novel, the avant-garde cinema, and the Theater of the Absurd. Anna Balakian, professor of French and comparative literature at New York University, is author of "Literary Origins of Surrealism" and "Surrealism: The Road to the Absolute."*

By ANNA BALAKIAN

THE PHILOSOPHY of Surrealism has been as inaccessible, outside of academic circles, as the thought of André Breton, its founder and chief exponent. It is therefore particularly important that Ferdinand Alquié's *Philosophy of Surrealism*, written ten years ago, has become available in English. The book is significant not only for M. Alquié's explanations of Surrealist thought, but for the quotations from Breton's philosophical essays, which provide the English reading public with a fair sampling of the major concepts of Surrealist philosophy.

How different have been the fortunes of Surrealism and Existentialism! The philosophy that Sartre popularized in France after World War II received almost simultaneous acclaim in other Western nations, and reached the public directly in ideological form as well as via novels and plays. The concept of moral commitment in terms of group fortification against the vagaries of the human condition proved a working philosophy for a post-catastrophic world.

Surrealism had also been a postwar philosophy, having come to the rescue of that young generation which emerged in the nihilistic atmosphere following 1918. But the salvation it proposed from the general state of despair had an esthetic rather than an ethical meaning, and the basis was individual vision rather than group action.

When André Breton, at the age of twenty-eight, declared in his First Manifesto in 1924 that only the marvelous could be beautiful, he realized that he would be opening himself up to ridicule. But he was able to rally around him a sufficient number of young writers and artists of various national origins, for whom Paris was not the capital of France but the universal homeland of the arts. Some fifty of them united to lay the foundations of a new philosophy that might govern the arts and at the same time propose a new definition for the word "poet."

One could be a poet not only through involvement in one of the art forms, but simply by living with a more acute awareness of the daily miracles of life and of the material world. Dialectical materialism, on which the philosophy was based, did not preclude the dynamism of nature; it seemed to indicate to the Surrealists that the infinite variations of sensual receptivity made it possible for man as an individual constantly to defy and disprove the conventional relationships between the human psyche and the exterior world. Proceeding from these basic assumptions, Surrealism recognized in the human mind many untapped resources and gave a new meaning to imagination. "The imaginary is what tends to become real," said André Breton. Human imagination would no longer shun reality but create new forms of reality out of the powerhouse of dreams and from the penumbra of perception which we call the "subconscious" but which the Surrealists think is in no way a lower echelon of the mental structure.

The initial success of Surrealism was evident in painting and poetry. Most of the dazzling verbal transfigurations of reality were achieved in the French language, and remained quite elusive to the translator. Painting was able to communicate the esthetic message further and more quickly. Salvador Dalí had participated in the experimentations of the Surrealist *cénacle*, collective dreaming and the simulation of mental aberrations, which were considered not disorders but a key to a more total understanding of the workings of the mind. Dalí proved the cleverest in crystalizing Surrealism into pictorial conventions: the juxtaposition of objects, the creation of new forms, the obliteration of horizons, the metaphoric materialization of desire.

In the two decades that followed the founding of the Surrealist movement painting succeeded not only in representing the irrational with a comic twist, which we call the "absurd," but, in the cases of Max Ernst, René Magritte, Arp, early Giacometti, and Yves Tanguy, it created a metaphysical climate through the transfiguration of objects and their relocation in dimensionless space. Surrealism came to be identified with the techniques of painting and the eccentric behavior of some erstwhile Surrealists rather than appreciated for its philosophy of faith in the human potential, which was its true and essential springboard.

In the years that followed the First Manifesto André Breton, often sarcastically called the "Pope" of Surrealism, excommunicated many of his colleagues for their exploitation of the doctrine and their confusion of its adage "to transform life" with the Communist dogma "to transform society."

The ranks of those who could call

"Eat, Norman. Those fits of temperament take energy."

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themselves "Surrealist" in the ideological sense of the word have been depleted since the Second World War, whereas the revolution that Surrealism launched has had a drastic impact on art, the cinema, decoration, and architecture as well as on poetry, which had been its original target. The Theater of the Absurd derived its sense of spontaneous, automatic dialogue from Surrealist "spoken thought," more directly through Antonin Artaud, who had belonged to the original coterie. The exponents of the new French novel have been admittedly motivated by Breton's single-handed attack on the novel form for its photographic description and sequential relation of events; they have been stimulated by Breton's conviction that the eye liberated from its prejudices and its premeditated perceptions can not only see more vastly but give to others the power of vision.

One of Surrealism's major battles was waged against photography for imitating the surface appearances of nature. The Surrealists eventually taught the photographer to do something other than reproduce the objective world, or, rather, they made him see that what we call the objective world is merely the common denominator of individual interpretations. Some of what we recognize as "avant-garde cinema" stems from this revelation; departing from the conventional agreements about what reality is, it focuses on the personal conjunction between the inner eye and the image recorded by the lens.

SURREALISM'S subtle but ever-increasing influence has come about in sub-rosa fashion, because the literary mainstream has been too busy with the psychological novel and the problems of existence in various social orders.

André Breton the while has remained detached from the literary mêlée, reiterating that man does not live by bread alone, and that analysis of human behavior by pedestrian rationalists brings us no closer to comprehension of the human essence. Individualistic in a world preoccupied with group dynamics, and blaming man rather than the universe for the meagerness of the life experience, Breton is an aloof, heretical figure in the literary world. Accepting his *succès d'estime* with the disinterested serenity of a visionary, he has somehow managed to enlist new disciples as previous ones have defaulted before the rigors of the philosophic code of Surrealism.

Although Breton considered Maurice Nadeau's *History of Surrealism* (translated into English in 1965) superficial and journalistic, Ferdinand Alquié's book has met with more favor. The author had participated early in his life in Surrealist circles; later he became a professor at the Sorbonne. He was thus able to look at Surrealism from within the ranks and in the perspective of the consecutive philosophies of Western civilization. While acknowledging the influences of Hegel, Kant, and Freud, M. Alquié tends to believe that Surrealism has a criterion of lucidity which places it more directly in the ideological orbit of French philosophic thought stemming from Descartes. He perceives in Surrealism an emphasis on the primacy of the intellect, and a desire to exercise free will far into the recesses of consciousness, which are basic premises of Cartesian philosophy.

His was a difficult book to translate, considering the density of the material, the tightness of the presentation, and the amount of quotation from the cryptic writings of Breton and others who contributed to the philosophy of Surrealism. On the whole, Bernard Waldrop has done an excellent job save for one recurring slip, which may prove misleading. Breton uses the word "*esprit*" often, and as a confirmed monist he most certainly does not mean "spirit." His reference is to the total functioning of the human mind, as opposed to the partial play of the mind in what we call "reason." For him the mind (*esprit*), used to full capacity, can satisfy both the physical and metaphysical needs of man here and now. It would be sadly deceptive to suggest that Breton's thought has a mystical character and to place him among dualistic philosophers on the basis of this mistranslation.

In beckoning man toward a more complete understanding of the infinite range of the material reality about him, Surrealism is as optimistic about human destiny as the scientists who make breakthroughs in the knowledge of life itself. As such Surrealism is a vital philosophy, compatible with the inventive spirit of our age.

First Signs of the Humanist Hope

Renaissance and Revolution: The Remaking of European Thought, *by Joseph Anthony Mazzeo (Pantheon. 349 pp. $6.95), seeks to identify the new elements of Renaissance thought through the contribution of four of its principal writers, two Italians and two Englishmen. Robert J. Clements is currently teaching Renaissance literature at New York University and Columbia.*

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

A NEW volume on the intellectual backgrounds of the literature of the Renaissance, Joseph Mazzeo admits, "could easily become a *catalogue raisonné*. . . . In this book, then, I have tried to isolate some of the great new themes, the revolutionary shifts in thought, taste, or perception, as they manifest themselves in the work of crucial writers and thinkers." Professor Mazzeo, a teacher of literature, settles on four thinkers well known to students of literature but whose activities carried them into politics, ethics, philosophy, psychology, and science. His four major chapters thus bear the following explicative titles: "Machiavelli: The New Ethics and Politics"; "Castiglione's *Courtier:* The Self as a Work of Art," "Bacon: The New Philosophy," and "Hobbes: The Scientific Secularization of the World." Mazzeo introduces these central chapters with an essay on the "new" education of the humanists and concludes his study with a chapter on "The Idea of Progress," an idea finally to be validated by the Enlightenment.

In the face of the vast bibliography of interpretations of the Renaissance, any new pre-emption of the subject is a challenge to be accepted only by such an eminent scholar as Mazzeo. He displays an encyclopedic familiarity with this wide and furrowed field even as he comes up with ideas and interpretations of his own. It goes without saying that scores of other Renaissance thinkers inevitably and periodically join the company of Mazzeo's four, particularly Montaigne, Galileo, Paracelsus (a bit early), and Descartes (a bit late).

Yet the choice of this particular quartet of humanists naturally raises questions. Could Machiavelli, whose low esteem of his fellow man was so notorious that Mussolini echoed and espoused it, really serve as a prototype of anything, let alone of a revolutionary, during the enthusiastic Renaissance? Mazzeo thinks so. He finds Machiavelli's cynicism about man merely the product of the Augustinian tradition within Christianity. Restricting himself to the most basic of Machiavelli's ideas, while dispelling some of the more commonplace apologias or condemnations, Mazzeo arrives at a just appreciation of the novelty in the Florentine secretary's thought.

The inclusion of Castiglione, the social arbiter of the Renaissance, author of one single manual describing the social codes and conversational preoccupations of the early Renaissance, is more understandable. His revolution was in the area of

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civility. His *Book of the Courtier* not only circulated among princes but imposed a social standard on every *bourgeois gentilhomme* for two centuries. If Burckhardt was right that the Renaissance set out to make society a work of art, Mazzeo is equally right in subtitling Castiglione's manual of courtesy "the self as a work of art."

Bacon, whose *New Atlantis* sought to define an ideal commonwealth, would not on first reflection be considered a revolutionary. Indeed, his essay on sedition advises scorn rather than suppression, and he recommended tolerance of the Recusants. His *Essays,* counsels for young men of quality, seem at times more conservative than Montaigne's which inspired them. Yet Mazzeo makes a strong case for Bacon. "Revolutionaries, even mild ones, are by definition optimists, and Puritans of whatever variety were to one degree or another revolutionaries. Although the staunchest of conservatives in matters political and religious, he was nevertheless a revolutionary in the intellectual sphere and an optimist in an age in which the major English thinkers and writers were so pervasively pessimistic that historians refer with some validity to an "age of Jacobean melancholy." The durable Baconian influence is for Mazzeo ideological rather than scientific. Bacon was a visionary about the potentialities of science for the betterment of mankind.

Hobbes is perhaps the least expected of the names to be found here, at least to me; for one might adduce a number of earlier Renaissance scientific revolutionaries who had undermined Aristotle, Ptolemy, and Galen. However, Mazzeo demonstrates the breadth of speculation on ethics, morals, and psychology that lay behind Hobbes's conclusions on politics. "Hobbes treats the state and society as a massive construct, a dynamic mechanism, created out of fear and out of that small amount of prudential reason which prompts men to limit rapacity in the interest of survival."

Four thinkers, then, temperamentally disparate but always united in a universal outlook and sometimes on specific issues. One sets down the book with a sense of having come to know scores of the most influential figures of the Renaissance. More scholarly readers will reach the last page aware of having reviewed the ideas of the greatest modern theorists on the Renaissance. For Professor Mazzeo—and it is a quality Castiglione would have approved—generously reminds us of his debt to the several generations of scholars in whose wake he is following. This synthesizing quality of his work, in addition to Mazzeo's own talent for original generalization, allows one to recommend this scholarly volume to the reader unfamiliar with the Renaissance. Or do such readers any longer exist?

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

AN ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN VERSE. Edited by Oscar Williams. World. $4.95. Leatherbound, $10.

AN OLD ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY. Edited by W. F. Bolton. Northwestern Univ. Press. $4.50.

Crime, Suspense

MURDER MAKES THE WHEELS GO ROUND. By Emma Lathen. Macmillan. $3.95.

THE NIGHT IS A TIME FOR LISTENING. By Elliot West. Random House. $4.95.

Current Affairs

THE EUROPEAN IDEA. By Lord Gladwyn. Praeger. $5.

THE GLASS HOUSE: The United Nations in Action. By James J. Wadsworth. Praeger. $4.95.

OPIUM OF THE PEOPLE. By Michael Bourdeaux. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

THIS KIND OF PEACE. By T. R. Fehrenbach. McKay. $6.50.

VIETNAM BETWEEN TWO TRUCES. By Jean Lacouture. Random House. $5.95.

Fiction

BAY OF TRAITORS. By Garland Roark. Doubleday. $4.95.

BLACK LIGHT. By Galway Kinnell. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

BUT WE ARE EXILES. By Robert Kroetsch. St. Martin's. $3.95.

ENCOUNTER IN KEY WEST. By Richard Lockridge. Lippincott. $5.50.

FIVE MYTHS OF THE PASSIONATE POSEIDON. By Alexandra Weinstein de Garcia. Dutton. $5.95.

A FOREST OF FEATHERS. By Peggy Hoffmann. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

HIGHLAND MASQUERADE. By Mary Elgin. Morrow. $3.95.

THE SOLDIER AND THE SAGE. By Richard G. Hubler. Crown. $4.95.

THE TELLING. By John Weston. McKay. $4.50.

TELL THE TIME TO NONE. By Helen Hudson. Dutton. $4.95.

THREE LEGENDS: The Snow Goose, The Small Miracle, Ludmila. By Paul Gallico. Doubleday. $3.95.

A WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE. By Benjamin Capps. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4.95.

YANCEY'S WAR. By William Hoffman. Doubleday. $4.95.

Literary History, Criticism

CHEKHOV: A Biographical and Critical Study. By Ronald Hingley. Barnes & Noble. Hardbound, $4. Paperback, $1.50.

HOPKINS: A Collection of Critical Essays. Edited by Geoffrey H. Hartman. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

THE LANDSCAPE OF MEMORY: A Study of Wordsworth's Poetry. By Christopher Salvesen. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $5.50.

PASCAL. By J. H. Broome. Barnes & Noble. $6.

PROSE STYLES: Five Primary Types. By Huntington Brown. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $4.50.

Miscellany

GARDEN GUIDE. By Ludwig Koch-Isenburg. Viking. $5.95.

THE GENEROSITY OF AMERICANS: Its Source—Its Achievements. By Arnaud C. Marts. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

AN INTRODUCTION TO NATURE. By John Kieran. Doubleday. $7.50.

A PRIMER ON EMPLOYMENT AND WAGES. By Walter Galenson. Random House. $3.95.

WE ARE NOT ALONE: The Search for Intelligent Life on Other Worlds. By Walter Sullivan. McGraw-Hill. $7.50. (Revised edition.)

THE WORLD OF FLOWERS. Edited by Dr. Herbert Reisigl. Viking. $12.50.

Personal History

THE COMPANY OF ANIMALS: A Naturalist's Adventures in the Jungle of Malaya. By Ronald McKie. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.50.

THE FON OF BAFUT. By Pat Ritzenthaler. Crowell. $5.95.

JOY TO MY HEART. By Gene Gleason. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

LADY OF THE HOUSE. By Sally Stanford. Putnam. $4.95.

MEMOIR FOR MRS. SULLAVAN. By Bryna Ivens Untermeyer. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

MR. JEFFERSON'S LADIES. By Gordon Langley Hall. Beacon. $4.95.

NO GREATER LOVE: The James Reeb Story. By Duncan Howlett. Harper & Row. $4.95.

SISTERS AND BROTHERS. By Janet Stevenson. Crown. $4.95.

SUMMER'S LEASE: Being Volume One of an Autobiography. By John Rothenstein. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.

TOWARD A DISTANT ISLAND: A Sailor's Odyssey. By Leonard Wibberley. Ives Washburn. $5.50.

UP THE GOLDEN STAIR. By Elizabeth Yates. Dutton. $2.95.

ZEB VANCE: Champion of Personal Freedom. By Glenn Tucker. Bobbs-Merrill. $8.50.

Philosophy, Religion

CONTEMPORARY CONTINENTAL THEOLOGIANS. By S. Paul Schilling. Abingdon. $5.

DOCUMENTS OF VATICAN II. Edited by Walter M. Abbott, S.J. Guild Press/Association Press. Hardbound, $10. Paperback, 95¢.

FREEDOM TODAY. By Hans Küng. Sheed & Ward. $3.95.

LIFE AND LIGHT: A Guide to the Theology of Karl Rahner. By Donald L. Gelpi, S.J. Sheed & Ward. $6.

SERMONS TO MEN OF OTHER FAITHS AND TRADITIONS. Edited by Gerald H. Anderson. Abingdon. $3.25.

Political Science

THE POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS OF THE GERMAN REVOLUTION 1918-19. Edited by Charles B. Burdick and Ralph H. Lutz. Praeger. $7.50.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

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Grounds for Despair

Revulsion, *by László Németh, translated from the Hungarian by Kathleen Szasz (Grove. 542 pp. $7.95), a novel in the nineteenth-century tradition, is concerned with the baffling ambiguities of human actions and motives, here exemplified by an incompatible marriage. Robert L. Stilwell, who teaches English at the University of Michigan, is a critic of contemporary European fiction.*

By ROBERT L. STILWELL

HUNGARIAN fiction since World War II is likely to constitute a sort of *terra incognita* for most English-speaking readers, and such readers will be misled if they seize on this long novel as an instrument with which to illuminate the landscape. As novelist and playwright, as translator and critic, László Németh at the age of sixty-five has achieved a distinguished reputation in present-day Hungary. However, he appears to have done so principally as a consolidator and custodian of the more traditional values of European letters, rather than as an innovator or a partisan of contemporary preoccupations. Were he a composer, one may surmise, his affinities would lie closer to Dohnányi than to Bartók. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that *Revulsion* (*Iszony* in the original) should emerge as a surpassingly old-fashioned work, backward-looking in both form and substance. Although it was completed and published as recently as 1947, and although its events take place mainly during the 1920s, its stylistic echoes originate with the Brontës and George Eliot, with *Madame Bovary* and *Anna Karenina*.

Stated as broadly as possible, Németh's principal theme in *Revulsion* would appear to be the baffling ambiguity of human actions and motives. His primary focus for this theme, however—and the immediate source of the novel's title—is the married life of his protagonist, a young Hungarian woman named Nelli Kárász, who recites her own story with all the blessings and curses of total recall. (Németh succeeds admirably in sustaining Nelli's voice and point of view throughout more than 500 pages.) Intelligent but sexually ignorant, sensitive but arrogant, Nelli is forced by a combination of circumstances into marrying Sanyi Takaró, the earthy but essentially well-meaning son of a neighboring small landowner; and her whole destiny thereafter is marked out by the increasingly hopeless clash of their natures.

Year by year Nelli becomes more frigid, more given to hysterical nagging, more possessed by the sensual disgust that Sanyi's animal spirits arouse in her. The patient Sanyi, for his part, becomes progressively more bewildered by his wife, more vulnerable to reversals in his vaguely defined agricultural affairs. Their impasse is broken only when Nelli accidentally smothers her husband with a pillow while resisting his good-natured advances—an accident which sounds lurid or silly when baldly summarized, but which is handled with masterful skill and made to be quite moving.

Several qualities save *Revulsion* from representing merely one more belated meditation on radical incompatibility. Németh understands, for one thing, the tangled complexities of human character. He knows that guilt is hard to apportion and that an individual life, no matter how mercilessly dissected, must remain finally unfathomable. Even in the extended epilogue, wherein Nelli salvages a kind of peace through caring for sick and crippled children, one is aware of how ambivalent her motivations really are. For another thing, the author has surrounded Nelli's private experiences with the thickness and density of a whole society, with the day-to-day economic realities of existence (the failure of Sanyi's farming ventures would furnish rich materials for a Marxist analysis), and with the lovely round of the seasons across the Hungarian countryside. Most important of all, surely, he has evidently been at some pains to write well: to calculate his every expenditure of language and to fashion his scenes meticulously for their artistic effectiveness.

To emphasize the conventionality of *Revulsion*, and then to suggest that on its own terms it is a novel of considerable excellence, is to wade muddy waters in the esthetics of evaluation. Can the possibilities of nineteenth-century fiction be validly revisited by an author fixed in our present moment of history and knowledge and tradition-making? And if they can, with what standards shall we judge the finished work created out of such a revisiting? These questions are important, irritating, scarcely new, and perhaps unanswerable. Certainly they elude neat verdicts set forth in brief compass. But at least it may be safely remarked that a good many readers who prize certain characteristics of "older" European novels—moral and psychological intensity, amplitude of detail, leisurely step-by-step narration, and a concern to evoke the look and feel of objects—should derive much satisfaction from the present book.

Appropriately enough, this extraordinarily readable translation by Kathleen Szasz will call to mind the firm if now slightly faded Edwardian English that Constance Garnett found for her versions of Tolstoy and other Russian writers.

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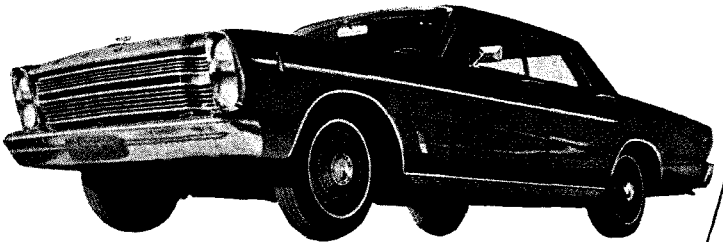

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A Tortuous Way Through Life

Incubus, *by Giuseppe Berto, translated from the Italian by William Weaver (Knopf. 388 pp. $5.95), unravels to the protagonist's Super-Ego, and source of his psychoneurotic guilt, a lifelong web of woe. Nicholas Samstag will publish two books this year: "Bamboozled" and "Come and See My Shining Palace."*

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

THE MONOLOGIST of *The Incubus* is a splasher, one who swims through life with as much thrashing about and disturbance as he can manage so as to impress himself and everyone else (in that order) with the unbearable magnificence of his sufferings, which to tell the truth do not seem to be all that magnificent although there are moments—like his being told by his wife on the very day his analyst pronounces him cured that she has been cuckolding him for years and has only been waiting for his recovery to tell him so, and his inability to have either a satisfactory bowel movement or a decent sexual experience although heaven knows he tries hard enough—when the reader's heart bleeds somewhat for the poor thing, but these moments are nowhere near so numerous as the continuous feeling of impatience and oh-my-Goditude that one experiences as the author's words cascade off almost 400 pages of this work of art, and it *is* a work of art, one long masterpiece of pessimistic hypochondria and psychoneurotic guilt dotted sparsely with what seems like unintentional but hilarious humor, the whole thing unwinding (like one of those Chinese scroll paintings) from the narrator's father, who was unfortunately seen by his son on the operating table after a laparotomy but before the resection with a mound of his cancerous intestines coiled on his stomach like a pile of rope—which sight, described with ghastly *trompe d'oelisme*, haunts our poor anti-hero all the days of his life, giving him symptoms of colitis and floating kidney and curious heat sensations in his lumbar vertebrae that culminate all too often in storms of suicidal anxiety requiring physical suppression and vast quantities of pills, especially tranquilizers, and, as if this weren't enough, the poor man grows to look more like his dead father as he becomes older and goes to the Abyssinian war and wins a medal for valor and is mustered out with honor and gets his degree in literature and marries (after a most humiliating and abortive series of premarital sexual attempts) a child bride who cries along with him when he has his fits, and he has a girl child by her and becomes a cinema and TV writer, who must make a quite respectable amount of lire because he pays off the mortgage on his father's house and supports his extravagant wife and feeds a long parade of stomach, colon, kidney, and acupuncture specialists as well as a psychoanalyst on what he makes in his spare time when he isn't having his fits, and all the while he is hating-loving the memory of his father until finally in a fusillade of psychiatric terminology he finds that the semi-illiterate, retired carabiniere "who gave him life" has become his Super-Ego and is the cause of all his troubles but, realization not constituting a cure, he fails to go out into the world to make a new life for himself and instead—but why spoil the perfect, artistic ending for you?

Yes, that's the way I suppose Giuseppe Berto wrote *The Incubus* because that's the way William Weaver translates it from the Italian, and I must say that Weaver's way grows on you until you can't leave the thing alone which, I suppose, is also quite a tribute to the author, who has won prizes in Italy for other books, some published in English *(The Sky is Red, The Works of God,* and *The Brigand)* and others not yet translated. *(The Incubus* won both the *Premio Viareggio* and the *Premio Campiello* under the title *Il Male Oscuro.)*

And if this reviewer's praise seems grudging, it is because reading that damn thing was *some* job although (remember, please) he did read it all and is on the record as saying it is a work of art—*minor.*

Too Much and Maybe Too Late

Quota, *by Vercors, translated from the French by Rita Barisse (Putnam. 255 pp. $4.95), set in a mythical country, satirizes an overabundant one. Laurent LeSage is a professor of French literature at Pennsylvania State College.*

By LAURENT LE SAGE

HERE is a novel for people who have everything! It is a warning and prophecy for the sated populations in the world whose fancy can be tempted only by mink toilet-seats or wigs made of rosewood shavings to match their furniture. Unlike a prophet of old, who came scowling out of the desert to denounce the worshippers of false gods, Vercors approaches smiling, with a very funny book in hand; but his indictment of our civilization is even more severe, since he holds out no hope that we may be saved. We made our choice, and you can't turn back the clock. Rather, the choice was made for us—at the beginning of the Industrial Revolution. Now it's either Socialism, which "spells the end of free enterprise, of Western civilization," or else "creating new needs unceasingly and faster than the old ones are sated."

Vercors, made famous by a book published during the Occupation, and widely appreciated since for his fanciful

Vercors—Jeremiah with a smile.

satires, here fires away at supersalesmanship, hidden persuaders, commodity obsolescence, mass production, mass media—in short, what is referred to as the "American Way of Life."

He locates his story not in the United States, however, but in mythical Tahualpa, a sort of "Mexican appendage of Texas." It is a young American, nonetheless, an ex-philosophy professor from Kamloopee College, who is the villain of the piece. With no more soul than a computer, he turns this little country into a nightmare of great prosperity. It

(*Continued on page* 152)

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Race: Fact and Feeling

Black Man's Burden, *by John Oliver Killens (Trident. 176 pp. $3.95), and* ***From Race Riot to Sit-In, 1919 and the 1960s: A Study in the Connections Between Conflict and Violence,*** *by Arthur I. Waskow (Doubleday. 380 pp. $5.95), comprise respectively an impassioned outcry against and a scholarly documentation of a stigma on Old Glory. Frank M. Cordasco is professor of education at Jersey City State College.*

By FRANK M. CORDASCO

LIKE Perseus in the familiar myth, white American society has looked at the Gorgon of Negro disaffection in a mirror; to gaze directly on this social monster of its own creation would be so terrifying that it has resorted to dispassionate studies. Recording the white man's shame and the dehumanization of the Negro has remained largely the bitter task of the black artist. This statement is not to be construed as an objection to either approach, but rather as a reaffirmation of the need for both impassioned outcry and scholarly documentation.

In *Black Man's Burden* John Oliver Killens joins other Negro artists who, with the frenzied anguish of a modern Perseus, hold in their bloodied hands the severed head of the Gorgon for a conscience-stricken white society to look upon. For Professor Arthur Waskow, the head has been placed in an academic portmanteau for quiet, unpublic, autopsical study among intellectual peers.

Killens's book is a sardonic inversion of Kipling's magnanimous mandate, and a wry commentary on the image white legend has imposed on Negroes and which is accepted by many of them. What he has put together in his little book is a pastiche of perceptive, sharply delineated vignettes animated by the twin engines of hate and despair. Perhaps the best explanation of the Watts riots is to be found, unencumbered by abstruse sociological etiology, in Killens's dissection of "The Myth of Nonviolence Versus the Right of Self-Defense":

> For your black brother *is* spoiling for a fight in affirmation of his manhood. This is the cold-blooded, Gospel truth. The more violence perpetrated against him, with pious impunity, the more he becomes convinced that this thing cannot resolve itself nonviolently, that only blood will wash away the centuries of degradation.

If the author's abrasiveness is not muted by the poignancy of Richard Wright or the philosophic lyricism of James Baldwin it is because these qualities are transmuted by Mr. Killens into an apostrophe of rage.

Waskow's *From Race Riot to Sit-In* is in many ways a documentary appendage to *Black Man's Burden*, covering the crises of racial conflict which the United States experienced in 1919 and in the early 1960s. The author's thesis, which is provocative and unproved, can best be stated in his own words:

> The longer I studied thermonuclear strategies for World Wars III and IV, the more convinced I became that in international conflict we were beginning to witness the elimination of political significance from war, and that therefore we might bring about the elimination of war as a means of carrying on political conflicts. I therefore grew more interested in the historical study of the ways in which violence has over a period of time been replaced by other means for the pursuit of conflicting political ends. Racial conflict in the United States is an example of one arena in which a major effort has been made to replace violence . . . Between the race riots of 1919 and the sit-ins, freedom rides, and rent strikes of the early 1960s there intervened major changes in the processes by which racial conflict was carried on, but no diminution of the conflict.

While I am impressed by Waskow's scholarship, I hope I may be forgiven if I find his approach as sociologically naïve as the nostalgia that drives Harry Golden to his Arcadian re-creations of New York's Lower East Side fifty years ago. That the Negro struggle has extended itself to include "creative disorder" and the ideology of nonviolence cannot be questioned; but to suggest that it has so evolved in the mainstream of American society is a monstrous hoax. Even Moynihan was more sophisticated when he diagnosed the phenomenon as Negro family deterioration. But one fact is clear: in a technocracy where there is no longer any room for the poor, the Negro protest will continue unabated.

Equality and the Court

Deep in My Heart, *by William M. Kuntsler (Morrow. 384 pp. $4.95), records the experiences of a New York attorney in defending civil rights workers in Southern courts. Jon. R. Waltz is co-author of "The Trial of Jack Ruby."*

By JON R. WALTZ

IN THE mid-twentieth century a dawning of civilization came to America's Southern states. It was accompanied by widespread hysteria. Both the dawn and the panic were brought on by the Civil Rights Movement. And when the history of that unsettling social phenomenon is written there will be lawyers in it, for lawyers have given movement to the Movement. One of those lawyers, William M. Kuntsler, provides in this book some raw material for the historians.

Kuntsler, a Manhattan attorney who seems at times to specialize in unpopular causes, has for the past four-plus years served as legal counsel to various civil rights organizations; served them not merely as adviser, secure in a New York office, but as trial lawyer at forward positions in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, and Virginia. The title of his book comes from the anthem of the Civil Rights Movement: ". . . oh, deep in my heart/I do believe/We shall overcome some day." Kuntsler does believe, and he has written a book to make the blood boil.

Any movement grounded on the Gandhian tenet of nonviolent protest might be deflected if all its participants could be jailed. Certain Southern communities, bent on retaining racial segregation, comprehended this crude principle and put it into action. At the time of the Freedom Rides in the early Sixties, for example, the "antimix squads" of Jackson, Mississippi, jailed nearly 400 persons. It was at this time that Kuntsler began representing civil rights demonstrators who had been arrested on charges ranging from breach of the peace to insurrection.

Kuntsler's commitment to the cause he has represented is obviously total; although he indulges in a minimum of editorializing, his is not a dispassionate recital. Everyone in this book is either good or evil. His abrasive criticism of the Kennedy Administration, and especially of Attorney General Robert Ken-

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nedy, for asserted lack of concern with civil rights will surprise many and convince few. But Kuntsler's occasional stridency is forgivable; he has been to hell and back quite a few times.

The author makes starkly real the nightmarish frustrations he encountered as a civil rights lawyer in the South. Kuntsler was exposed to judges who could function fairly in an automobile collision case but confronted civil rights matters with a cold and vacant gaze. He underwent a history lesson from Mississippi's Governor Ross Barnett: ancient Egypt, declared that worthy, declined not as the result of royal incest and Roman legions but because "the niggers came up the Nile." Kuntsler was forced to controvert the claim that Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Peabody, wife of an Episcopalian bishop and mother of a Massachusetts governor, was an "undesirable guest" and a trespasser at a segregated lunch counter. He had to listen to contentions that peaceful demonstrations in support of court-ordered integration violated the civil rights of white citizens; to weigh the claim that electric cattle prods used on demonstrators by Florida police were simply "persuasive sticks"; to ponder how a Negro applicant to "Ole [all-white] Miss" could secure the recommendations of half a dozen alumni; to concede the grisly appropriateness of renaming one Southern city "Bombingham."

This is not a book aimed exclusively at lawyers too long somnolent. It is a thoroughly readable narrative unfreighted with heavy legalistic explanations. To those who will say that its prose style sometimes borders on the journalistic, others—including me—can rightly respond that it is refreshing to find a lawyer who can write interestingly and comprehensibly. Kuntsler is telling it on the mountain and telling it well.

In doing so, the author predictably makes some disturbing points and raises some vexing questions. His report makes it clear that it was not the "genteel" of the South who ran in packs in the streets shouting, "Get the black apes!" But where *were* the genteel of the South? He provides unarguable proof that all but a handful of Southern lawyers will not or dare not defend the rights of civil rights proponents. Where, then, over the years, will the lawyers be found to give life to the ubiquitous courthouse frieze decoration that reads, "Equal justice under law"? Finally, Kuntsler poses the dispiriting proposition that, after all is said and done and no one is watching very closely, the South will quietly, relentlessly push back the dawn.

But this much can be said: William M. Kuntsler's powerful book will have made it more difficult to smother what was belatedly commenced in the mid-twentieth century.

LEADING CONTENDERS

National Book Awards

ON TUESDAY, MARCH 15, the five winners of 1966 National Book Awards will be announced in a presentation ceremony at Philharmonic Hall in New York. Meanwhile, these are among the books by American authors published in the United States in 1965 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

FICTION

PETER MATTHIESSEN / At Play in the Fields of the Lord / Random House
KATHERINE ANNE PORTER / The Collected Stories of Katherine Anne Porter / Harcourt, Brace and World
JAMES MERRILL / The (Diblos) Notebook / Atheneum
FLANNERY O'CONNOR / Everything That Rises Must Converge / Farrar, Straus and Giroux
JESSE HILL FORD / The Liberation of Lord Byron Jones / Atlantic-Little, Brown
HARRY PETRAKIS / Pericles on 31st Street / Quadrangle Books

Judges: Paul Horgan, J. F. Powers, Glenway Wescott

ARTS AND LETTERS

LIONEL TRILLING / Beyond Culture / The Viking Press
RENÉ WELLEK / A History of Modern Criticism / Yale University Press
PHILIP RAHV / The Myth and the Powerhouse / Farrar, Straus and Giroux
JANET FLANNER (GENET) / Paris Journal 1944-1965 / Atheneum
ALFRED KAZIN / Starting Out in the Thirties / Atlantic-Little, Brown
R. W. B. LEWIS / Trials of the Word / Yale University Press

Judges: Francis Fergusson, Walter Kerr, Norman Holmes Pearson

SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG / Coming of Age in America / Random House
CHARLES FRANKEL / The Love of Anxiety / Harper and Row
ALICE KIMBALL SMITH / A Peril and a Hope / University of Chicago Press
BENTLEY GLASS / Science and Ethical Values / University of North Carolina Press

Judges: John Kenneth Galbraith, Ernest Nagel, James R. Newman

POETRY

W. H. AUDEN / About the House / Random House
JAMES DICKEY / Buckdancer's Choice / Wesleyan University Press
RANDALL JARRELL / The Lost World / The Macmillan Company
IRVING FELDMAN / The Pripet Marshes / The Viking Press
ELIZABETH BISHOP / Questions of Travel / Farrar, Straus and Giroux
RICHARD EBERHART / Selected Poems / New Directions
LOUIS SIMPSON / Selected Poems / Harcourt, Brace and World

Judges: Ben Belitt, Phyllis McGinley, Elder Olson

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

IRVING BRANT / The Bill of Rights / The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
EDWARD CHASE KIRKLAND / Charles Francis Adams, Jr. / Harvard University Press
ROBERT SHAPLEN / The Lost Revolution / Harper and Row
THEODORE H. WHITE / The Making of the President 1964 / Atheneum
RICHARD B. MORRIS / The Peacemakers / Harper and Row
ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR. / A Thousand Days / Houghton Mifflin and Co.

Judges: Julian P. Boyd, Lyman Butterfield, Louis Fischer

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of five $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers' Institute.

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Battle to the End of War

The Last Hundred Days, *by John Toland (Random House. 622 pp. $8.95), employing a "revolving stage" technique, views the dramatic episodes that concluded the Third Reich. Telford Taylor is the author of "Sword and Swastika," "Grand Inquest," and "The March of Conquest."*

By TELFORD TAYLOR

THE ONE hundred days of the title are the last of World War II in Europe, beginning January 27, 1945. That date has no special military significance, but in addition to fixing the round number, it was the day of a full-dress conference at Adolf Hitler's headquarters, for which the verbatim notes have survived and furnish the raw material for a wonderfully vivid opening chapter. Furthermore, the Churchill-Roosevelt-Stalin meeting at Yalta—the real *point de départ* of the narrative—began only a few days later.

Despite its length, John Toland's book is immensely readable from cover to cover. He is a free-lance writer whose considerable experience (four earlier books and many articles) has been transmuted into an impressive technical expertise. The period of which he writes was crowded with tragic and dramatic events exploding like so many bombs in quick succession all over Europe, and their coherent recounting must have presented formidable problems of selection and organization. These have been handled with great skill; the pace is swift but seldom frantic, the style is lucid and controlled, and sharply controversial episodes are presented with unfailing good taste.

The basic structure of the book, however, is far from original. The author has adopted the technique successfully exploited in Cornelius Ryan's *The Longest Day,* Collins and La Pierre's *Is Paris Burning?*, and other recent works utilizing what perhaps may be called the "revolving stage" method of historical writing. Mr. Toland has used it with at least as much skill as any of his predecessors, and there is no doubt of the potency of this device to convey a sense of immediacy.

Thus the camera's eye moves constantly: from the Allied side to the German; from higher headquarters to the front lines; from surging advance to desperate retreat; from the long focus to the microscopic. On occasion the chronological progression is halted for a personal vignette, or for a sustained account of a major episode such as the bombing of Dresden or the capture of the Ludendorff bridge over the Rhine at Remagen.

—*From the book.*

Dresden after the bombings of February 13-14, 1945—"a halt for a major episode."

Mr. Toland tells us little that has not been related before. This is hardly surprising, for more than twenty years have passed, and the histories and memoirs have been pouring out in superabundance. Yet the sequence and juxtaposition of events in his narrative yields new impressions, some of them very disquieting. In retrospect, American military strategy in the closing weeks of the war seems incomprehensible. Why was it left to General Eisenhower—a field commander—to decide to take or not to take Berlin and Prague? Critics of his decisions not to do either have focused the blame on him and accused him of political naïveté, but surely the responsibility lay in Washington. President Roosevelt was sick nigh unto death, and no one else had the foresight and initiative to grapple with the new strategic problems precipitated by incipient victory over Germany.

Admirers of the late General George Patton will find the seventeenth chapter—entitled "Task Force Baum"—distressing if not incredible. Basing his account on an impressive list of personal interviews with those involved, Mr. Toland describes the consequences of Patton's order that a small task force be sent sixty miles behind the German lines east of Frankfurt-am-Main to free American prisoners at a German PW camp at Hammelburg. It was a desperate venture at best with no apparent tactical justification, and resulted in heavy loss of life. The author's explanation is categorical and shocking: General Patton's son-in-law was a prisoner at Hammelburg.

There is one major element of those days that is seriously slighted, and that is the development of Allied programs and policies for the occupation of Germany. These were in the course of formulation, chiefly in Washington and London, and were to have, arguably, a greater effect on the shape of things to come than Eisenhower's troop movements in the last few weeks of the war. Why and by whom was it decided that Berlin should be left as an enclave, accessible to the Western Allies only through the Russian zone?

Generals Eisenhower, Lucius Clay, and others have touched on this matter in their memoirs, and surely it would be hard to specify a more important and consequential emerging feature of postwar Europe. But this momentous matter is not mentioned by Mr. Toland, and little attention is paid to other significant foreshadowings of the Allied occupation of Germany.

In conclusion, one must ask more fundamental questions. Is this a work of history, or is it a beautifully packaged literary newsreel? Perhaps the "or" begs the question, for there is no reason why history cannot be vivid, varied, and fluently written, as well as reflective.

Yet there is no denying that the revolving stage inevitably breaks continuity and is an obstacle to sustained analysis. When I laid down this book I felt that I had been reminded of much that I had read and heard at the time of or since these events, and that the massive jolt to the memory stimulated new reflections and insights. But I did not find that the author had sought to probe very deeply beneath the events that he describes.

This is only to say, however, that Mr. Toland could have set for himself an even more demanding assignment than the one he undertook. What he set out to do was difficult enough; he has done it to the queen's taste, and the result is a most rewarding book, well worth the considerable money and time that its purchase and perusal require.

Coming March 19

***SR*'s Annual Reference Book Roundup**

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The World in the Balance

The Missile Crisis, *by Elie Abel (Lippincott. 220 pp. $4.95), recounts the events of October 1962 when the discovery of Soviet installations in Cuba brought the world to the brink of nuclear holocaust. Dan Kurzman, who covered the confrontation as a correspondent for the Washington Post, is author of "Santo Domingo: Revolt of the Damned."*

By DAN KURZMAN

IN OCTOBER 1962 the United States lived through one of the most terrifying experiences in its history. The Cuban missile crisis represented the ultimate challenge to diplomatic capacity, to common sense, to human character. The way this challenge was met is the burden of *The Missile Crisis*, an excellent, understated account of a few harrowing days that shook the world to its foundations.

This is not the definitive book on those momentous events. That must still come, possibly from one or more of the few persons who were directly involved. Indeed, much of what appears here has been recorded before. But this is nevertheless the best analysis to be published so far.

The author, Elie Abel, London correspondent for the National Broadcasting Company, reports in swift, journalistic narrative on how U.S. reconnaissance planes spotted Russian missiles in Cuba, and on the major meetings at which President Kennedy and his Executive Committee pondered the means of getting the missiles out without setting off a nuclear holocaust. He reveals for the first time some key passages from a critical message cabled to the President by Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev. He creates mood with revealing anecdotes and quotations ("This is the week when I had better earn my salary," Kennedy told Dean Acheson). All this adds up to absorbing, suspenseful reading—not a minor achievement considering that the outcome is known.

Still, the detail that is offered only makes the reader hunger for more. Paraphrasing a policymaker's ideas and attitudes may be sufficient in reportage of normal diplomatic meetings. But in this extraordinary case, in which gambling had to be kept to a minimum because of the frightful wages of miscalculation, in which the weight of responsibility was almost unbearable, every word uttered and every glance exchanged by those bearing this weight would seem to be of unique importance in terms of both history and human drama.

The reader longs to understand the inner conflicts, fears, and thoughts of each participant as he squares his conscience with decisions that could alter the fabric of human existence. But while such satisfaction is not forthcoming from this book, some light is thrown on various aspects of the personalities of the men involved. Perhaps the sharpest portrait is that of Robert F. Kennedy, then Attorney General. It may also be the most significant one, considering Kennedy's present political power and ambitions.

Bobby Kennedy, though only thirty-six at the time, is pictured as having dominated with his forcefulness and clear thinking the group of older, far more experienced diplomats, professors, and military men who largely comprised the President's advisory group. He showed himself to be tough, arguing against any deal with the Russians that would result in a loss of American prestige. But he also displayed what some participants regarded under the circumstances as a dangerously idealistic streak, basing his opposition to a surprise air strike against Cuba on the thesis that the U.S. must be true to its traditions. With this argument he helped to persuade such practical men as Douglas Dillon that there should not be an air attack except as a last resort.

President Kennedy himself is seen as cool under fire while he pressed the lever of American power just enough to achieve the primary goal but not enough to produce a catastrophe. Khrushchev emerges as a man who, fortunately, was more a master of pragmatism than a slave of Communism.

When he has finished the book, the reader will probably feel like someone awakening from a nightmare. He will also be apt to react to the day's news of war and violence with the clammy shudder of one who remembers what it was like to peer into the abyss.

Echoes of Silenced Guns: On-the-spot accounts by contemporaries continued to pour upon us as the last Civil War centennial year drew to a close. Among the latest were *Reconstruction in the South*, edited and with an introduction by Harvey Wish (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95), and *The Civil War Letters of General Robert McAllister*, edited by James I. Robertson, Jr. (Rutgers University Press, $10). The first volume draws upon writings by such famous Civil War names as General Sheridan, Thaddeus Stevens, Andrew Johnson, General Grant, General Forrest, and Carl Schurz; the topics discussed include the initial collapse of the old South, Johnson's feeble reconstruction attempts, the Ku Klux Klan's beginnings, carpetbagging, and final federal military withdrawal from the Confederacy.

The second volume consists entirely of letters to family and friends, as well as orders given and received in the field by General McAllister, a top Northern officer from New Jersey who fought in every battle of the Army of the Potomac save Antietam and South Mountain. The letters are remarkable chiefly for their incredible misspellings and for certain fresh views of the eastern battle panorama.

Neither volume will light any bonfires for the average reader, even the average Civil War buff. Just the same, the original scholarship of the Rutgers book is probably worth noting by specialists in the field, and there is a certain fascination in reading the opinions of famous generals and politicians.

—RICHARD L. TOBIN.

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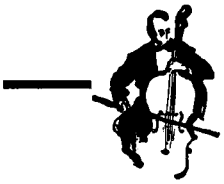

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Ginastera's *Don Rodrigo*—*Elijah*—Grist

THERE ARE no contemporary accounts to prove it, of course, but there is every likelihood that after the first performance by the Camerata in seventeenth-century Florence, out of which opera eventually emerged, somebody raised the question of whether there was too much voice for the orchestra, or too much orchestra for the voices. That perennial problem has plagued the creation of works for the musical theater ever since, down to and including the Argentinian Alberto Ginastera's *Don Rodrigo*, which had its first performance outside his native country as the New York City Opera company celebrated its housewarming at Lincoln Center's State Theater.

Of the importance of the central fact itself there can be no question. Julius Rudel and company have taken to the upgrading of their surroundings with an effort measurably above the average possible in the old Mecca Temple on Fifty-fifth street. Initially, the musical forces required for Ginastera's score could hardly have been accommodated in the old pit. And the facilities for hanging drops and lighting them in the new house have even enhanced the effect of Ming Cho Lee's skillfully designed settings and the tasteful costuming by Theoni V. Aldredge. Add to this a thoughtfully conceived staging by Tito Capobianco to complement Rudel's thoroughgoing preparation of the score, and the result is something that was rarely possible at the old City Center—a gauge to the way a new, challenging work might fare on the international stage.

Doubtless *Don Rodrigo* will invite attention because of the built-in values for spectacle and staging that it contains, and especially because it covers a range of sonorous effects from xylophone drippings, *à la* Webern, to a rousing exchange of horn calls from twelve players stationed at four different points in the theater. As a totality, however, it strikes me that it will appeal more to the profession than to the public. Ginastera may even, for all the effort he has put into his project, reap the harvest of a performable orchestral work (as Hindemith did with *Mathis der Maler*). It is conceived according to a high and principled level of musical purpose but it falls, finally, into the category of work that arouses admiration rather than participation.

Or to sharpen the point more finely, it is the kind of work that generates interest but does not stimulate much sympathy. The interest is inherent in Ginastera's resources as a composer, which are well known and widely respected. The lack of sympathy is related to the subject matter with which he chose to concern himself. Don Rodrigo is, historically, the last of the Gothic kings of Spain, which puts him back to 711 at the latest. According to the version of his reign embodied in the text by Alejandro Casona (sung in the original Spanish) Rodrigo chanced fate, first, by breaking into a sacred chest respected by all the monarchs of his line, only to discover that this lack of faith prophesied his doom; second, by seducing the virgin Florinda, daughter of the king of Africa, thus bringing to a certainty the doom he had invited. Ultimately there is a confession of sin and a kind of historical forgiveness, but also an end to the royal line he represented.

An effort has been made in some quarters (principally those occupied by his publishers Boosey and Hawkes) to drum up a likeness of *Rodrigo* to *Wozzeck*. This is foredoomed to failure, for whatever else Ginastera may be, he is no Berg—which is to say, a lyric poet whose urge would have asserted itself whatever his idiom. The simple, profound difference is that Georg Büchner's text concerned a man whose difficulties and dilemmas were imposed upon him by others who advantaged themselves of his disadvantaged condition: Cajano's Rodrigo, to begin with, is as remote on the social scale from Wozzeck as a king from a peasant, and he is beset by difficulties and dilemmas wholly of his *own* making. These he invites out of greed and lust, two impulses that are eminently self-serving and, like eating, do not lend themselves to audience participation.

What comes thereafter may add up to occasional interest in an objective way, but hardly promotes sympathy, let alone identification. Ginastera's use of certain tonal designs—a rondo, a scherzo, a canon—to get from one point to another is parallel to Berg's procedure in *Wozzeck*, but this is to say that a rocky path and a flowing brook are similar because they go side by side. It is rather more to the point that Ginastera's commitment to the twelve-tone method results in the inevitable wide leaps, jagged skips, and angular articulations which exacerbate or expound, but rarely fall into memorable phrases and periods.

In the end, one confronts the question: Does the use of a verbal text add meaning and impact to what is performed, or could most of the action be mimed or danced to the orchestral exposition with more or less the same effect? My impression after the dress rehearsal and performance is that it could, very nearly. At a way point—in the progress from the Camerata represented by *Don Giovanni*, no less!—Gretry accused Mozart of putting the statue in the orchestra and the pedestal on the stage. At the juncture at which Ginastera has arrived, it might be said that he has put both the statue and the pedestal in the orchestra, leaving only the name plate (or the verbal equivalent thereof) for the vocalists.

For this is essentially what the performers have been downgraded to, vocalists rather than singers. Ginastera's orchestral writing is fervent, colorful, and always ingenious. But too often Rodrigo, Florinda, *et al.*, are reduced to persons straining to be heard in the articulation of parts fitted into the apertures of the orchestral score rather than possessing an individual design of their own. Now and then the chorus adds to the sonorous mass in a glorification of Moussorgsky's practice in *Boris*, but the individual performers remain pawns in a series of chess moves on Ginastera's drawing board rather than anything like dimensional beings.

This is in no way the fault of the performers of the principal roles, who were, at the least, capable, and in the instance of the young Mexican tenor Placido Domingo as Rodrigo and Spiro Malas, as his tutor and sort of ambulatory conscience, even better. Domingo, in particular, has a strong, springy sound that might carry him far as his strength and stature develop. Jeannine Crader's Florinda had a kind of childish credibility to commend it, as well as the high range to deal with the sounds assigned to her by Ginastera—but only a scant suggestion of the physical appeal to arouse the kingly lust. David Clatworthy, as Florinda's father, was among others well chosen for the musical demands put upon them. But out of it all does not emerge the kind of interest-with-repetition that determines the durability of opera.

So far as the theater itself is concerned, it remains a good place in which to see, a tricky one in which to hear. Some progress has been made in equalizing its responses by lowering the orchestra, damping down some of the reflecting surfaces around it, and treat-

(*Continued on page* 151)

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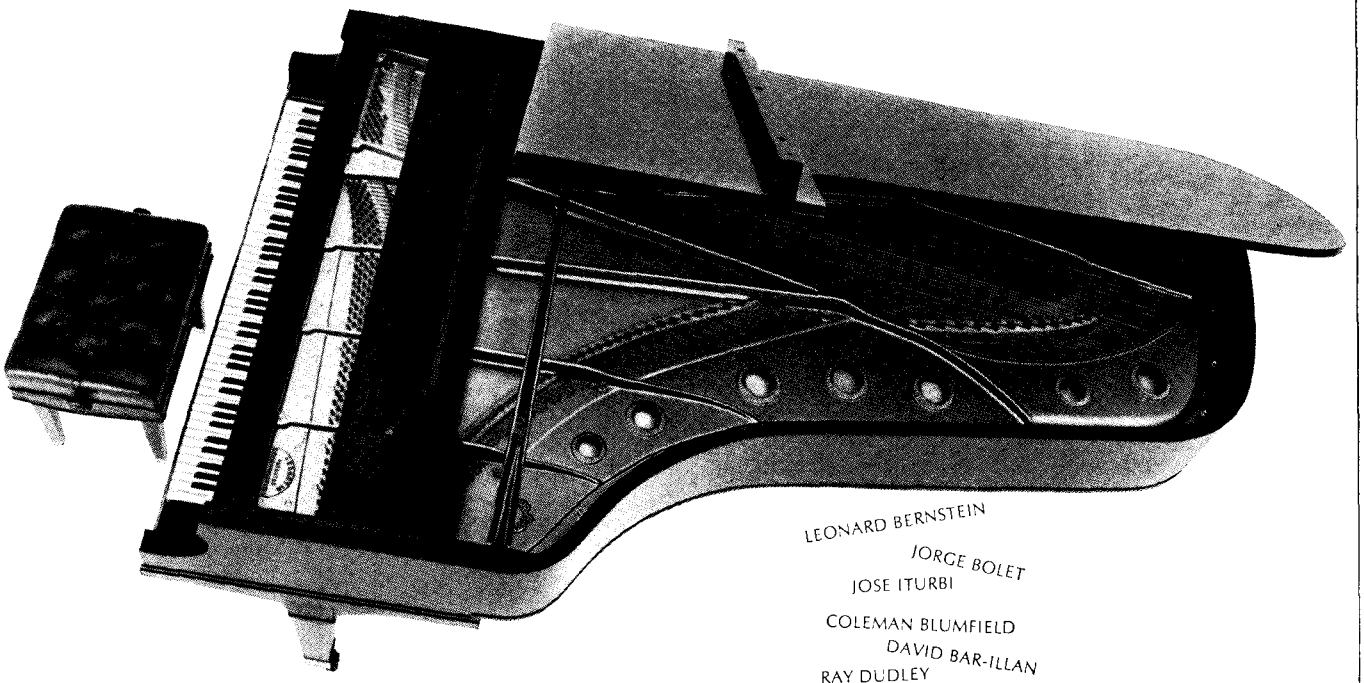

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LUKAS FOSS
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GOLD and FIZDALE
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MICHAEL ROGERS
JOSETTE and YVETTE ROMAN
EARL WILD
AMPARO ITURBI
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HOWARD and PATRICIA BARR
IGOR STRAVINSKY
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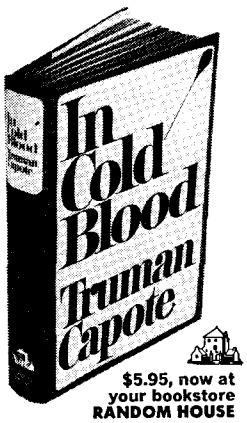

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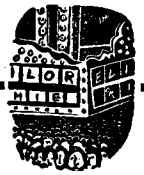

Old Fashioned

ONE OF THE BEST THINGS about Warner Brothers' *Harper* is the fact that its detective hero, Paul Newman, goes about his business with the same undeflectable, no-nonsense attitude that once endeared Humphrey Bogart to a whole generation of moviegoers. His path is not strewn with luscious dropouts from the James Bond series, nor is he aided in his grubby labors by any assortment of fantastic gadgetry. Like Bogart, Harper is a "loner," with nothing beyond his own brain and muscle to help him untangle the web left by a missing millionaire, the victim of a kidnap plot. And a very tangled web it is. Basing his script on Ross Macdonald's *The Moving Target*, writer William Goldman has almost as many characters working at cross purposes as the United Nations Security Council. Their only real point of agreement is a mutual distaste for the missing Mr. Sampson.

As in most mysteries, the final fadeout leaves some questions unresolved and some characters unexplained. But Jack Smight's hard-driving direction and an expert cast effectively conceal such deficiencies as long as the picture is on the screen. For one thing, Smight keeps his picture moving. Harper seems to be forever leaping into cars and tearing along the highways. For another, the places that he drives to, although all in the Los Angeles area, seem fresh to the screen—the wharves at San Pedro, the dust-brown mountains to the north of the city, and a strange religious temple poised high on a bluff above Tuna Canyon. But most of all, the picture moves because it is loaded with action instead of wisecracks, with dialogue that is laconic, pointed, and just a bit cynical instead of flabbily expository. Despite its Technicolor photography, the film has much of the impressive crispness and proficiency of such minor masterpieces in the *milieu* as *The Big Sleep* and *The Maltese Falcon*.

If this sounds just a bit guarded it is because, having assembled an all-star cast that, in addition to Mr. Newman, includes Lauren Bacall, Julie Harris, Arthur Hill, Janet Leigh, Robert Wagner, and Shelley Winters, Warner Brothers obviously felt it incumbent upon them to have at least one big scene apiece. Each of the actors rises to his occasion admirably, but in the earlier pictures such parts were generally parceled out to minor players who impressed quickly as a type, contributed their shadowy bit to the confusion, then got out of the way of the action. Here, on the other hand, since Janet Leigh, for example, has been cast in the essentially pointless—and thankless—role of Newman's estranged wife, she seems to command far more footage than the part warrants. And the same is true for each of the major players, making the film less taut and compact than, ideally, this kind of thriller should be. It is still superior merchandise, however, and Newman as the hard, sardonic "shamus" works with the same skill and consistency that marked his performances in *Hud* and *The Hustler*.

IF *Harper* recalls a tradition in American film-making that has almost vanished from the screen, *The Oscar* is old-fashioned in other, less commendable ways. Based on Richard Sale's highly spiced but unsavory exposé of an actor's unscrupulous connivance to win for himself the motion picture industry's most-coveted statuette, the film tilts lustily at windmills of its own devising. In Hollywood, of course, the Oscar is sacrosanct; in preparing their screenplay, therefore, the writers nimbly avoid any imputation of the institutional award-giving. Indeed, as soon as one discovers in the film that Frankie Fane's fellow contenders include such unimpeachable, authentic stars as Frank Sinatra, Burt Lancaster, and Kirk Douglas, the possibility of the kind of in-fighting that gave Sale's novel much of its dirty fascination immediately disappears—in favor of a Pal Joey-Sammy Glick characterization of no more depth or persuasiveness than any of his previous incarnations in musical comedy and television. Certainly Stephen Boyd is utterly unable to suggest that Frankie could either charm the birds off the trees or convince critics and producers alike that he was a prize-winning performer.

It is, of course, quite possible to build a thoroughly engrossing film around a thoroughly unsympathetic character; *Hud* and *The Hustler* are good examples. But where these films made the drives and yearnings of their heel-heroes clear and credible, *The Oscar* seems to derive a voyeuristic pleasure from merely detailing Frankie's callous manipulation of his friends and, especially, the women who love him. In short, the producers, Clarence Greene and Russell Rouse, who together with Harlan Ellison also wrote the screenplay, have approached their subject very much as Frankie Fane himself might have. *The Oscar* reveals nothing of Hollywood or its awards; it merely exploits them.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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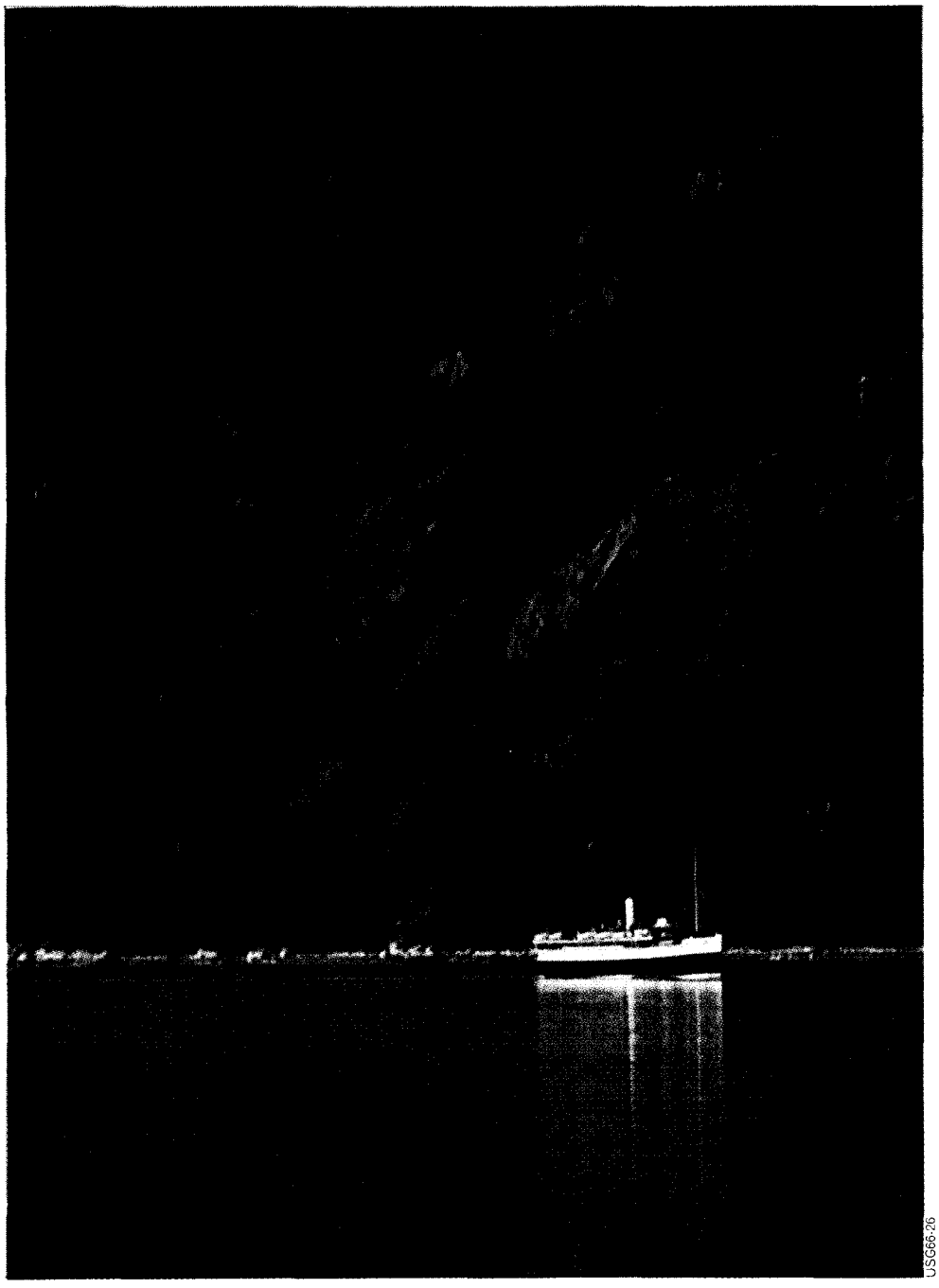

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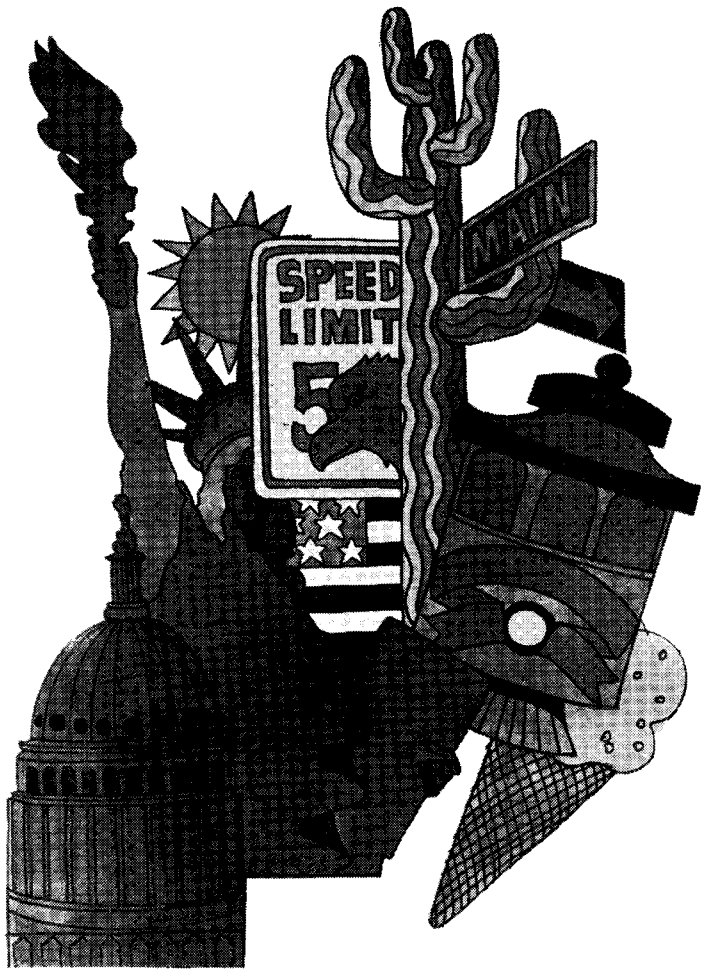
A Special Section

AMERICA AND THE FOREIGN VISITOR



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Since the birth of the United States Travel Service in 1961 *SR* has fixed a close editorial eye on the program for attracting foreign tourists to these shores. We have been concerned with the need to correct the imbalance of dollars, but we have also wished for more awareness of the understanding between peoples that an accelerated American program would produce. Now at last Washington has given the signal for a full-scale federal effort. On the next 76 pages we present the government's position through statements by Vice President Humphrey, an article by Interior Secretary Udall, and an interview with Director John Black. Results of their own excursions as foreigners in the U.S. are offered by Conor Cruise O'Brien, editor of Dublin's *Evening Press,* and Stephen Potter, English master of *Gamesmanship, One Upmanship,* and other stories. Dr. Bryant Wedge, director of the Institute for the Study of National Behavior at Princeton, assesses the foreigners' opinion of us, and Walter Kerr tells of his rediscovery of America after returning home from the general managership of the *New York Times'* International Edition. Wren Barbe spent six years in Japan during which she collected the American images published by Charles Tuttle under the title *Young Japan Views Uncle Sam.* The house travel man spends half of each year abroad and half at home, giving him a view, albeit somewhat bloodshot, of both worlds. —H. S.

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TURNING THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE INTO GOLD

By HORACE SUTTON

THE TALL AMERICAN was in a hot corner. He stood with his feet planted in the deep tufts of carpet in a hotel in Cannes and parried the thrusts:

Why does the United States demand that visitors be fingerprinted?

Why does it ask such embarrassing and ridiculous questions on its visa forms?

Why does the United States demand visas of Europeans when most European countries admit Americans without visas?

Why are the customs inspectors so rude and why do they pull apart the baggage of visitors?

The year was 1961 and the American was Voit Gilmore, a lanky Carolinian under fire in his first press conference on alien shores since his appointment as the director of the new United States Travel Service. Faced by a drain on its gold reserves, and thus spurred by a purpose no more lofty than plain economic necessity, the United States was at last getting into the tourist market, a trade that had reaped wonders for a number of national exchequers, and saved a few from acute financial distress.

Secretary Hodges, newly appointed to the Department of Commerce, had given Gilmore an almost suicidal mission. U.S. entrance requirements were appallingly difficult; U.S. officials in its consulates and at its borders were difficult if not indeed hostile. The natives, unused to foreign visitors, were basically friendly, but where could you get a franc changed, order morning tea, find a hotel operator who spoke Italian, find a sightseeing guide fluent in Japanese? And there was the formidable handicap of price. A trip to the United States from anywhere except Canada and Mexico required an ocean crossing.

Gilmore went after the border difficulties first. Backed by Secretary Hodges and by President Kennedy himself (who urged the abolishment of visas), the United States Travel Service succeeded in getting through a mail order visa—one that asked a few simple questions

—Herb Goldberg.

and did not have to be obtained in person. Those tedious, embarrassing, and often ridiculous questions by which a prospective visitor could be found inadmissible on thirty-one different counts were still there but they could now be answered by blanket certification. The required number of photos was reduced. Customs methods were improved, and there were even cases where cantankerous examiners were removed from contact with the public and given desk jobs.

Vast cross-country efforts were made inside the United States to make the nation feel that it had certain duties as a host. Hotels and sightseeing attractions were urged to provide more interpreters, better facilities for changing money, and better methods of tending to the thousand tourist needs—all of which Europe and much of Asia had long since learned how to provide for English-speaking people. The domestic travel industry was urged to cut its rates for foreign travelers. Foreign journalists were imported to tell the story of the wonder of the USA back home. U.S. industry and the U.S. Travel Service itself mounted advertising campaigns abroad.

The result, if not dramatic, was immediate. While 516,000 visitors arrived in the U.S. in 1961, there were more than 1,000,000 in 1965. Encouraged by the Travel Service, America's bus lines offer ninety-nine-day tours of the United States for only $99. Feeder airlines are offering twenty-one days of flying for $150. Now ten of eleven U.S. trunk lines (the one exception is Western Airlines) have launched special rates for overseas visitors, anywhere from thirty to ninety days of unlimited flying for $150 to $220. U.S. railroads by and large will give a 15 per cent reduction to properly identified tourists from foreign lands.

While it is still not possible to plunk down yen in a Honolulu hotel or francs in a New York hotel and pick up dollars, some real efforts have been made. Fifty-two communities across the nation now have active Americans-at-Home programs, inviting foreigners into their homes in the manner of the "Meet the Danes" program launched years ago in Copenhagen and Holland's "Get in Touch with the Dutch." Gray Line has multilingual buses in New York that nearly match the splendid Cityrama buses in Paris. Visitors in New York hotels also get foreign-language closed-circuit telecasts telling of the events in the city. More packaged tours are being marketed abroad, and there is serious talk about "directional fares," which would mean cheaper tickets for persons traveling from Europe to the United States when travel in that direction is normally slight.

Despite the improvements, the potential for a greatly increased tourist program for the United States is enormous. There are signs that it may be necessary. The matter of attracting tourists to the U.S. has never really been

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taken seriously by the Congress. The amount of money we can spend by law to attract tourists to this country is fixed at $4.7 million. Since its inception the Travel Service has never asked for the full amount. Faced with the fulsome budgets that foreign countries award for the attraction of Americans, Gilmore in fiscal 1963 asked for a budget of $4.2 million, still $500,000 within the limit. After an acrimonious hearing featuring a bitter, baiting cross-examination by Congressman Rooney of Brooklyn [see BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Sept. 21, 1963], Gilmore staggered down the hill with a piddling $2.6 million.

FRUSTRATED with Washington and eager to tend his own business interests in North Carolina, Gilmore resigned, and John Black, his assistant, ultimately became director. Rooney and his committee were not exactly transported to nirvana by the change. Last year the service asked $3.5 million and got $3 million. It has been allotted the same amount for fiscal 1965 ending June 30, 1966.

Britain now spends $5 million annually on tourism; Canada somewhere between $6 and $7 million; Mexico from $4 to $5 million, France about $4 million. Ireland, Italy, and even Greece spend more than the U.S. Some seers have us earning more from foreign travel than any other country, but that figure is inconclusive since it lumps in the monies spent by Mexican and Canadian border-crossers. We are actually barely ahead of Italy in its tourist earnings and slightly ahead of Spain.

Although the United States has never been motivated in its meager tourist efforts by such lofty purposes as international understanding (if one picture equals a thousand words, one trip must equal a thousand pictures), economic necessity frequently gets a fast response. Although U.S. earnings from overseas tourism will rise 15 or 20 per cent in 1966, bringing in some $480 million, U.S. travelers spent nearly three times that amount on their trips abroad in each of the years from 1961 to 1964.

Several important factors caused the even wider dollar drain of 1965. The talk about possible restrictions and penalties may have caused Americans to rush abroad before a foreign trip got too expensive. The increased amount of immediate disposable income made a trip inviting. But the little-talked-of matter of the $200 million deterioration in Canadian business was perhaps the biggest factor of all. The devaluation of the Canadian dollar, making it cheaper than the U.S. dollar, was telling, but the Canadian government's decision to drop its own duty-free restriction from $100 to $25 hit hardest of all. While Americans go north to hunt, fish, ski, and look at the scenery, Canadians come south to shop. The big pressure in the travel gap showed itself in 1964 with the Canadian loss, and was further multiplied by the rush abroad in 1965.

As an Administration appointee, Director Black is at some pains to point out that it was never Washington's idea to try to keep Americans at home. In his balance-of-payments message of February 1965, the President, Black points out, said that it was not the proper time to encourage travel abroad but to encourage travel in our own country. Says Black, "This was interpreted in many places as the Administration's desire to keep Americans home. It is a death wish in the travel industry. It's so fascinating a thought that you can't keep people from writing about it. The President and the Vice President have said over again that it is not in our tradition to restrict travel by its own citizens."

Perhaps the Administration has at last

(*Continued on page* 125)

—*UPI.*

Buddhists from Thailand at the Empire State Building—"no yen in Honolulu, no francs in New York."

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Solving the Nation's Travel Arithmetic

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following article was written for this travel issue by the Vice President before his latest mission to Southeast Asia. Mr. Humphrey is also chairman of the Cabinet task force on travel set up by President Johnson.*

By HUBERT H. HUMPHREY

FEW PEOPLE realize that the single busiest crossroads of world travel, foreign and domestic, are found right here in the United States.

Our citizens generated more foreign travel, $3.665 billion worth last year, than any other country. More travelers from abroad spent more money visiting the United States last year—$1.36 billion—than any other destination area. Our citizens spent $20.5 billion on domestic travel inside the United States last year, more than the nationals of any other country. And we ended 1965 with the largest travel deficit in our history—or in the world, for that matter—about $1.8 billion, and approximately half a billion dollars higher than our entire balance-of-payments deficit of $1.3 billion last year.

This travel arithmetic helps define a difficult dilemma confronting President Johnson and his Administration. We must protect the stability of the dollar by further reducing our chronic balance-of-payments deficit. Last year we reduced the payments deficit by over 50 per cent while the travel gap increased by 12.5 per cent.

We believe something can and must be done to reduce the travel gap.

We believe this can be achieved without impairing the traditional freedom of travel that our people have enjoyed, and our government has subscribed to, since the very founding of the nation. But we shall require the clear understanding and sustained support of the American people, of both the U.S. and international travel industries, of broad segments of U.S. industry here at home not ordinarily associated with travel, and of Congress. I am glad to say we have been receiving such support in the federal government's current efforts to shrink the travel gap as well as curtail our total payments deficit. But more needs to be done.

Fortunately, some leaders of the international travel industry have begun to think about their roles and responsibilities in this critical situation. They realize that their private interest, our national interest, and the interest of their own countries lie in a positive, constructive resolution of our travel dilemma. After all, this mutual problem involved the largest single item in world trade last year, the $11.5 billion spent by 75,000,000 residents from about 100 countries on foreign travel.

I am glad to note, for example, that foreign flag carriers serving this country are now developing their own programs in more than fifty countries overseas to help bring more foreign nationals to the United States. We welcome this effort in Washington. These programs also have the blessing of those countries engaged actively here in attracting U.S. visitors.

Foreign tourist officials—living in increasingly prosperous nations—realize that the postwar era of one-way travel from the United States as an efficient form of foreign aid has ended, and that two-way travel is the order of the day.

The federal government has initiated two major, positive efforts to help deal with the travel gap.

Four years ago I was co-sponsor of legislation to authorize establishment of the U.S. Travel Service in the Department of Commerce. Within the limits of a small staff and budget, the USTS has helped increase the number of visitors from overseas from 516,000 in 1961 to 1,040,000 last year—or more than double. Last year was the first time in our history that the United States played host to more than 1,000,000 overseas visitors. The Travel Service's "Visit USA" program played a large part in stimulating this increase.

Also, with the wholehearted support of President Johnson and members of his Cabinet, we have sponsored an ambitious "Discover America" program at home to improve our American tourist facilities and services—and our promotion as well—so that *both* foreign visitors and our own citizens will increasingly choose an American destination.

We believe these two programs—expansionist, not restrictive; positive, not negative—will enable us to cope with the travel gap without resorting to overt restraints on the freedom of Americans to travel as they wish.

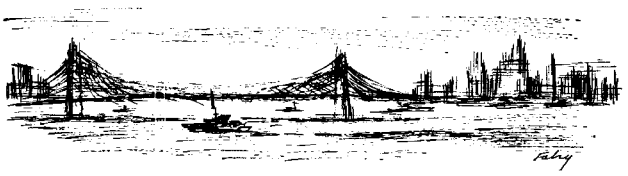
The U.S. travel industry, our state tourist offices, and powerful elements of American industry have joined in these past months in investing literally hundreds of millions of dollars in cooperative promotion of the "Discover America" program, as well as in overseas activity complementing the work of the U.S. Travel Service.

Furthermore, the Administration has asked Congress to appropriate an increased budget of $4,700,000 this year for USTS to enable it to intensify its efforts to attract more foreign visitors to the United States. Last year such visitors contributed $1.4 billion to our national economy.

But the purpose of all this effort at home and abroad is not merely the tangible need to reduce our travel gap. I think its intangible benefits are even more compelling. For we want both our own and foreign citizens to appreciate and share America's vast expanses, great cities, and friendly people—so that they may understand more clearly our true national purposes and our character.

As Secretary of the Interior Udall writes elsewhere in this issue (page 52), the understanding of people for one another is the greatest thing we have to gain through our promotion of travel.

For it is only through such mutual understanding that we may hope to build, in time, a more just and peaceful world for all men.



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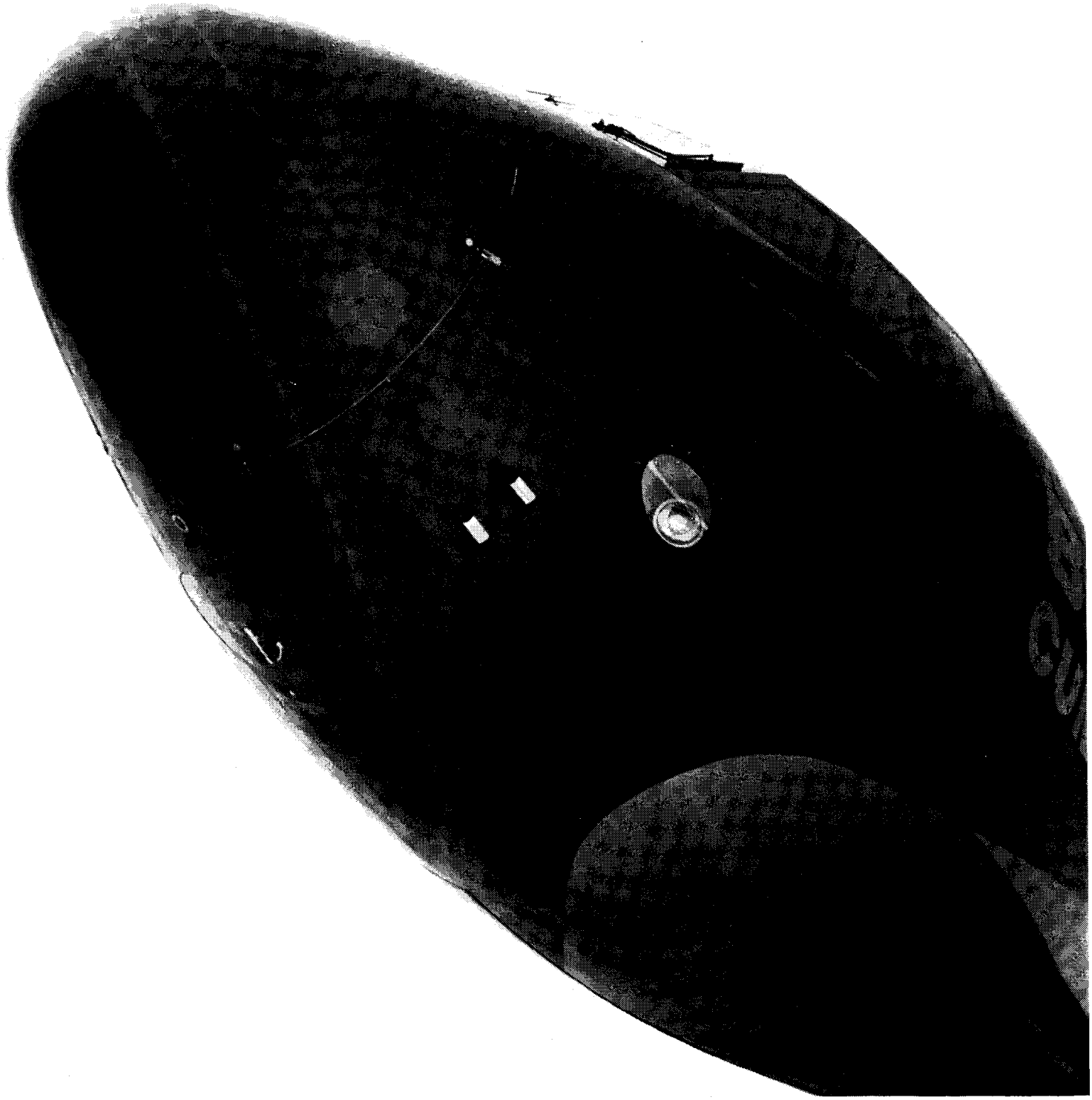

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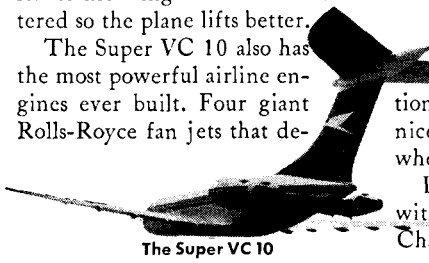

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Udall and Japanese Cabinet Members rafting in the Grand Tetons.

THE AMERICAN AS HOST

By STEWART L. UDALL

IN RECENT YEARS I have had the good fortune to share travel experiences in my country with many representatives of foreign governments. I have been hosted, in turn, by these people in their own lands. The exchange, I find, has given each of us more than just the acquired knowledge of a new place. It has given us a fresh look at our own countries, a look at the familiar, which can only be so sharp and clear when it is seen through eyes to which it is strange.

Last year I counseled a New York audience to "look homeward." So few Americans really know their own amazing land. In following my own advice, I have found that to look homeward in the company of someone seeing my land for the first time adds an exciting new depth to the experience.

My wife and I had a unique opportunity last July to see our land through the eyes of others. Secretary of State Rusk asked us to serve as hosts and guides for six Japanese Cabinet couples who had come to the United States for the annual economic talks with their U.S. counterparts. We were together for two days in one of our superb scenic settings—Wyoming's Grand Teton National Park. Almost none of our visitors had seen the wide open spaces of the American West, and it was a fascinating experience to observe their reactions to the sights and sounds of that outdoor masterpiece. Watching them, I experienced first a sense of pride in my country's scenic beauty, and then something of a new rapport with my guests as we looked together at my own land.

What I saw was the ruggedness, the wildness, the feeling of "beginning" about our wilderness. This pristine newness is as awe-inspiring to the Japanese as his civilized "oldness" is to us.

The Japanese are perhaps the most thoughtful hosts and guests in the world. Their reverent regard for the unique loveliness of their own land, from Mt. Fuji to the shrines of Kyoto, has given them discriminating eyes and unusual insights.

The surprise and delight of these Cabinet couples in response to the Grand Teton trip made the experience unforgettable. They greeted the early-morning glory of the Tetons with awed appreciation. Their eager questions about the flora and fauna of this continent evidenced their lively interest in the American outdoors.

At one point in the float trip down the Snake River our rubber raft came dangerously close to two majestic moose; they snorted and pawed the ground in protest against this intrusion on their private wilderness. Fortunately, our curious guests were spared a firsthand demonstration of what it is like to be on the receiving end of a wild-moose charge. The wildlife closeup, unplanned and providentially uneventful, added zest to the adventure.

I was pleased that we were able to give our Japanese guests a real helping of the attractions that give the United States its own special flavor—our cities and our wilderness. Too few of our guests emulate Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin, who rented a car a few summers ago and toured the National Parks of the West. He returned to Washington mightily impressed with our out-of-doors and the friendliness of our park rangers. Many of our guests come primarily for business reasons and they sample life in our large cities, but they seldom get off the beaten track or see the authentic heartland of America.

I do not mean to underestimate the tourist attraction of our American cities, only to plead for balance. The American

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Visiting Japanese—"Their reverent regard for the loveliness of their own land has given them discriminating eyes and unusual insights."

city is unique. New York's awesome skyline bespeaks a city apart. London and Tokyo are more like each other than either is like New York. But also to be remembered is this: There is nothing anywhere else in the world like the American wilderness. Between these two—the city and the wilderness—lies the whole story of America. The visitor from abroad who experiences both has truly supped at our national table.

If we have failed anywhere as a host country it is not for want of travel wares. We have a treasurehouse of tourist attractions. Our shortcoming lies in the fact that although we are a hospitable people, our hospitality is ill-organized. The amenities of travel, such as linguistic experts at ports of entry, supervised package tours, and family-plan fares, are largely inventions of Western Europe's more experienced hosts.

Belatedly, we Americans are learning the subtle arts involved in the care and feeding of foreign guests. Our travel network and our food and lodging accommodations are being increasingly geared to the foreign visitor. Special discount plans are beginning to show results. Last year, for the first time in history, the number of overseas visitors to the United States in one calendar year exceeded 1,000,000.

Udall and guests—"Almost none of our visitors had seen the wide open spaces of the American West. It was fascinating to observe their reactions to that outdoor masterpiece."

The variety and diversity of peculiarly American experiences available to the foreign visitor are endless. They are limited only by the time, the money, and the interests of the traveler. The hot dog is as American as Maine lobster. Only the price and the taste are different. A visit to the tenderly cared-for boarding house in Asheville, North Carolina, where Thomas Wolfe once dwelt is an inexpensive and genuinely American literary pilgrimage. Just as genuine and unique is the robustly developing art of the American Indians, flourishing particularly in the Southwest and showing signs of exciting new directions in Alaska. For an order of the old world served up on the platter of the new, there are the Shakespeare festivals in Stratford, Connecticut; Ashland, Oregon; New York's Central Park; and San Diego.

The foreign visitor who takes the airways into this country might like to shift his transportation method to water upon his arrival. For such a guest we have the coastlines that form our east and west borders, plus a fascinating network of waterways offering every kind of pleasant inducement to relaxation and enjoyment. He can travel 2,000 miles through the Great Lakes from Buffalo to Duluth and scan the American banks from a luxurious cruise boat, he can take a twenty-two-day trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans, or he can merely drift for a day through the unmatched splendor of the haunting Florida Everglades. No matter what the demands of purse or taste or time—the United States has something to satisfy them.

We Americans are justifiably proud of our history, our culture, our natural beauty. These combine to make a rewarding vacation package, and as Americans and foreign visitors enjoy them together, they enjoy them more. With tourism developing into a golden baton that can wave hundreds of millions of dollars into or out of a country, the search is on to develop new ways to make the United States a prized vacation goal. The U.S. travel industry turned over $35 billion last year and has set its sights on $100 billion in the near future. We are turning our attention more and more seriously to meaningful development of this industry.

I use the term "meaningful" to introduce an element to travel that extends

(*Continued on page* 121)

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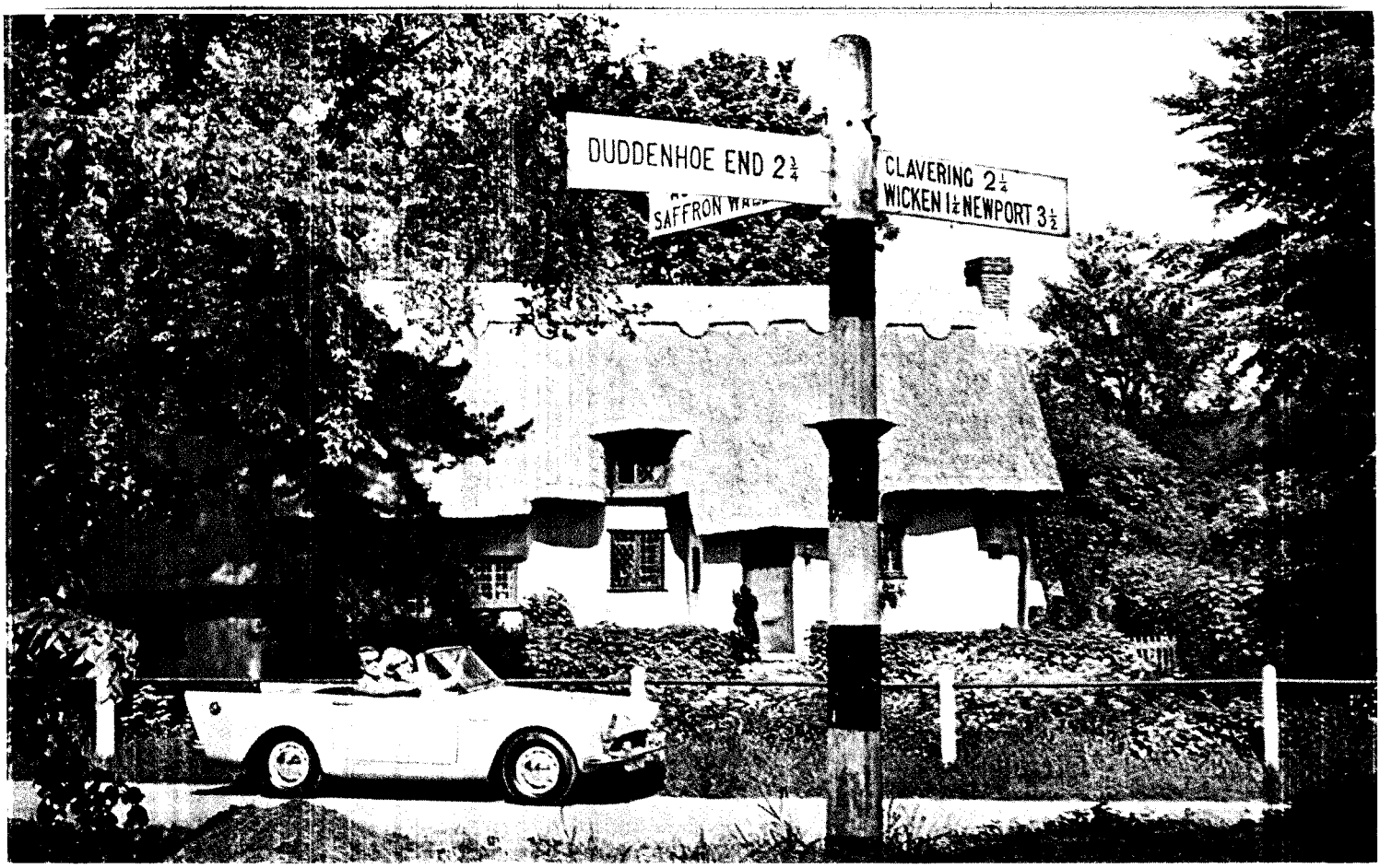

Smooth roads, signposts, beautiful scenery—what more could a shunpiker want? This road is in Arkesden, Essex.

How to shunpike in Britain

Car hire, $63 a week. Bed-and-breakfast, $4 a night. Peace-and-quiet, no charge.

We *have* a splendid new superturnpike in Britain, but it's quite easy to avoid. And if you should blunder onto it, the exits are prominently marked.

Any exit will lead you to a land of vagrant roads and byways. And they're nearly always well-paved. Dirt surfaces are few and far between.

Where do these little lanes go? Nowhere, really. They wiggle between flowery hedgerows, through drowsy woods and over rolling hills.

Signposts point to Melbury Bubb, Idle, Wrangle, Adel cum Eccup.

When you get there—wherever *there* is—you'll find reasons for having come. Maybe a cozy bed and a thumping great breakfast for about four dollars. Or a fifty-cent lunch of fresh-baked bread, country cheese, and local beer.

You can shuncar, too

Walk off all that food. Our roads have so little traffic that they're just the thing for strolling. Or climb a stile and amble down a grass-grown lane. You might like it so much, you'll plan a walking tour. Lots of British do. This may be why we make some of the best walking shoes in the world. Custom-made, they could cost you less than the machine-made pair you wear.

Signposts and samaritans

You won't get lost. Britain isn't an unfamiliar country. (You know many of the town names from novels and history books.) And the signposts and people speak your language.

Another blessing, when you're back in the car: Britain's two great motor clubs keep over 3,000 patrols on the road to help drivers. They'll point out the way for you; even change a tire.

Tiny distances

Shunpiking in Britain gives you the best of two worlds. You travel at an ambling pace, but you arrive a good deal sooner than you expected. That's because distances here are short by American standards.

For example, you can visit a dozen old cathedral towns within 150 miles of London.

The best shunpiking season

Britons prefer the Spring and Fall. Roads are uncrowded then. So are inns and hotels.

You can save as much as 25% on car hire. And transatlantic fares are lower too.

Send the coupon today for a free 56-page color book, "Vacations in Britain," for more facts on shunpiking. Read it slowly; in low gear, so to speak. Then turn in at your travel agent's.

This is a mailing label. Please *type* or use *block letters*.

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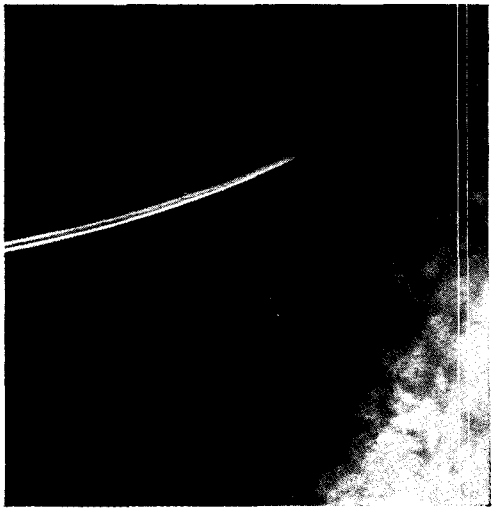
how do you show something you can't see?



How do you show the difference between Continental and the other major airlines? How do you show pride? That's the difference. You can't see it—you feel it! You feel it all around you... all the time... and it feels good! Comfortable. Confident. Why do Continental's people have such a large measure of pride? Because, as major airlines go, Continental is not a great big, impersonal one. So Continental's people can and do maintain their individuality, their interest, their involvement in how their airline is run. They're proud of their jobs,whatever they may be, they're proud of their airline and of themselves. It comes out not so much in what they do but rather in how they do it! That's what you feel. But how do you show something you only can feel? Come travel with us on a Golden Jet and feel the difference pride makes. Your travel agent or Continental will arrange it... please call.

CONTINENTAL The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

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An Irishman at Large in the U. S. A.

BY CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

Friday: It all began with a discreet little card served with lunch in the plane. The Bishop of Kansas City, it said, had been graciously pleased to release TWA's Catholic passengers from the law of abstinence. A Jewish fellow traveler fingered the card thoughtfully, possibly wondering if it could be used to cover his own particular problem. I kept mine with some ill-defined thought in my mind that this moral free pass might be useful in confession some day, though there was general doubt that it could be extended to cover adultery.

London to New York in seven painless hours, two of them occupied by a film show. Slim earphones feed the soundtrack only to those interested. Looking around, one gets an eerie impression of attending a stethoscope class in a medical school. A chronic bad sleeper out of bed, I found the combination of John Wayne and free champagne miraculously soporific.

Gratifying fuss when we reached Kennedy Airport. Camera man took endless pictures, then asked us who we were. Thirty European journalists, we told him, but none of us too sure why we are here. We are surrounded by an army of TWA public relations and press executives, all apparently straight out of Madison Avenue. They seem to be running the show. Later impression confirmed that they are also running the United States.

"Togetherness Cocktails" in our hotel before dinner reveals that only half our party speak English and that all Americans are called either Bill or Bob. Also discover that drinks before meals are almost aways pure alcohol, some called Manhattans (neat whisky with a cherry) others called Martinis (neat gin with an olive). "But I can't taste any vermouth," I told a waiter whose name was Bob. "Two of those Martinis, Mac, and you won't taste anything ever again."

And so to bed to begin a two-week struggle with minimum air temperatures of 75 degrees—twenty higher than most Dubliners are used to.

Saturday: Delighted to discover American breakfast custom. As soon as you sit down in the dining room a waiter pours you a cup of black coffee, as if it were unthinkable that anyone could last another minute without a morning fix. This gives me strength to study the full implications of the breakfast menu. They don't seriously expect me to eat pancakes, steak, filet of sole, and pastry, do they? In my fuddy-duddy way I settle for ham and eggs and get four large slices of thick ham and three eggs.

Nearly five years since I was last in New York and again there is a sharp feeling of being in a place that is quite unique. It's the buildings, you say, because that's the easiest answer. But then you realize it's the people. Nobody belongs to New York, everybody seems to be an outsider detached in a vast limbo, racing through life along some private path that has no place in the city's environment. "Are you a New Yorker?" I asked one man. "No, I'm Jewish," he said. He had, in fact, been born in New York, and had lived three-quarters of his life there. He was as much a visitor as I was; worse off, because I had a home to go back to. Maybe he nurtures some dotty dream of a "home" outside New York, a Disneyland child-dream grown old in a jungle of concrete.

Sunday: Early Mass at the nearby

A la Carte

FRUIT
Sliced Oranges .95 — *Grapefruit .80*
Stewed Prunes .60 — *Assorted Fruit Compote .95*
Fresh Pineapple .90 — *Sliced Bananas with Cream .80*
Baked Apple with Cream .90
Berries in Season — *Melon in Season*

JUICES
Orange .60 Double 1.00
Grapefruit, Pineapple, Prune,
Apple or Tomato .50 Double .90

JAMS and JELLIES
Raspberry Jam .50 — *Strawberry Jam .50*
Apricot Preserves .50 — *Orange Marmalade .50*
Honey .50 — *Guava Jelly .50*

BREAD and CAKES
Waffles or Wheat Cakes, Maple Syrup or Honey .90
French Toast 1.00 — *Cinnamon Toast .75*
English Muffins .40 — *Bran or Corn Muffin .30*
Danish Pastry .50 — *Assorted Rolls .35*
French Crescent or Brioche .50

CEREALS
Hot or Cold Cereals Served with Milk or Cream .65

EGGS
Boiled (2) .90 — *Poached (2) on Toast 1.10*
Scrambled 1.30 — *Shirred (2) 1.00*
Bacon and Eggs (2) 1.90 — *Fried (2) 1.00*
Ham and Eggs (2) 1.90 — *Plain Omelette 1.30*
Chicken Liver, Sausage, Bacon or Ham Garniture .90

FISH
Fried Filet of Sole 2.50 — *Kippered Herring 1.30*
Finnan Haddie in Cream 2.00 — *Codfish Cakes 1.30*

MEAT
Broiled Ham 1.80 — *Chicken Livers on Toast 2.00*
Bacon 1.80 — *Single Rib Lamb Chop 2.50*
Corned Beef Hash 1.60 — *Canadian Bacon 1.80*
Creamed Chicken Hash 2.50 — *Country Sausages 1.80*

POTATOES
French Fried .60 — *Hashed in Cream .65*
Lyonnaise .65 *Au Gratin .70* *Hashed Brown .65*

COFFEE, TEA, Etc.
Regency Coffee with Milk or Cream .60
Sanka or Postum with Milk or Cream .65
Tea .50 with Milk or Lemon .60
Chocolate or Cocoa .60 — *Malted Milk .55*
Yogurt .55 *Buttermilk .40* *Cream .15*
Certified Milk (half pint) .40

Breakfast menu at New York's Regency—"They don't seriously expect me to eat pancakes, steak, filet of sole, and pastry, do they?"

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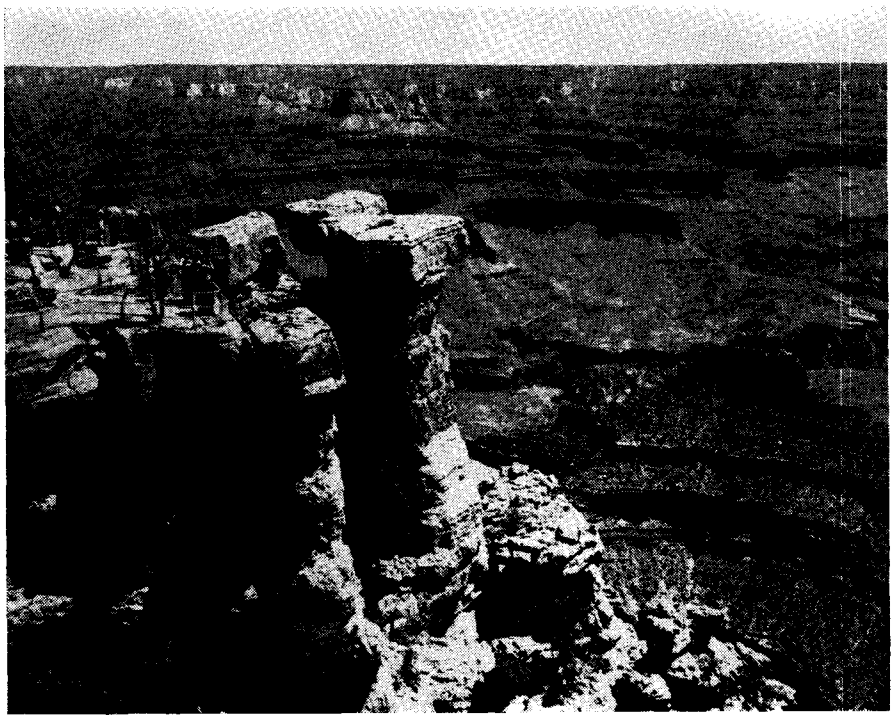
—*Ewing Galloway Photos.*

"There is something irreverent in being distracted from the vastness of the Niagara Falls by a show of daffodils."

". . . the stunning magnificence of the Grand Canyon suddenly mellows our disappointment."



cathedral. Ushered to the side because the vast central portion is wholly occupied by the city's binmen, who sing belligerent and dreary hymns with great vigor and later march through the streets behind their own brass band. The Church Militant. The early and closing parts of Mass were celebrated from a pulpit at the altar rails, the priest facing the people. This (and it was repeated the following week in San Francisco) gives an enormous sense of participation in the ceremony. The collection seemed big enough to support five Irish parishes for a month.

Monday: You know it and you keep saying it, but for the first time it really dawns on you how distance has been annihilated by the jet. To be hurled the 3,000 miles from Boston to Buffalo to Niagara Falls to New York to Phoenix over in the Western desert and to have seen all the sights in these places is to make a total mockery of Marco Polo.

There is no pain, Mother, there is only the soft lulling moan of the engines, the complete absence of any feeling of movement five miles above the earth, and the more mundane distractions of TWA's exquisite cuisine. Modern jet travel not only saves time, it has also saved scores of air companies from bankruptcy. It is 40 per cent more economic than had been forecast and safer to a degree greater than any of the experts had dared predict. Now the profits are rolling in and the hitherto preposterously high air fares are on the verge of toppling within reach of almost anyone.

There is something irreverent in being distracted from the vastness of the Niagara waterfalls by a show of daffodils. At the height of summer, great ice floes still float down from the Canadian Lakes, reducing the temperature for miles on either side of the river by as much as twenty degrees and giving rise to a strange and chilly twilight springtime within the area. From there, within a few brief hours, to the sweltering deserts of Arizona, a swim in the Phoenix motel pool, and inexpert table tennis in the open until the small hours. Out of here we are not moving. A polite coup d'état sets up new leaders among us and a request to our chaperones says in effect that we would prefer to remain at this poolside heaven and to hell with tomorrow's program.

Tuesday: Awake at dawn with an immediate memo to self to buy suntan oil. Assemble my meagre who's-for-tennis outfit and plunge into the Great Outdoors. Rather, I plunge into two inches of floodwater on the terrace and a cascading torrent of rain such as one finds only during the monsoon in Pakistan and the summer season in Kerry. A lugubrious gardener says it's been raining all night and assures me with grim satisfaction that it will go on all day and he's never in all his born days seen anything like it in these here parts, yer darn tootin he hasn't. Thus consoled with the distinction of actual participation in this unique date in Arizona's history I crawl back to my room. Enthusiasm to remain here has been severely checked. The official itinerary says breakfast at 8 and then a flight over the Grand Canyon. And thirty mournful European journalists, their vision of a sun-drenched day on the soft shore of Valhalla quite punctured, make for breakfast in a single body.

As our small plane heads north for the desert the weather clears and the stunning magnificence of the Grand Canyon suddenly mellows our disappointment. Set out in flat layers of red and yellow

(*Continued on page* 108)

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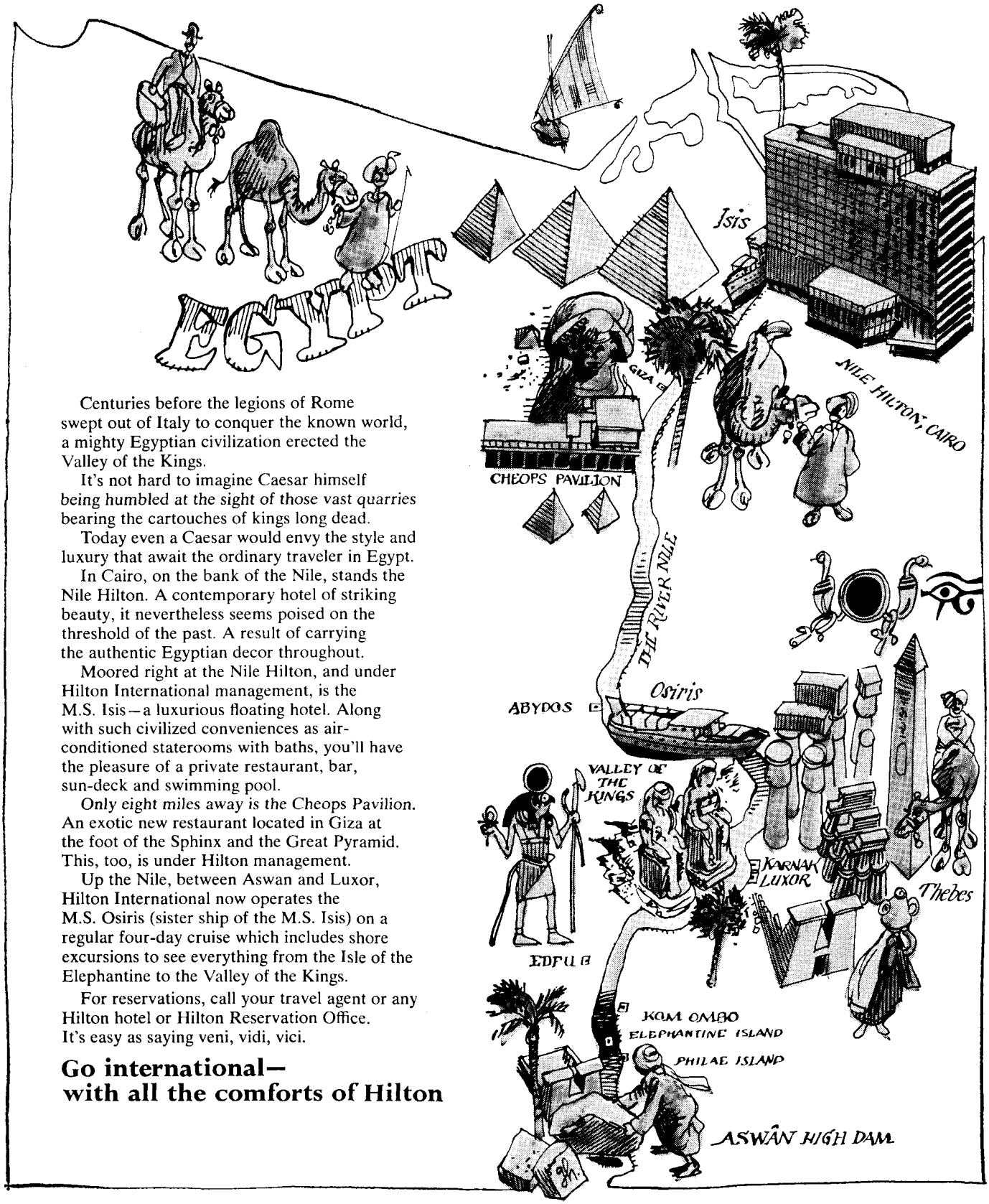
Take the route that Caesar took to the Valley of the Kings



Centuries before the legions of Rome swept out of Italy to conquer the known world, a mighty Egyptian civilization erected the Valley of the Kings.

It's not hard to imagine Caesar himself being humbled at the sight of those vast quarries bearing the cartouches of kings long dead.

Today even a Caesar would envy the style and luxury that await the ordinary traveler in Egypt.

In Cairo, on the bank of the Nile, stands the Nile Hilton. A contemporary hotel of striking beauty, it nevertheless seems poised on the threshold of the past. A result of carrying the authentic Egyptian decor throughout.

Moored right at the Nile Hilton, and under Hilton International management, is the M.S. Isis—a luxurious floating hotel. Along with such civilized conveniences as air-conditioned staterooms with baths, you'll have the pleasure of a private restaurant, bar, sun-deck and swimming pool.

Only eight miles away is the Cheops Pavilion. An exotic new restaurant located in Giza at the foot of the Sphinx and the Great Pyramid. This, too, is under Hilton management.

Up the Nile, between Aswan and Luxor, Hilton International now operates the M.S. Osiris (sister ship of the M.S. Isis) on a regular four-day cruise which includes shore excursions to see everything from the Isle of the Elephantine to the Valley of the Kings.

For reservations, call your travel agent or any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office. It's easy as saying veni, vidi, vici.

Go international—
with all the comforts of Hilton

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Surprise! Amsterdam is now one of the 4 most popular cities in Europe.

Here–from reliable KLM–are some surprising reasons why.

Amsterdam has 636 picturesque bridges—and twice as many miles of canals as Venice.

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LONDON, Paris, Rome—and now, by George, none other than Surprising Amsterdam.

Each of these cities attracts over a million visitors annually.

Why is KLM's hometown suddenly "in"? One reason: more and more *Europeans* are beginning to take their own vacations there.

Amsterdam—one of a kind

Amsterdam has the same appeal for Europeans that New Orleans, San Francisco and New York have for Americans. It is one of a kind. Fascinatingly different. Indeed, it is surprisingly unlike any other city in Europe.

Amsterdam *looks* different. Many European cities have plunged headlong into the 20th century in recent years. But Amsterdammers are a sentimental lot. They refuse to allow one brick in the central part of town to be moved without permission.

The heart of Amsterdam is still a picturesque blend of tree-lined canals, graceful, arching bridges, and ornately gabled patrician houses. It looks virtually the same today as it did to Rembrandt in the 17th century.

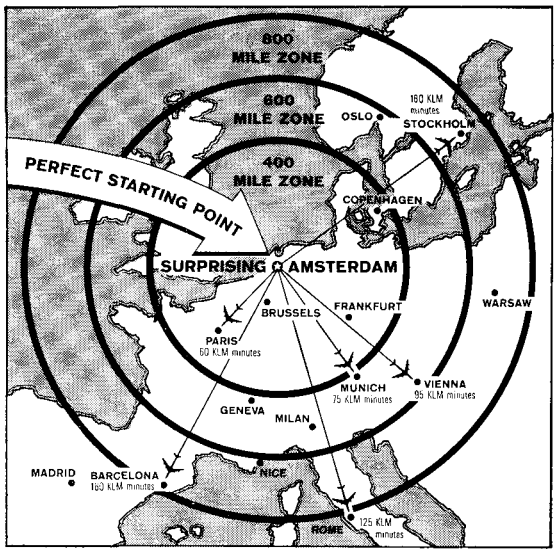
This is why Arthur Frommer, the popular travel writer, calls Amsterdam "the most intensely European of all cities." Amsterdam is brimming with the old-world flavor that so many American tourists *expect* to find everywhere they go in Europe—but no longer can.

A lively city of bargains

Beneath the surface, Amsterdam is anything but old-fashioned. In fact, it offers some of Europe's highest living—at some of Europe's *lowest* prices.

A "night on the town" needn't cost you over $6.50. This includes a *rijsttafel* banquet of *twenty-one* dishes, drinks, and floor shows with Amsterdam's sultry ecdysiasts (see sample ecdysiast at right).

Surprising Amsterdam has 45 nightclubs—many of them with surprising ecdysiasts (above).



Surprising Amsterdam—the hub of Europe.

Incidentally, Amsterdam has 45 nightclubs and 300 fine restaurants. There are even 200 *sidewalk cafés.*

You can rent a car in Amsterdam for just $3.75 a day, plus 6½ cents a mile. A glass of Dutch jenever gin costs about 25 cents. A good seat at the orchestra: $2. A good hotel room: under $8.

A city of music

Amsterdam *sounds* different from other European cities, too. You hear the put-put of motor scooters and the cheerful jingling of bicycle bells. (Amsterdam has more bikes than any other city.)

Street bands play. Giant barrel organs serenade you with Puccini, Verdi, Strauss—Cole Porter. And, on the half hour, Amsterdam's famous carillons chime in. Music is everywhere.

Best of all, Amsterdammers *smile* at you. The Dutch are friendly people who value their visitors. If you like, you can even spend an evening with an Amsterdam family at home. Simply ask your travel agent about the free "Get in Touch with the Dutch" program.

A final, and very welcome, surprise: nearly all Amsterdammers can speak *English.*

A place to start your trip

This year, thousands of Americans are starting their vacations in Amsterdam. It's an ideal first stop. As Arthur Frommer puts it, "there is no letdown when you arrive, no feeling that you have yet to reach the 'real' Europe."

Amsterdam is also a *convenient* place to begin. Glance at the map. Amsterdam is the hub of Europe. *Fourteen* capitals are within KLM's 800-mile circle.

2 weeks in Europe—$371

Clip the coupon for KLM's 208-page *book* with more Amsterdam surprises. (Or get one free from your travel agent.)

Note: use coupon to get details of KLM's new "touring fares" that give you 2 weeks in Europe—round trip economy class jet fare from New York included—for just $371.

Discover the sophistication of London, the glamour of Paris, the grandeur of Rome. But, first, let KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch give you the exhilaration of Surprising Amsterdam.

KLM's 208-page Amsterdam guidebook

☐ Please send me KLM's *illustrated* book, "Surprising Amsterdam." I enclose 25¢ in coin to cover mailing costs. (Note: get a *free* copy from your travel agent.)

KLM's new, low "touring fares"* and bargain tours.

☐ Please send free brochure on KLM's exclusive "Europe on $5 a Day" plan/"touring fare" combination—just $371 *complete* for KLM air fare, hotels, breakfasts, sightseeing in 5 cities for *2 weeks!*

☐ KLM's "Happy Holland Tour"—3 days, 24 cities, *first class* hotels and restaurants, only $69 (plus air fare).

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ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

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UNCLE SAMSMANSHIP AND OTHER GAMES

By STEPHEN POTTER

Drawings by Susan Perl

"IF YOU HAVEN'T HAD IT you don't want it." That is what I used to say before I'd ever gone to America. Then the chance came, and sure enough I want to go back every year. It hasn't been all pleasure there by any means, but if I don't go I know I shall suffer that worst of twinges—homesickness for a place that has never been my home.

My first chance came late for me—soon after the last war. The fluke of a book which sold, against all probability, in New England and bits of California. A lecture tour paid fares. Two or three introductions got the Great Hospitality going, and I was there, in it.

I was happy. Pleasure Number One I might call "new sight lines." One of the joys of my childhood was the discovery, aged six, that by climbing up a wall, hitherto regarded as unscalable, I could get a new sight of that hitherto desperately boring spot, our suburban back garden. It was the same but transfigured. Now here was a new, a first personal sight of objects made familiar by a thousand photographs and descriptions, yet seeming utterly different in the flesh. (It is the toylike smallness of the New York buildings, seen from the sea or the air, that produces the first shock.)

ANOTHER pleasure had something to do with the date, 1949. England was still pestered by rationing. And with the war well and successfully over this stung the nerves unbearably. America seemed the Great Muchness, as in parallel respects it is the Great More So. The Great Unrationed. Endless convoys of cars on seas of native patrol. Plates of food so heavy as almost to crush the appetite. Shoals of good shoes, new shoes on neat female legs, a fine fresh nap on the clothes of the men. Even, or perhaps particularly, the porters and road workers were better dressed than the office clerks of Europe.

Then outside New York such lavish helpings of room, such bold, wide throughways, set up in a few weeks, one feels, while we are fussing for years over one niggling little fly-over, due to be given practically a state opening when it is finally finished two years behind schedule. Such wide farmlands: in Oregon (special affinities with England) the mountain, forest, river arrangement, familiar in North Britain, is a double helping, triple width.

Such uninhibited newness, new architecture, new room furniture, latest thing, the building in Chicago showing the evolution of the new (or at any rate from not much older than 1880); the delight in sheer recentness, instead of in the age, of university buildings, the tendency to pull down any structure over twenty years old at the drop of a hat.

In general, the towns are more urban-

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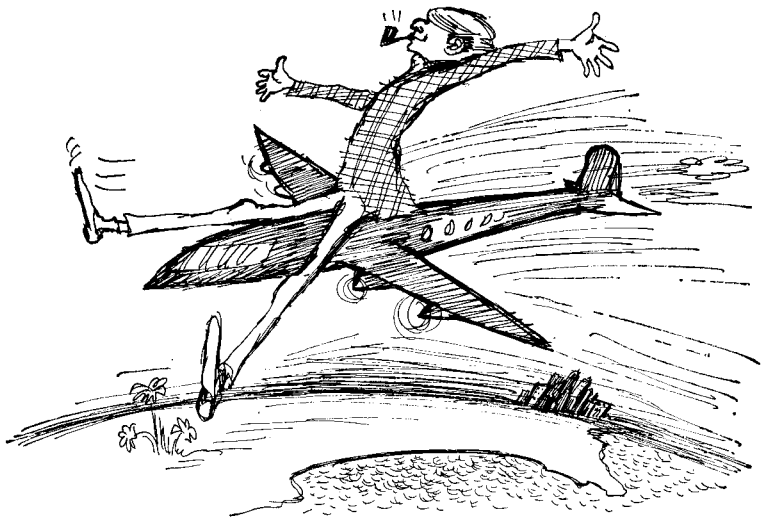
ized, the wild country is much wilder.

Of course there is the other sort of unrationing as well—of crime, drugs, and juvenile delinquency. Bigger, more pulverizing strikes for much more money and much fewer hours than are worked in England by the average bank manager. But this second group scarcely concerns the tourist, the visitor. In his enjoyment of the good plenty, the visitor from Europe sometimes feels as if his home pitch were trodden in a small circle like a hen run, with nothing left but footprints.

There is more in American travel than this. There is, for instance, the traveling itself. In the States there is a sense of freedom and space about it. Britain's highways are suffering from arterial road sclerosis. The road signs, in contrasted styles, are a muddle, and difficult to read. Winter fog can turn the few fine autostrada into deathtraps. There is a crossroads at Redhill on the main London-Brighton Road where a traffic block has been forming and reforming for thirty years. A bypass would demolish half the town. The railways? They are traditionally staffed by salt-of-the-earth types, but standards of comfort and punctuality have not improved. The sandwich, though cellophane-wrapped, still tastes of bread and nothing. Go-slows and strikes have spoiled the old friendly relations with the public.

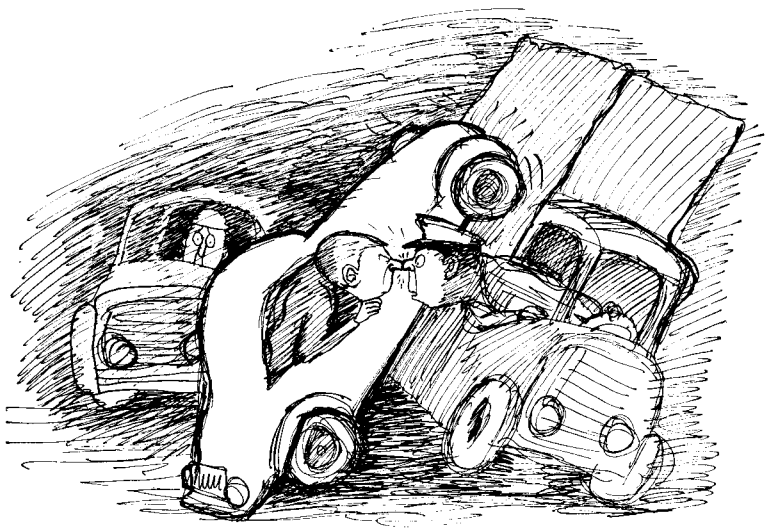
No doubt there are similar troubles in the U.S., but the visitor sees nothing of the traffic tortures of commuting. He can enjoy the pleasures, and the beauties, unfamiliar to him, of cross-country air travel. One remembers, for instance, a flight from Miami to New Orleans, sparklingly lit by unrationed sunshine. How blue the Gulf ("the wrinkled sea beneath him crawls"). How delicate, from forty miles, the Mississippi estuary, the shores and islands lying flat as water-lily leaves. There are long pauses, in the States, between the dramatic cruxes of its scenery, but the air can reduce these *longueurs* to a lunchtime snooze. The car-plane axis should dominate us here. What pleasure to step into a Boeing 727 at Dallas, cut out a stupefying car drive across Texan anti-scenery, having ordered an open tourer to be waiting at Albuquerque for the proper exploration of Santa Fe and the D. H. Lawrence country. If you are one of those to whom a golf course gives nature a particular zest, you can enjoy, as I have, wooded hills from Pine Valley, the circling mountains of Las Vegas from the Desert Inn Golf Club, the untamed botanical garden of the Arizona Desert from the bluegrass of Paradise Valley. You can even as a final treat slice a ball into the wildest wave of the Pacific Ocean from the sixteenth tee at Cypress Point, and all within the space of three weeks.

"You like it so much here—why not



American flying—"What a pleasure to step into a 727 and cut out a stupefying drive across Texas anti-scenery."

American heating—". . . don't go purple in the face and clutch your throat."



American touring—". . . the visitor sees nothing of the traffic tortures of commuting."

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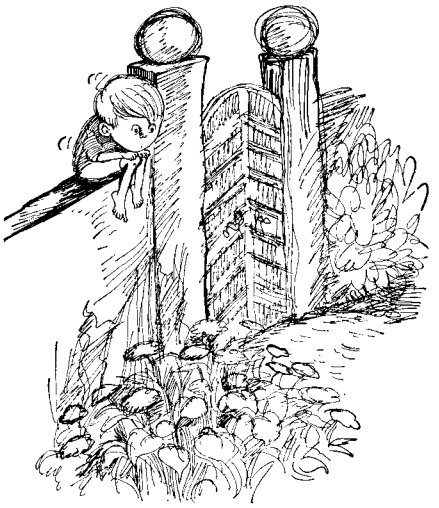
live here?" The question was half serious, but the fact is, after five weeks, we've had enough of each other. What do I miss besides friends and family? Perfect health? Why do I never get acclimatized? As a health and food maniac, a sort of hypochondriac *bon viveur*, I can say that in France and Spain, in Morocco and Mexico even, I am internally carefree, intestinally gay. But something in the U.S. takes away the Englishman's appetite. Is it the Too Much? Is it the thought of that million tons of leftovers? Is it the smell, oversweet, of the cake and cookie shops? Is it the expense? Is it the slight difference in drink manners and customs? Is it a disagreement about dirt? Personally I eat when I can at the drugstore, where the food is simple, and of course, stupendously clean. But for the bigger meals, we sometimes long for a touch of sepsis in the kitchen. Or is it that there are rather few hosts in America who can satisfy the desire of the English exercise slave-and-games pervert for a daily thirty minutes of tennis?

What else? Is there an American equivalent of the sort of London Club I enjoy? Maybe, but I haven't been allowed into it. Englishmen conventionally ask if there is any kind of parallel to the British pub, "cozy, informal, democratic, center of town and village life," etc. Perhaps, but it is not of course the bar, with its silence and gloom, a row of heads on a string all turned to the television screen. Two of my own personal tastes, for maps and natural history, I find rather difficult to indulge. Good state maps and city plans are given away. Excellent, but is there a States-wide equivalent of our beautiful Ordnance "half-inch" or "inch-mile" for local exploring?

Homesickness will come, and the exponents of the Great Hospitality quite firmly and sensibly put a limit on your time with them. One day the Englishman, in a voice too sharp, may be heard giving advice on racial problems; or the American, in a voice too deep, will express his surprise that the British still have colonial ambitions. This is the time to part. Never let the phrase "You English" or "You Americans" come into talk. Don't criticize. The American's self-criticism is overdone already. Don't go purple in the face and clutch your throat because there is a trifle too much central heating. At home in England your top-floor water pipes are frozen solid.

"If those walls had ears," said my cab driver pointing out the hotel near Grauman's Theatre. "Why, it must be forty years old." Your own house was built in 1616? Good, but remember that American history is not less fascinating because it is more concentrated. Forty is 400 by our time scale, just as our 400 is 4,000 in Crete and Egypt.



Memoirs of an English boyhood—"new sight lines."

Last October I stayed in Richmond, Virginia. Each gentle street a scattering of delicately beautiful houses, some of them floating in history up to the chin. Where's my history shelf? I must start polishing up for my U.S. (with a bit of luck) 1966.

Who Is the American Man? Of all the countries of the world America is the least adapted to provide the sight that I went to seek. In America, even more than in Europe, there is one society only. It may be rich or poor, humble or brilliant, trading or agricultural, but it is made up everywhere of the same elements; it has been leveled out by an egalitarian civilization. The man you left behind in the streets of New York, you will find him again in the midst of almost impenetrable solitude: same dress, same spirit, same language, same habits, and the same pleasures. Nothing rustic, nothing naïve, nothing that smells of the wilds, nothing even that resembles our villages. The reason for this peculiar state of affairs is easy to understand. The parts of the territories which have been longest and most completely peopled have reached a high degree of civilization. Education has been lavishly and profusely bestowed. The spirit of equality has stamped a peculiarly uniform pattern on the habits of private life. Now, note this well, it is precisely these same men who yearly go to people the wilds. In Europe each man lives and dies on the ground where he was born. In America nowhere does one meet the representatives of a race that has multiplied in isolation having long lived there unknown to the world and left to its own devices. Those who dwell in isolated places arrived there yesterday. They came bringing with them the morals, the ideas, and the needs of civilization. They only compound with savage life to the extent that the nature of things makes absolutely necessary. Hence the oddest contrasts. One goes without transition from the wilds into the street of a city, from the most savage scenes to the most smiling aspects of civilization. If night overtaking you does not force you to take shelter under a tree, you have a good chance of reaching a village where you will find everything down to French fashions and poor copies of boulevards. The merchant of Buffalo or of Detroit is as well stocked as the one of New York; the factories of Lyon work for the one as for the other. When you leave the main roads you force your way down barely trodden paths. Finally, you see a field cleared, a cabin made from half-shaped tree trunks admitting the light through one narrow window only. You think that you have at last reached the home of the American peasant. Mistake. You make your way into this cabin that seems the asylum of all wretchedness but the owner of this place is dressed in the same clothes as yours and he speaks the language of towns. On his rough table are books and newspapers; he himself is anxious to take you on one side to know exactly what is happening in old Europe and asks you to tell him what has most struck you in his country. He will scribble on the paper a plan of campaign for the Belgians, and will solemnly tell you what still needs to be done to make France prosperous. One might think one was meeting a rich landowner who had come to spend just a few nights in a hunting lodge. And in fact the log cabin is only a temporary shelter for the American, a concession circumstances have forced on him for the moment. When the fields that surround him are in full production, and the new owner has time to concern himself with the amenities of life, a more spacious dwelling will replace the log house and make a home for those children who will also go out one day to make themselves a dwelling in the wilds.

—de Tocqueville, *A Fortnight in the Wilds, 1860.*

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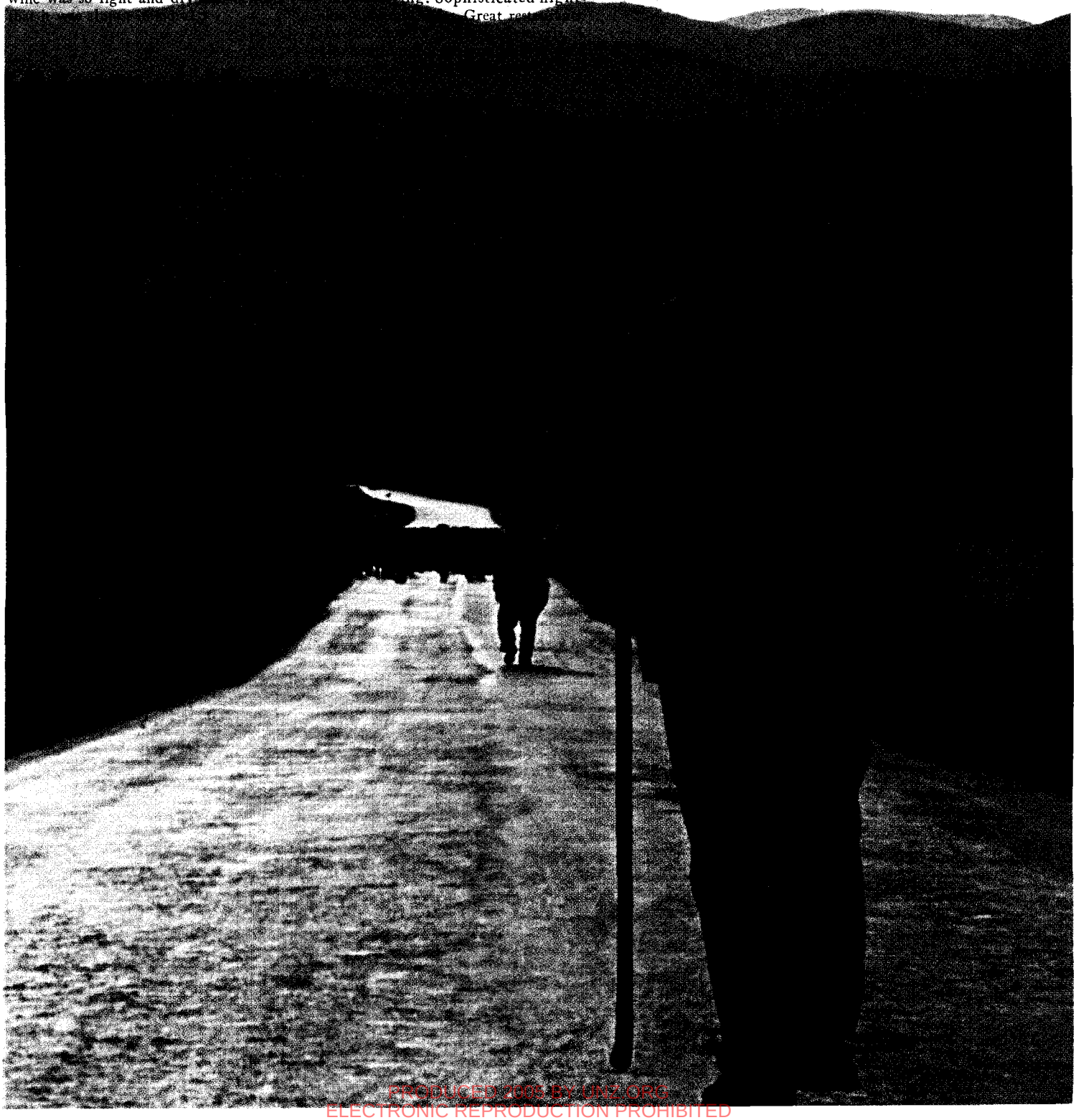

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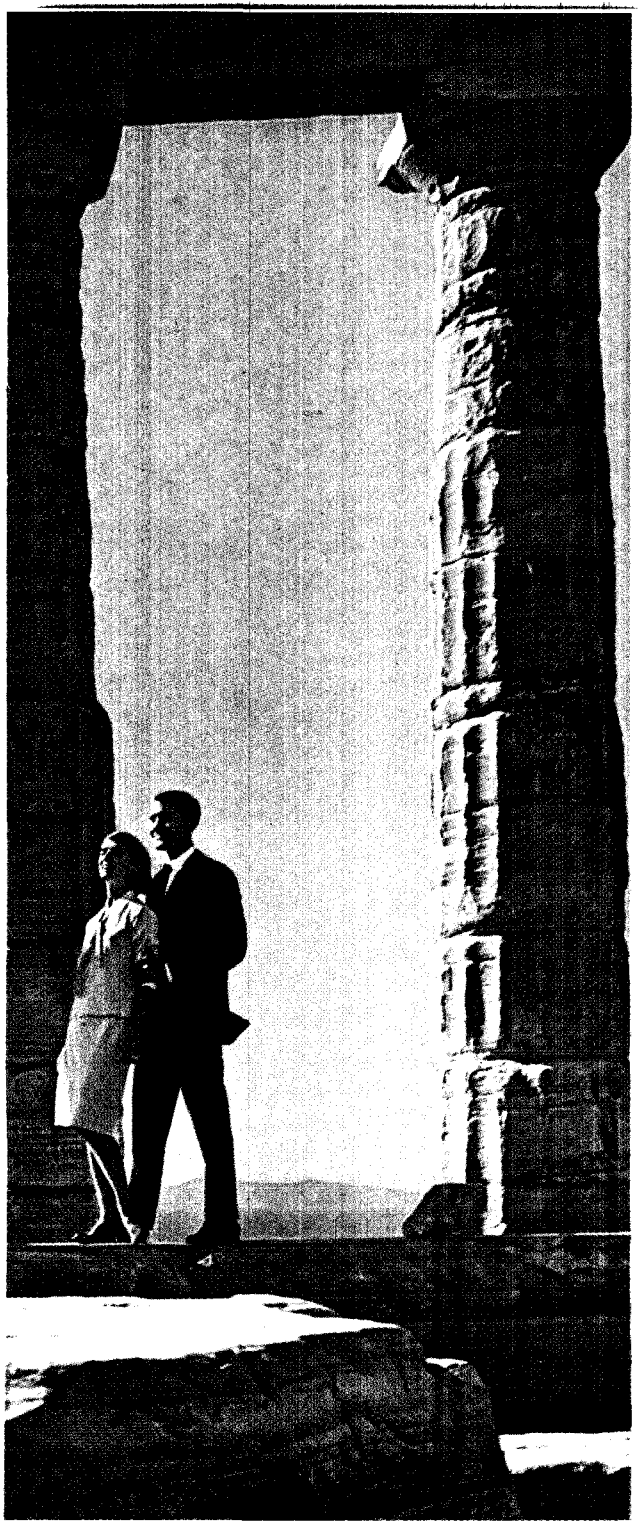

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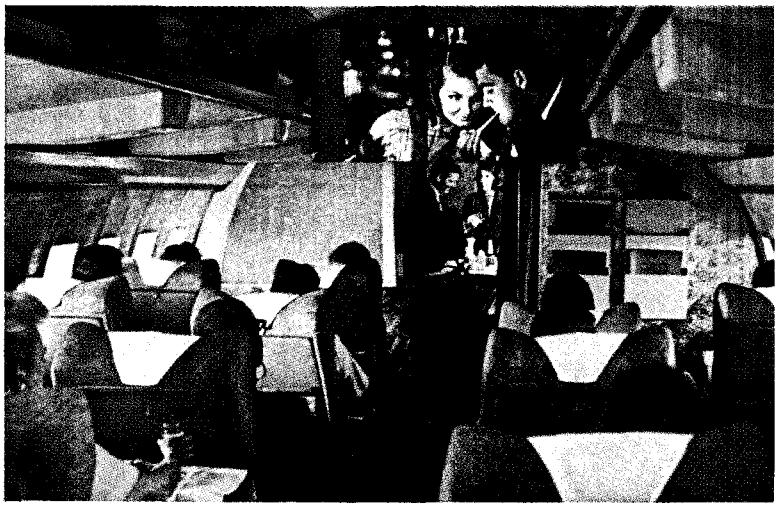

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But first browse through the attached pages. They're packed with highlights of 20 countries, sample tours, facts and figures. Tips for first-timers, reminders for old-timers . . . everything! Mail the reply card inside for tour folders and TWA's daily travel planner. Then call TWA or your travel agent.

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Why would anyone think of Israel as a last resort?

The problem is that some people don't think of Israel as any kind of resort.

Which is something we'd like to clear up right now.

The fact is, Israel's 117-mile Mediterranean coast contains some of the broadest and most inviting beaches in the world.

And all along the coast there are resorts where sun-hungry tourists can bask throughout an absolutely glorious nine-month season.

(You have to remember that the biblical authors who envisioned paradise came from this part of the world.)

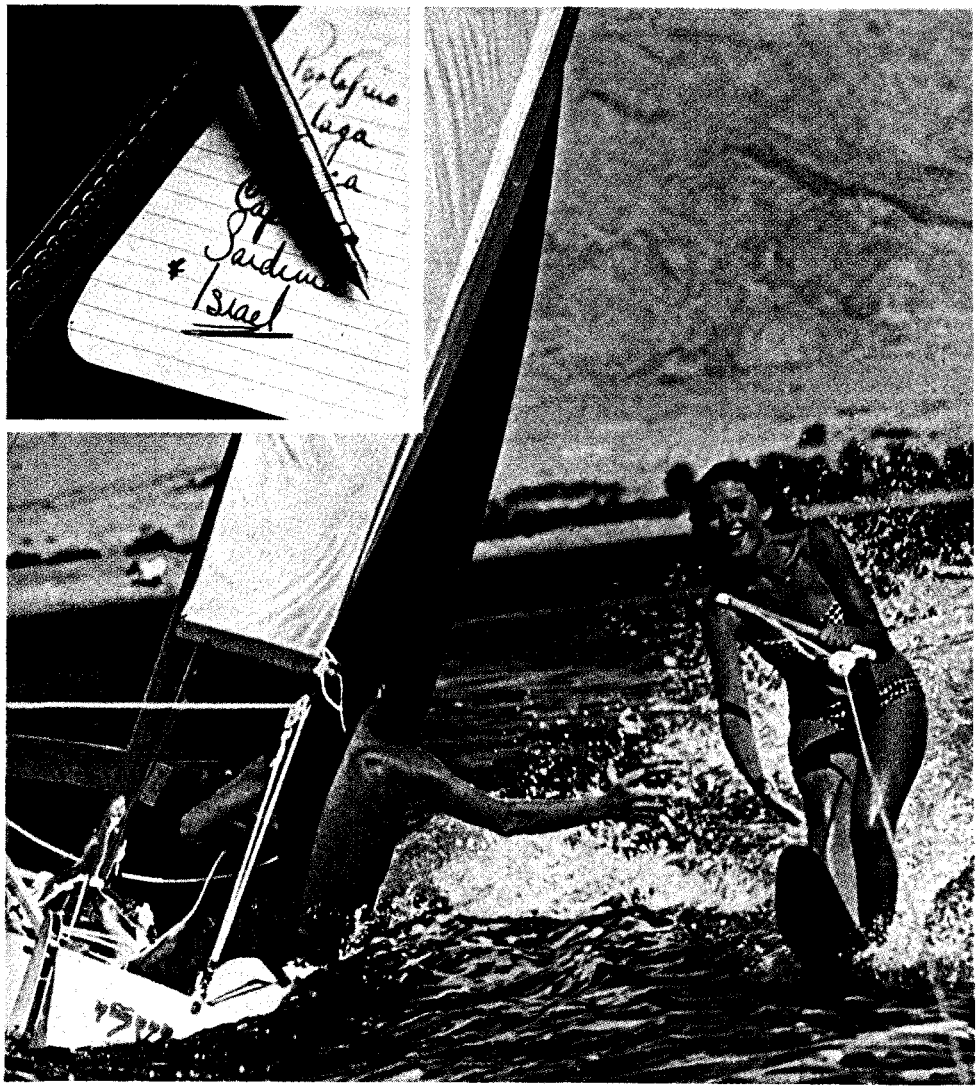
Caesarea, once a pleasure-dome for Herod the Great, has been rebuilt on the ruins of his colonnaded streets and marble palaces.

There is a golf course. And riding stables. And an outdoor cafe that sports sportsmen, aristocrats, bearded students, and colorful local fishermen who love to sit around and watch tourists.

Wherever you choose to stay, you can choose to stay in anything from a deluxe hotel (which is even plusher than first class) to the guest house of a kibbutz.

In Ashkelon (it's *the* Ashkelon, by the way) you can find accommodations right on the beach where you can live in a bikini, dine on French food, and frug to your heart's content for about fifty dollars a week.

Then there's Eilat on the Red Sea where Solomon's ships once unloaded "gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks".



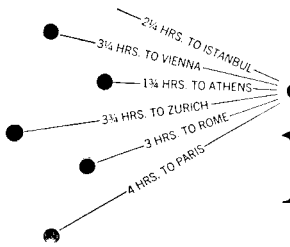
Its crystalline waters, coral reefs, and exotic fish have made it a world center for scuba diving. And, of course, there are beaches and sailing and water skiing and the whole thing set in a place that's more of a moonscape than a landscape.

As Israel is catching on in the travel world, the airlines and shipping lines are catching on to Israel.

Some of them offer special tours that make it well worth your while to start your trip there.

So before you go elsewhere, you may want to go to Israel first.

After all, civilization did.



israel

Contact your travel agent or Israel Government Tourist Office, 574 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10036. Also Chicago, Los Angeles, Atlanta, and Canada.

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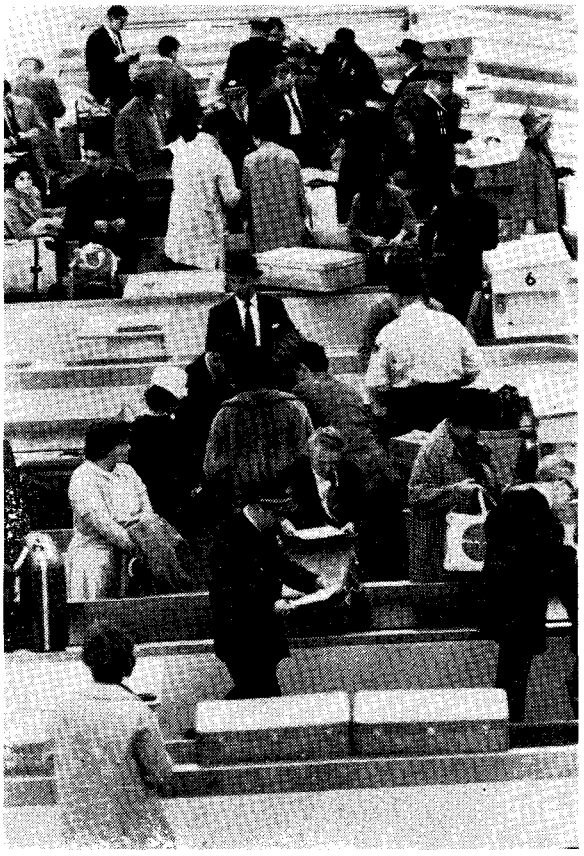
I DISCOVER AMERICA

By WALTER KERR

IT HAS LONG been argued by Americans who live outside of New York that New York is not America. "Get out of New York," they say. "See New England, the Midwest, and the West. Visit Boston, Kansas City, Phoenix, and Los Angeles. Come back through the South. But go to the land, for there and there only will you come to see how the people live and to know what they really think." And Europeans generally believe them.

I don't. As an American who returned recently after some years abroad, it seems to me that I found in New York the essence of America, its most striking characteristic, its most engaging quality; and this is the country's colossal sense of life, with all the wonders and the contradictions and the heartaches of life lived all the way. I do not mean to say that Europe has none of this. It has, of course. I merely mean that this vitality, this movement, this struggle for self-improvement, does not impress itself upon you while overseas as forcefully as it does when you come home. I am not talking about men and women hurrying about and acquiring ulcers doing what the British and French are believed to do in a more leisurely way. That is not America. It is not New York. It is not even the British and the French, who on a weekday morning or afternoon appear to me to be in just as much of a hurry, just as intent on their business, and just as oblivious to those about them as anyone in Manhattan or Chicago. This American sense of life is something else again. It is the ebb and flow of forces at work in a great land mass where no city is the nerve center but every part of the whole is a nerve center of its own linked to one central nervous system. I found it in New York. I have found it since in many smaller cities and towns. To come across it is both astonishing and exhilarating to one newly returned.

It is not, however, his initial impression. An American coming back to the United States is overwhelmed at first by the strangeness of once-familiar sights and sounds. It is not a new land to him but an old land half-forgotten. It is not so much a new experience as a submerged memory that comes to the surface of the mind; and it hits him with the suddenness of a clap of thunder. You walk off a plane that has flown you for seven hours seven miles up at 700 miles an hour. You stand groggily before neatly uniformed customs officials who must be the last of their kind in the Western world to insist upon your opening every package and suitcase. If you have come by ship, you await your turn at the pier still feeling under your feet, or thinking you feel, the rolling motion of an ocean liner in a turbulent sea. This is home. You are back and yet poorly equipped for what you are about to face, for while you were away your concept of a teeming America had faded into an orderly image of utter simplicity. You had ceased to think of its component parts or to be acutely conscious of the fact that it has component parts. You had thought of one nation presenting one face to the world. Having been concerned for some time with the food prices and housing problems of a foreign country, you had come almost to forget there were such matters of concern at home.



—D. Jordan Wilson (Pix).

"You stand groggily before neatly uniformed customs officials who must be the last of their kind to open every suitcase."

Now, you have finished with customs, or customs has finished with you. You are driving on a superhighway through walls of apartment houses and office buildings, taller, to be sure, than the ones you are accustomed to, but pretty much the same. Your eye is held for an instant by the hard-looking efficiency of New York policemen, by women in mink stoles and rhinestone glasses who look as if they knew where they were going and what they proposed to do when they got there, by the extraordinary numbers of men wearing raincoats on a sunny day. Your ear picks out the odd sound of automobile horns because in many European cities they are silenced by law. You hear the siren warning of a fire engine; it is peculiar to this country. And then you are in your hotel room with a television set that doesn't work. The man comes to fix it. You turn it on. It's *Batman* ("Holy hole-in-a-doughnut!").

You are back. You are home, and you cannot wait to get out into the streets, for that is where you will begin to feel that this city, much as it has in common with all great cities, has something of its own. Outside you see the wealth and poverty of New York, but you saw them, too, in London, Paris, and Rome. There you look into the glittering show windows of Fifth Avenue, more beautiful perhaps, more artfully

(*Continued on page* 105)

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—F.P.G.

A Kodomo's Garden of American Images

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Japanese boys and girls from junior high schools, high schools, and universities all over Japan were invited by Wren Barbe, an American, to tell of their impressions of the United States. The images they have formed came from American movies, individual travelers, and military personnel. Excerpts from their essays printed here are selected from Miss Barbe's book,* "Young Japan Views Uncle Sam" *published by Charles Tuttle, Inc., of Rutland, Vermont, and Tokyo.*

KATUYA MASUI (boy): America—it's a big country. America—it combines tightly the chaos in its bigness with a great rope of white and yellow and black flesh. They boast of their wide territory and abundant natural resources. Everything is mechanized. Myriad men and papers are moved by the great capital. In one night, a star is born, new medicines are invented, $500,000 is stolen and lots of words is made. All the youth is ambitious Bohemians. They become bankers, laborers and criminals in their height of joy, or bottom of disappointment, or exhausted eagerness. A great number of dollars are used to yield ten times as much as this, the excess of milk is thrown into the sea to make money.

America created his spokesmen such as Dos Pasos and Thomath Wolf.

NOBUKO KONISHI (girl): Americans are always chewing gum. It may be fine to clean their teeth in this manner, but it is not pleasant to see their mouths constantly moving.

Sometimes American men marry Japanese girls, but I wish they wouldn't, because their children have mixed blood.

It is good for Americans to go on an excursion with their families over the weekend, because they are causing no trouble to anyone. Japanese often visit their relatives and cause trouble by going when they are not supposed to.

Americans keep up their houses very well, even though they do not always own them.

American children have lots of toys to play with, and have ample room to play in. This keeps them from bothering other people, which is the way it should be.

Many Americans live in Japan. But why should they live here where the population is great and the land is scarce, when in their own country they have more land than we have, and more of the daily necessities?

It is well that Americans do not spend too much time with their neighbors.

It is wise of them not to have more

(*Continued on page* 116)

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If you send for our tour folders, it's a good idea to send for some others, too.

It's the best way to find out what good values these Alitalia European tours really are.

Intelligent tour shopping is only a matter of finding the best value. And, since *all* air fares on *all* airlines must be exactly the same as required by agreement, it is in the area of food, lodging and other tour arrangements that one must look for values. In short, money isn't everything. Don't *just* compare prices and go flying off someplace. Take a good look at what you're getting into. And that means paying *careful* attention to 'Tour Conditions.' You'll find them in *all* tour folders. What to look for? Example: in our 'Tour Conditions,' you'll find we state which hotels are 'first class' or 'deluxe.' We point out that *we* don't use those terms as one might say 'quaint' or 'charming.' Rather, that we have referred to the government ratings and found the hotels in question to be so rated. So, it's things such as that which bear close attention when you compare one tour to another. In short, 'Tour Conditions' tell you *where* you are going, *how* you get there, *where* you are staying and just *exactly what* is included in the price. Now, here are brief descriptions of 5 Alitalia European tours. We *know* they are unusually good travel bargains. And we'd like you to *know* it, too. Send for our tour folders, or see your travel agent. Then if you still want to compare, go right ahead. Follow those simple directions and perhaps we'll see you on board. We hope so.

Some budget tours lodge you in pensions, a nice word for 'boarding house.' Not these.

We don't let the guy who writes the tour folders decide when a hotel is 'First Class.'

ITALY–15 DAYS–$559.00: Escorted tour of Italy's major cities and most interesting sights. Milan, Verona, Venice, Bologna, Florence, Assisi, Rome, Siena, Pisa and Genoa. And there's one nice extra, you kind-of arrive in Italy the minute you step on board the Alitalia DC-8 jet that takes you there. Tutto va bene.

ITALY, FRANCE, SPAIN & PORTUGAL–15 DAYS–$579.00: Escorted tour of the four countries which the world's romantics agree are pretty much what Europe is really all about. Milan, Rapallo, Nice, Arles, Figueras, Valencia, Trujillo, Barcelona, Madrid and Lisbon. Ideal for travelers looking around for a favorite European country.

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PORTUGAL, SPAIN & MOROCCO–21 DAYS–$599.00: Jet to Lisbon. See Madrid, Granada, Tangier, Fez, Meknes, Marrakech, Casablanca ("Play it again Sam"), Rabat, Seville and Lisbon. This tour combines the beauty and tradition of Spain with everything nutty and bizarre in North Africa. You'll probably like one better than the other. The fun is in finding out which one.

PORTUGAL & MADEIRA – 15 DAYS – $465.50: Independent tour to Lisbon, Estoril, Fatima and Sintra. Plus Madeira, one of the yummiest semi-tropical islands in the world. You'll find everything there that you'd expect to find in a far-out island and a few other things you weren't expecting, besides. If the whole idea of life on a groovey sunny island sort of turns you over, you're ready for this.

Tour Director, Alitalia Airlines DEPT. SR-312
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What the Visitors *Really* Think

By BRYANT WEDGE

"IN THE UNITED STATES, the distinctions of rank in civil society are slight, in political society they are null; an American, therefore, does not think himself bound to pay particular attentions to any of his fellow citizens, nor does he require such attentions from them toward himself. . . . He is slow to fancy that his own company is declined: despising no one on account of his station, he does not imagine that anyone can despise him for that cause; and until he has clearly perceived an insult, he does not suppose that an affront was intended. The political institutions of the United States constantly bring citizens of all ranks into contact and compel them to pursue great undertakings in concert. People thus engaged have scarcely time to attend to the details of etiquette, and they are besides too strongly interested in living harmoniously for them to stick at such things."

The democratic customs that intrigued Alexis de Tocqueville on his visit to this country more than 100 years ago still confuse and occasionally affront many of our visitors. For travelers from Latin America, for example, differing styles of communication can lead to serious misapprehensions on both sides. An American usually finds it easiest to establish personal relations with someone whom he considers an equal, and he uses a series of mental, symbolic, or linguistic devices, such as first names, slang, and a slap on the back to "equalize" as many people as possible. Because this equalization process helps him to talk to other people and helps them to talk to him, he usually engages in it automatically.

But what the North American sees as a useful leveling process, the Latin tends to regard as distasteful steamrolling. He has an attachment to authority and to clear, rigid class distinctions, and feels that he can talk to people more easily if they are on a social level above or below him rather than on the same level. Whatever his position on the social scale, whatever social situation he finds himself in, the Latin tries to define his status clearly and expects other people to recognize this. When he visits a country where explicit status definitions are seldom required and are usually vague, the Latin tends to feel resentful and disoriented.

After talking for ten minutes to a number of Latin Cabinet members, a high U.S. official announced that pressing business awaited him in his office and that the remaining presentation would be given by several of his assistants. Within a few minutes after he had left, each of the Latin dignitaries notified the Americans that they were sorry to have to go but that pressing business awaited them, too. Fifteen minutes later the meeting, scheduled to last three hours, broke up. The Latins' comments ranged from "How rude!" to "Next time we'll have our assistants come to listen to their assistants!"

Japanese visitors are more often distressed by another facet of American customs. This is the casual friendliness shown by Americans. We are able to establish friendly relations for temporary and pragmatic reasons and can let these relationships lapse when their purpose has been served. But in Japan friend-

—From "The Singer Story."

Turnabout tourists—English travelers Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Wood, British employees of the Singer Company, are sentenced to the type of stocks at Williamsburg, Virginia, once used to punish recalcitrant colonists.

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Visit France, Italy, and Germany before you visit France, Italy, and Germany.

French Switzerland. In and around cities like Geneva, Lausanne, Vevey, Montreux—*voilà!* Nearly everything is French: Language, cuisine, architecture, terraced vineyards, the country villages. The local wine is so good, the Swiss drink most of it before it can be exported. Lake Geneva is attractive enough to attract the movie stars, the wealthy, the world famous who build villas along its hilly edge. It's a remarkable combination: French *esprit, élan,* and *joie de vivre* plus Swiss hospitality, comfort and service. *Très bien!*

Italian Switzerland. Palm trees in Switzerland? Yes. In the Ticino region where Switzerland becomes Italian. Under a warm Mediterranean sun you can sit beneath Italian arches in open-air cafes, eat lasagna, sip Chianti and watch the green, bright world around you. When the spirit moves you, cruise Lakes Maggiore and Lugano by side-wheeler and visit the towns, fishing villages and beaches along them. In the Ticino you enjoy the relaxed Latin tempo without forsaking traditional Swiss virtues. *Ché bello!*

German Switzerland. This is what most people think of when they think of Switzerland. It's the Switzerland of snow-capped Alps, mountain climbing, skiing, cow meadows in pristine valleys, the great resort areas of Interlaken, Lucerne, St. Moritz, and the lively international cities of Zurich, Bern, and Basel. The language is Swiss-German, the mood *gemütlich,* the food hearty and good. The center of German Switzerland is just a few hours by car, train or bus from the center of French and Italian Switzerland. *Sehr Gut!*

The way to this three-cultures-in-one is Swissair with daily non-stop jet flights from New York ($360* round-trip) and direct jet flights from Chicago ($435* round-trip) four times a week. (New low fares starting April 1.) Call your travel agent or Swissair in principal cities.

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The Last Word

IN 1962 AND 1963 THE United States Travel Service, in cooperation with the Office of Business Economics, Department of Commerce, conducted a spot survey of visitors from overseas at Miami International Airport, Honolulu International Airport, and Kennedy Airport in New York to determine what they liked and what they disliked in the U.S.A. Here is a compiled box score.

South American Visitors

Likes	*Dislikes*
Cleanliness	Language problems (lack of multilingual signs at hotels, airports, and streets)
Courtesy	Lack of information facilities
Organization	Racial discrimination
Beauty	Lack of hotel information at airports
Comfort	Rudeness of transportation personnel
Way of life	Difficulties in paying by checks drawn on foreign banks
Evidences of democracy	Currency exchange
Hospitality	Entry formalities
Public services	Incorrect airline flight information
Variety	Lack of attention to tourists in New York
American people	
Hotels and hotel services	
Food	
Buildings	
"Beautiful ladies"	
Polite police	
Business contacts	
Washington, D.C.	
New York City	
Miami	
Highways and streets	

European Visitors

Likes	*Dislikes*
Hospitality	Poor food
Friendliness	Poor service
Experiencing the American way of life	Poor facilities
Sightseeing	High prices
Scenery	Entry formalities
Visiting friends and relatives	Attitude of people
	Traffic, crowds, rush

Far Eastern Visitors

Likes	*Dislikes*
Friendliness	Tipping
Sightseeing	Lack of language facilities: (lack of interpreters at airports and hotels)
Scenery	Unfavorable rate of exchange
National Parks (especially the Grand Canyon and Niagara Falls)	Sales tax
American cities especially Honolulu, Boston, New York, San Francisco, and Portland	Difficulties in cashing foreign checks
	Perplexing paper money
Good roads	Food
Learning how Americans live	Meals too abundant
Business contacts	Entry formalities
Cleanliness and sanitation	Hostile customs inspectors
American food	Pace of living "too fast"
Museums	
Symphony concerts	
Night clubs	
Skyscrapers	
American women	

ship is neither temporary nor casual. The Japanese system of personal friendship requires that it be a lifetime attachment with mutual obligations. Consequently, involvements are not entered into lightly. Americans who establish friendships with Japanese, and are responsive to their obligations, find that the exchange of greeting cards goes on forever. The American who cannot respond to this system, or mistakes its meaning, is apt to be considered dishonorable in Japanese terms.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that Japanese visitors are often confused when Americans seem to offer friendship in business associations, and extend such offers of friendship even to invitations to visit in their homes. Home visits are so puzzling to Japanese visitors that they are sometimes reluctant to undertake them. They are concerned lest they unwittingly enter into obligations that they don't understand, and fear that they may commit social errors.

Our breezy manners and casual relationships have also caused confusion and hurt feelings among our visitors from Africa, many of whom are either wealthy men of established social standing or new political leaders with a following and an entourage. They are used to being treated with elaborate respect, as befits their rank and status. When this deference, which does not come easily to Americans, is not forthcoming the African is apt to interpret the lack of ceremony as a racial or a national insult. To complicate matters still more, some Americans appear to be ill at ease with Africans, and tend to be overeffusive. Those Africans who know that such an approach is contrary to the customs of

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our country are likely to be suspicious and to fear that these Americans are trying to "buy" them. Since most Africans are former colonials, with a history of slavery, this allegation has very serious implications.

When a Negro American entertains a visitor from Africa the situation is not necessarily improved. Negro Americans, in general, share the American characteristics noted by Tocqueville. Ordinarily, they cannot tell one African state from another any more than can other Americans.

A young Nigerian who had been much lionized in this country by American ladies in general was hurt by a young Negro companion of his in New York, who innocently revealed one of our misconceptions of Africans. He had said he would love to go to the Bronx Zoo, since he had missed the London zoo. "What do you want to go to the zoo for?" his friend asked sharply. "Why, to see the inmates there," he explained, "I'm dying to see those lions, elephants, tigers—" "Oh, you miss them so much?" she asked. When he protested he'd never seen any of them in his life, she replied, "How should I know you'd be coming to New York to see lions for the first time?"

PEOPLE from Russia, too, find encounters with American openness and familiarity almost overwhelming. However, Soviet visitors are further hampered by the fact that they arrive with stereotyped misconceptions of American social and political life. They believe that the United States Government exercises complete control over local affairs and the lives of its citizens, down to the smallest detail. In Soviet eyes, nothing happens by accident; an anti-Soviet demonstration or a discussion that is critical of the Kremlin's policy must have been sanctioned by Washington; difficulties with regard to train schedules or hotel reservations *must* reflect deliberate policies.

Not at all surprisingly, communication breakdowns occur frequently between American and Soviet visitors. Americans, accustomed to free discussion in all areas of public interest, sometimes attempt to engage in debate, even baiting the Soviet visitor on the issue of free speech. This practice invariably blocks communication channels altogether. The Soviet citizen withdraws to ideologically prepared positions and absorbs nothing more about American life except that which confirms his preconceptions. The rare Americans who can successfully indulge in such discussions are those students of Soviet affairs who know the rules of dialectic argument well enough to meet the visitor on his own terms.

Americans who play host to the world every day have their own preconceived notions of the countries from which our visitors come, no more and no less ludicrous than the notions our visitors sometimes bring with them. An official of the Agency for International Development tells of an African exchange student who was to go to a university in the Middle West. When he found all of his Hollywood images confirmed on Fifth Avenue, he pleaded with his advisor not to send him on to Chicago, where he was certain he would have to cope with gangsters.

The ideas that "seeing is believing" and that "the truth speaks for itself" are not relevant in international communication. Visitors to foreign lands make observations in terms of their particular national viewpoints. The language "barrier" does, of course, offer some problems, but language is not a principal source of misunderstanding; interpreters can be found and languages learned. Nonlinguistic communication has impact at least as profound as the spoken and printed word.

To see ourselves as others see us is not necessarily to see ourselves as we are. Rather, it is to see how we appear when viewed through the lenses of different outlooks and when judged in terms of values different from our own. To the rest of the world the United States is a puzzle indeed.

NO traveler approaches a foreign land empty-minded or totally open-minded. He brings with him a mental image—a set of preconceptions. For a visitor to the United States these mental pictures have been formed from his interpretation of Hollywood films, the sensational press, the behavior of American tourists and the Peace Corps, and the reports of returned visitors. The interpretation is, naturally enough, in terms of his own

Dickens on Trains: There are no first and second class carriages as with us; but there is a gentlemen's car and a ladies' car: the main distinction between which is that in the first, everybody smokes; and in the second, nobody does. As a black man never travels with a white one, there is also a Negro car; which is a great blundering clumsy chest, such as Gulliver put to sea in, from the kingdom of Brobdingnag. There is a great deal of jolting, a great deal of noise, a great deal of wall, not much window...a shriek, and a bell.

The cars are like shabby omnibuses, but larger; holding thirty, forty, fifty people. The seats, instead of stretching from end to end, are placed crosswise. Each seat holds two persons. There is a long row of them on each side of the caravan, a narrow passage up the middle, and a door at both ends. In the center of the carriage there is usually a stove, fed with charcoal or anthracite coal; which is for the most part red-hot. It is insufferably close; and you see the hot air fluttering between yourself and any other object you . . . look at, like the ghost of smoke.

In the ladies' car, there are a great many gentlemen who have ladies with them. There are also a great many ladies who have nobody with them: for any lady may travel alone, from one end of the United States to the other, and be certain of the most courteous and considerate treatment everywhere. The conductor or check-taker wears no uniform. He walks up and down the car, and in and out of it, as his fancy dictates; leans against the door with his hands in his pockets and stares at you, if you chance to be a stranger; or enters into conversation with the passengers about him.

—Charles Dickens, *American Notes*, 1842.

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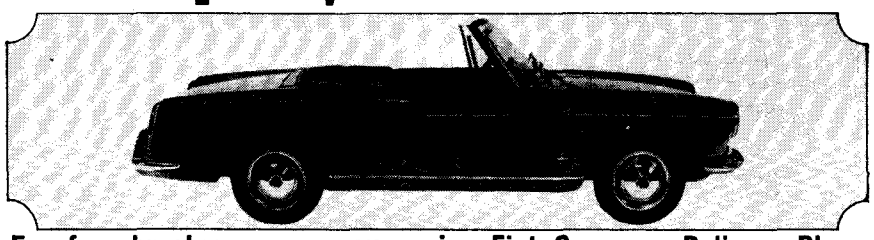

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experience in his own nation. He rarely considers that something might have a totally different meaning here from what it would have at home. When Soviet visitors touring a Detroit automobile plant saw a slogan chalked in Russian on a wall "Russkie Stay Home!" they indignantly accused our government of harassment.

Still, despite all the hazards of intercultural exchange, despite all the preconceived notions of hosts and guests, true cordiality and genuine interest are often understood across all barriers. While the difficulties involved in communication with foreigners are many, there is no doubt that for the most part the American people have provided a remarkably attractive and favorable experience for visiting foreigners. When we are criticized, it is often because we have talked more than we have listened. We have wanted the visitor to admire and understand us, but we have not understood him or his purpose in coming here. Perhaps we have tried too hard to defend ourselves—to serve as proponents of a country that is "100 per cent right," though we know much better. Suddenly those Americans who are themselves critical of aspects of the domestic scene become sensitive to the criticism of others. Instead of listening and trying to find the basis for the visitor's interpretation of what he sees, we tend to rise to the defense—and explain, and explain, and explain.

For more than 100 years our visitors have been returning home and writing about us. Perhaps some of the criticism results from their having too high hopes of the New World. And certainly most of the criticism has some basis in fact. We can hardly expect all our visitors to show the balance of faults and virtues in our character and society that Charles Dickens showed (if not in all his writings) in his summing up of American democratic manners:

> The Republican Institutions of America undoubtedly lead the people to assert their self-respect and their equality; but a traveller is bound to bear those Institutions in mind, and not hastily to resent the near approach of a class of strangers, who, at home, would keep aloof. This characteristic, when it was tinctured with no foolish pride, and stopped short of no honest service, never offended me; and I very seldom, if ever, experienced its rude or unbecoming display.

In general, and despite all the misconceptions of the United States which visitors bring with them, they usually approach us with an attitude that is both positive and wary. The United States is perceived as a fortunate nation, a nation where people count, and a nation generally friendly to their own aspirations.

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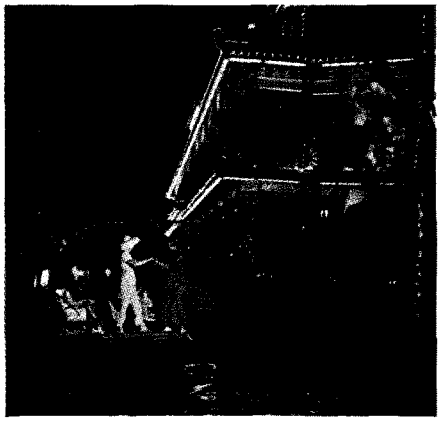
Days are serene in the Orient.



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I Discover America

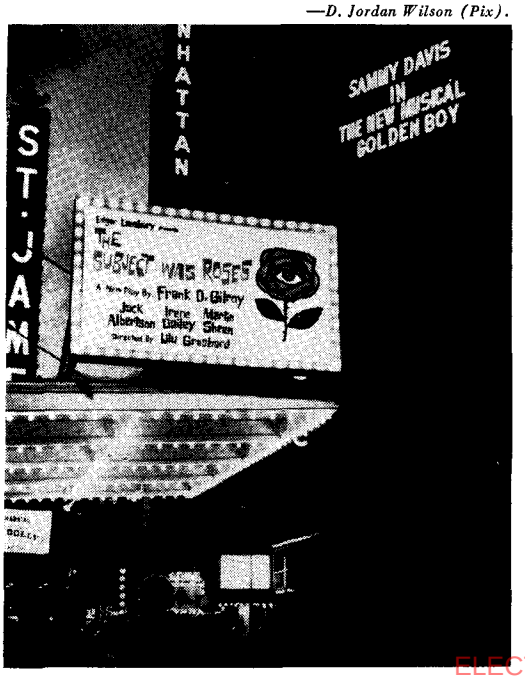
(*Continued from page 95*)

decorated than any you have seen in New Bond Street or the Rue de la Paix, but shop windows just the same. The significant difference is that on the streets of New York you begin to sense the strength of the country. Why you feel it is hard to say. Perhaps it is the lights at night that seem to tell you that the day is not over when the sun goes down. In any event, this, you come to think, is indeed a land that launched a thousand ships with Marshall Plan aid to Europe and sent fighting men to the mainland of Asia. How stirring the one was, how troubling the other! This, you say to yourself, is Boom Town with all the riches and squalor and struggle of frontier times in the days of the Golden West.

How long does it last, this sensation of surface impressions? A day or two, I think, or just about as long as it takes you to stop turning your head to see who the speaker is whenever English is spoken. Now you know where you are, and once-familiar ways no longer seem so strange. New and deeper impressions crowd in upon you. You are meeting people; you are tuning in on old friends and acquaintances you have not seen for a long time. They have, you reflect, as you begin to rediscover America, certain characteristics in common: their widespread optimism, their consciousness of their own strength, their lack of curiosity about things they do not understand, the solidity of their convictions, a ready friendliness, their easy if superficial hospitality, a belief in compromise and a determination to get things done now and not someday next month or next year. Their restlessness captivates you, this moving about, this going into town or out into the country, this fearless way they have—so many of them have—of living it up one paycheck away from the brink, this willingness to risk so much in the hope that another job in a distant city will be more congenial and rewarding.

"The significant difference is that on the streets of New York you begin to sense the strength of the country. Perhaps it is the lights at night that seem to tell you that the day is not over when the sun goes down."

—D. Jordan Wilson (Pix).



How will they strike a European coming to our shores for the first time? In many ways, for there is no such thing as a European. There are Frenchmen and Spaniards, Italians and Germans, and all will react somewhat differently even if it is true, as Rousseau said, that if you have met ten Frenchmen, you have met them all. One must guess. There will be those who will be fascinated by the American scene, who will be delighted by it, who will find something of interest in the bizarre and the banal and in the good and the bad. There will be soreheads who wouldn't like it if it were everything we would want it to be. A Frenchman, one suspects, will be struck by the friendliness of people everywhere, although he may ask himself later on how deep this really runs and whether the quick invitation to dinner at an American home means as much as that far more rare but possibly more significant invitation in Paris. An Italian, one imagines, less confident than the Frenchman that he and he alone holds the key to civilization and caring less, will be awed at first, then enchanted. It doesn't matter. Every visitor will get something out of it, and there will be few who will not return for a second trip if they can. They may feel, if they stay here long enough, that this is a hard country if a prosperous one, that in the American business world you can rise more certainly, fall back, and rise again more swiftly than a man can in the old country, and that this is not for them. The Frenchman may wonder at the American's hatred of solitude, at his gregariousness, because he, being French, is what the American would call a loner. Still, he will wonder and enjoy his bewilderment. He will travel about the country if he can and upon his return speak with pleasure and considerable understanding of what he has seen and heard. I have yet to meet one who does not. John Burroughs once said: "Born observers are as rare as born poets. Plenty of men can see straight and report what they see, but the men who see what others miss, who see quickly and surely, who see minutely and see whole, are rare indeed." How right he was, and how extraordinary it is to think how many Europeans there are who, coming to this country, "see what others miss, who see quickly and surely, who see minutely and see whole." Few of

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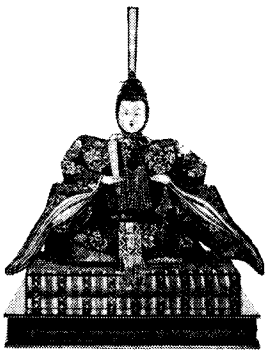

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them miss America's colossal sense of life, this combination of forces working under the ice that is not always apparent to one who lives here year in and year out and is deeply committed to the struggle that is life in the United States. Georges Bidault, of France, holds that a politician is like a swan who swims serenely on the surface of a placid pond; he looks calmly about him while beneath the surface he paddles for all he is worth. An American is in many respects like Bidault's swan. How do you feel? Fine. How are you? Great. In point of fact, he is just battling along like 200,000,000 of his countrymen, fighting for himself and his family and the group he belongs to, contributing nevertheless to the vitality that is America. It is precisely this vitality that makes the greatest, single, lasting impression on one who returns to this country after living and working overseas for any considerable period of time.

HERE, you feel, after you have been back for a while, is everything. America is everything. It has everything—the beautiful and the sordid and, as Stanley Walker used to say, some of the finest people anywhere and some of the biggest heels. It has theater, music, art forms of its own, engineering and scientific achievement, commercials at prime time for I don't know how many deodorants, a comforting feeling that the national government is quite far away from the daily life of the individual, supermarkets that are a delight to the eye, and the bluest sky over the gentlest countryside to be found anywhere in the world.

And now that I am back, as things that were once familiar become familiar again, as I come to know this country better perhaps than I knew it before I went away, as I find here every culture known to the Western world and every tongue, I think of my friends abroad and feel like saying across 3,000 miles of water: Come on over.

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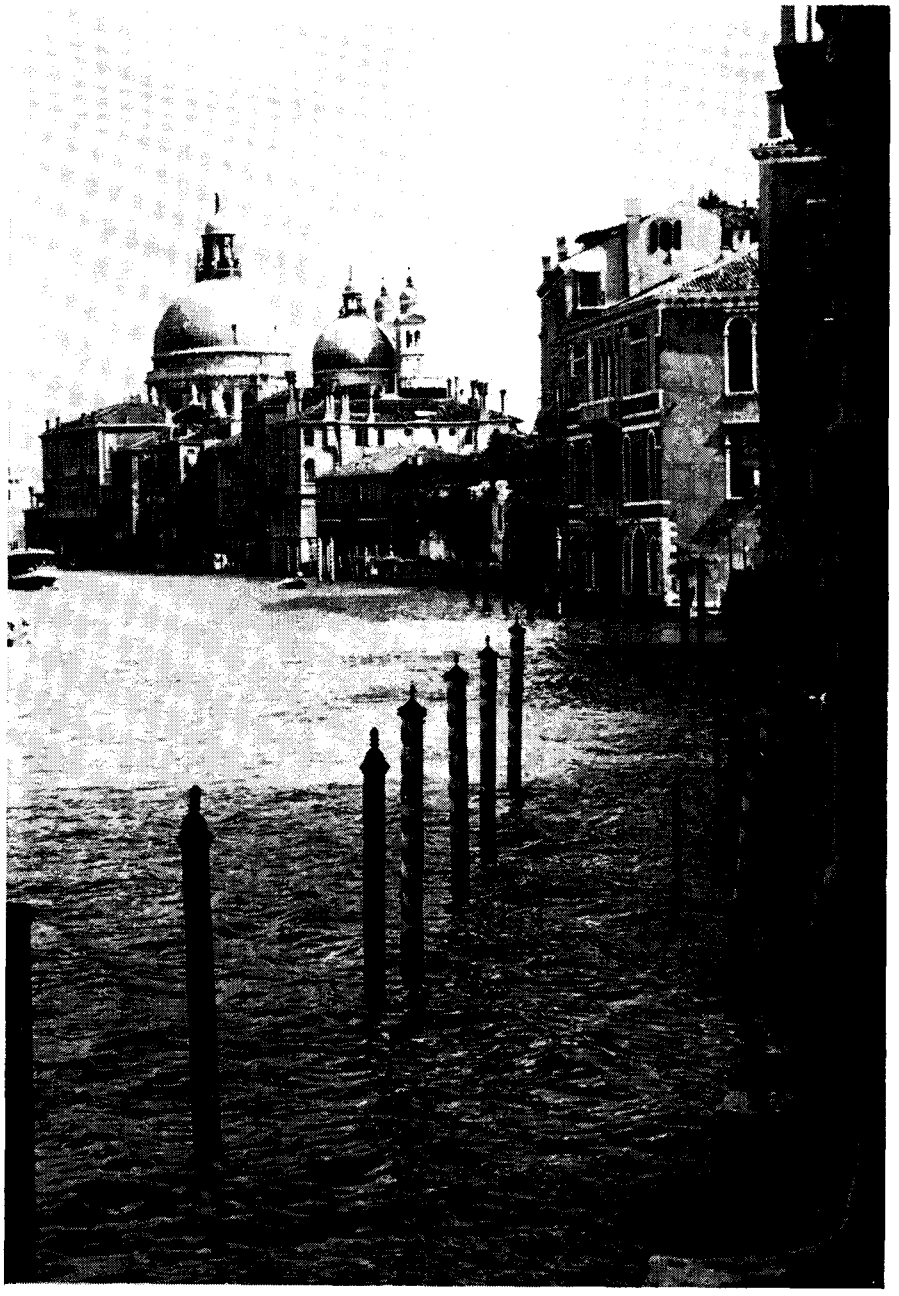

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O'Brien

Continued from page 60

rock like a geology model, it stretches endlessly across the horizon. The Colorado River has cut thousands of feet into one vast plateau, winding like a snake through the softer rock and creating a natural monument that can have no equal anywhere on earth. The plane is exclusively ours for the morning and there is a constant queue to the pilot's cockpit where the view for a hundred miles ahead defies description—except for a French colleague (a Gaullist, and no mere mortal) who bursts out that it is "plus bloody mervelleuse").

Back to rain-drenched Phoenix and on the way I am asked to make a speech thanking our hosts of Bonanza Air Lines. By now the plane is bucking under us. I am handed a microphone and survey my motley audience from the top of the aisle. I am overcome by a sense of demagogic power such as Hitler must have experienced at Nuremberg. Half of them can't speak English, some are about to be airsick, and all are strapped to their seats. This, at long last, is a captive audience. I have it within my power to harangue them for an hour, to unburden the prejudices of a lifetime. Instead, I crack a mild joke and mumble the usual pleasantries. I shall never have such an opportunity again.

Softened by the success of the morning trip, the small Irish contingent can afford to be quietly amused at the excitement in Phoenix as the rain continues to pour down. It makes the headlines of the local evening paper just as a foot of snow would in Dublin.

A quick bus trip to the Camelback Inn eleven miles away on the fringe of the desert, where we were to have an al fresco lunch among the teeming bougainvillaea and flowering cacti, but instead we have to make-do behind steamed-up dining room windows. This is a bitter disappointment. It seems to be an exquisite place, but we only get tantalizing glimpses of Mountain Shadows and Paradise Valley and the rest we must take on trust. A pity, because we'll almost certainly never get back there again.

Wednesday: Onward, ever onward—this time to Los Angeles, a first sight of the Pacific, and one of the lushest hotels we've ever seen. Nothing so vulgar as mere bedrooms, but small houses set around the grounds, which provide us with self-contained flats and private sundecks.

Appalled at the city itself. Never-ending square miles of dull and uniform buildings lacerated by gigantic criss-cross ribbons of superhighways. There is no apparent center, nothing that could

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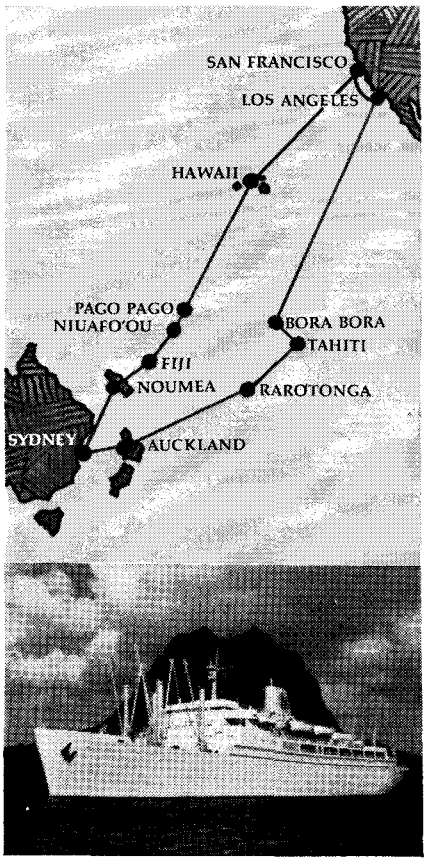

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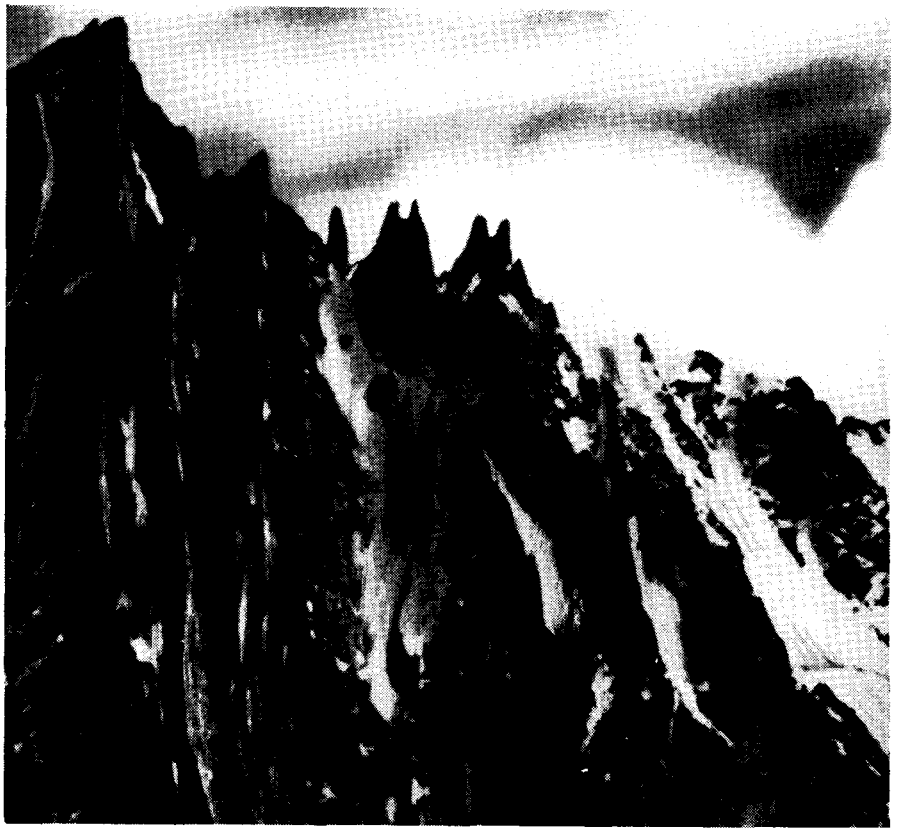
help the casual traveler to distinguish one section of the city from another ten miles away. The car is master in this heartless wasteland. We in Europe assume that because everyone in Los Angeles owns one (sometimes two or three) they are necessarily wealthy. The truth is that without one you cannot move from one place to another because there is little or no public transport. And there is no public transport because there are too many cars and in the middle of this vicious circle the mere mortal is trapped in a roaring sea of modern living, searching desperately for fresh air on beaches that are packed and in a countryside that doesn't exist. To one superficial glance at least the actual city of Los Angeles seemed the nearest image of hell that man has yet created. Ask anyone what it has to offer a tourist and they tell you about the night clubs and the famous Forest Lawn Cemetery—the naked and the dead.

Thursday: Hollywood, as every old-timer knows, was once the center of the world's film industry. Beverly Hills still preserves its lush mansions, but symbolically most of them are owned by the stars of yesterday—Rosalind Russell, Jimmy Durante, Eleanor Powell, etc. Here they all live in surroundings of unimaginable splendor and good taste, the last monument of an era well and truly past. Lawns of ivy stretch from the road to the front of the houses and in only a very few cases do the illustrious householders shield themselves in privacy behind high walls. The view is public property, though you'll find yourself in court if you stop your car for a gawk and in jail if you try to collect an autograph.

A tour of one of the studios did little to alter the impression that the film capital is more dependent on its old glitter than one had supposed. True, a big film was in production, but acres of indoor and outdoor sets were largely uninhabited.

Friday: There is no comfort to equal the anodyne service of a genuine de luxe hotel—especially when the bill is being taken care of by somebody else. To lie abed and operate a remote-control television panel as you discuss with the head waiter the delicate selection of breakfast is surely a reserved sin. There's nothing about it in the Ten Commandments, but you feel there should be.

Apparently these comforts overwhelmed one Irish member of our party, who overslept or overate or both. As we waited for him in our bus outside the hotel the growing impatience of our European colleagues manifested itself in slow handclaps and stamping feet. Eventually he appeared. The infuriated French group, unable to speak English,



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"Gigantic crisscross ribbons of superhighways."

were frustrated in their desire to hurl insults at the Irishman who had held them up so long. But as he walked down the aisle of the bus they stood up and sang "God Save the Queen." It was the neatest rebuke I've ever seen.

Disneyland, they say, is a treat for kids, but the more subtle appeal is to second childhood. We had met Disney some days earlier and when we asked him why all his full-length cartoon films contained elements that frightened children, he replied quite briefly: "I don't make films for children." Peering at this impressive man through a forest of Oscar statuettes it was impossible to carry the argument further.

Certainly Disneyland wasn't made for children either. You bring the kids with you because you know that it will be the reality of the Utopian dreams, but deep down there is your excuse for enjoying it yourself. The whole concept is the product of a genius of entertainment, a genuine wonder of the modern world.

Saturday: Most Americans will tell you with perfect accuracy that San Francisco is their most beautiful city. Is this because so many of them take their esthetic standards from Europe and because San Francisco is a distillation of so many features of European cities? The tiny park in the centre, and even the people who sit in it, give you a curious feeling of Spain, The rickety cable cars that climb the precipitous streets are the most un-American activity you could possibly imagine (they are, incidentally a great tourist attraction in precisely the same way the old Howth trams could have been here).

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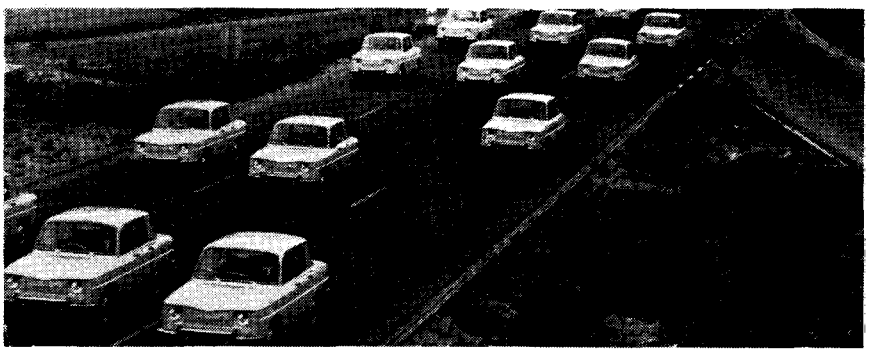

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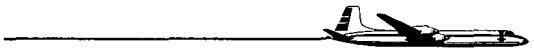

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more subtle ways. We stayed in the elegant Mark Hopkins Hotel right at the top of Nob Hill. It somehow has a smell of Europe about it and waiters drop their natural American friendliness in favor of a frigid and faintly superior veneer. One of them obviously enjoyed refusing to serve a colleague a drink because he wasn't wearing a tie.

San Francisco gets the best of both climatic worlds. The actual city, exposed on the side of a hill to the soft Pacific winds, has a moderately warm climate all the year around. Cross the Golden Gate and the shelter of the opposite bank and you are in the semitropics with Riviera-like vegetation spilling on to the beaches. Irish emigrants who settle in the East coast rather than in California are out of their minds.

Sunday: But our program pushes us on and, after snatching the briefest of visits to the gigantic redwood trees in Muir Woods and the vineyards run by the De La Salle Brothers, we are back in our jet and heading east to Denver.

We get to the Hilton Hotel too late and too tired to do anything but watch television. I was fascinated to see people who were actually taking part in programs doing the commercial spots themselves. Imagine Frank Hall extolling the merits of Gutt's Embalming Fluid in the middle of *Newsbeat*! Even the weather forecast is sponsored and the briefest of news bulletins is infuriatingly broken up by commercials. However, the popular *Johnny Carson Show*, in the early hours of the morning, actually gets away with treating the commercials as idiotic banalities. Carson twice broke down laughing as he read out particularly fatuous plugs and once said: "How long can we get away with this sort of thing?"

On the same program, by the way, the singer Johnny Mathis asked Carson if he'd like to hear "a little antidote" about his recent trip to Europe.

It's probably unfair to the friendly people of Denver to say that my greatest impression was seeing the spot where the locals commit suicide. It's a winding road that leads down from the hilltop grave of Buffalo Bill and anyone who can't face tomorrow just drives over the edge. Several hundred feet down you could see the car wrecks piled up. Such is the morbid streak in all of us that this unscheduled tourist sight impressed us far more vividly than Buffalo Bill, Central City, and all the lovingly preserved relics of the great gold rush.

Monday: Most of us reached Kansas City with no great feeling of anticipation. A tour of TWA's training center sounded like the dullest part of the whole trip, whereas it proved to be fascinating. Lecture halls for teaching the

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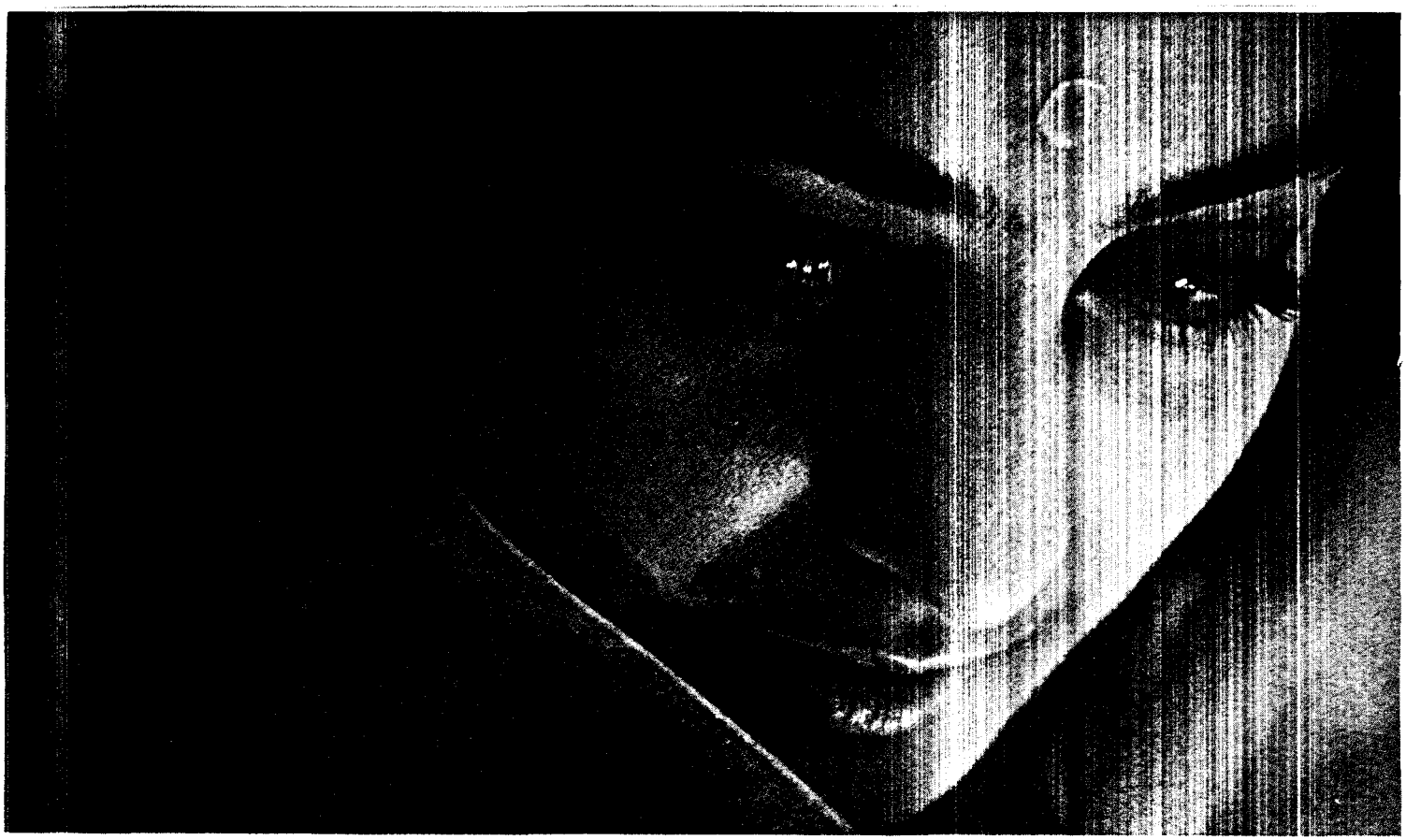

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great number of trainee hostesses give the place an air of a minor university, except for the standard of student good looks, which, we agreed, was noticeably higher than at any university we knew of.

Kansas City provided several notable moments, not the least of them being the memorable revelation that one of our party was so bog-eyed with honest weariness and the splendors of America that he was unable to detect the difference between the male and female of his own species.

A taxi had been assigned to bring three of us to nearby Independence to see the Truman Library. Our driver was a middle-aged woman who told us, among other things, of her amorous postwar experiences in Paree when it was still Gay and she was still unmarried.

At dinner that evening, our exhausted colleague kept referring to the driver as "a decent chap" and the almost incredible truth gradually dawned on us. "But what in God's name, did you think was the point of her story about the randy young Frenchman trying to pick her up in the dance hall?"

"Yes," he agreed, "I thought at the time it was a bit queer."

The dinner during which this rather distressing aberration took place was in the local country club and here there was ample scope for the study of social mores. There is no precise Irish equivalent that I know of to the country club, though it's almost certainly a development of the London clubs for gentlemen and sons of gentlemen. The Americans, of course, are more directly honest than Europeans and I found no shortage of members who were quite ready to admit that they had got into the club mainly because they were well off.

But it was interesting to note the reaction of some of the locals who were in our party for the night and who, like ourselves, were not members. Most of their wives seemed to be in considerable awe of their surroundings. One of them whispered to me, as if she were imparting Divine Revelation, that the entrance fee was $1,750 and that everyone had to dress for dinner. These inhibitions seemed to us like a lot of rot, for the members behaved with as little pomposity as taxi men in a drugstore. Clearly those who were not members had built up for themselves the attitude of being outsiders, which only goes to show that some forms of inverted snobbery have no geographical boundaries.

As usual before all American meals, except breakfast, we tanked up swiftly on two or three deadly dry Martinis, tottered glassy-eyed into dinner and, then ate to the accompaniment of black coffee only. An extraordinary and quite deplorable custom and the only thing I hold against the American way of life.

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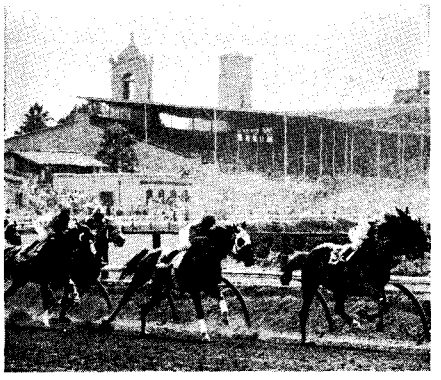

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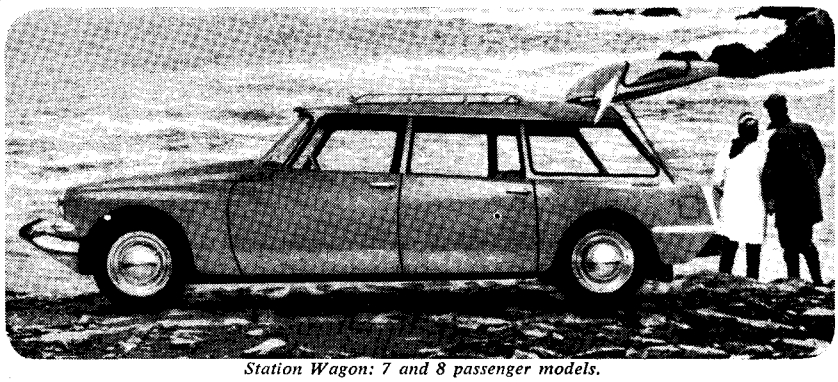

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American Images

Continued from page 96

room in their houses than the size of their families requires.

It is thoughtful of them to plant trees along the streets.

It is good, I think, that their schools are surrounded by playgrounds, which provide a wholesome influence for studying. *(Translation)*

TOHRU SATO (boy): I like an American, who is kind, honest, generous and gay, but I don't like America, her policy. Why does this difference come to exist?

It is easily said that there is a gap between an American as a member of the nation and an American as a human being; the former leads to the American policy, the latter to an ordinary American citizen whom we, the Japanese, like. For instance, when we discuss with Americans on literature, religion, or on a segregation problem, we come to reach the almost same conclusion. On the contrary, however, how different opinion we the Japanese have to share with you the American on the problem of the world politics!

You have too rigid a way of thinking on Communism, you are so stingy to Japanese exports, you have not courage to stop H-bomb tests and so on. Yet I like the American; I hope the day will come when I come to like America too.

RYO YAMAKAWA: First of all, I must confess that I cannot really grasp what an American is. Sometimes I even doubt the existence of an American. A missionary said to me about two years ago, "American means American native, that is the American Indian. We are the citizens of the United States of America." I don't think his definition of "American" is right. His words, however, caused me to doubt the very existence of American nationality and of united American culture. It is very difficult for me to find the fundamental community among the Americans. . . . But there is certainly American people different from the other peoples in America. As one of our instructors says, the tremendous mixtures of people who have come to live together in the United States have been together long enough now to have a distinct and adult personality to show the world. Especially the younger generation of Americans have a distinct personality as an American that I mean by word "American". . . .

ANONYMOUS GIRL: I had become the friend of a girl who had a Japanese mother and an American father. We had been very good friends for a brief period of one year. When she moved to an unknown location about three years ago, I had to part with her. She was my pleas-

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ure, my treasure, but she left me without a word of goodbye.

When I cried in sorrow and mortification my mother comforted me and said, "That's how an American is. They dress up beautifully, but in their hearts they are cold-hearted."

A Japanese who lived even for a day next door would go on a round of farewell visits to the neighbors. I wonder if Americans would not care about such a social order. As a Japanese girl, I miss her as I would miss my own parents if they should leave me. Wouldn't Americans feel that way, too? America is rich materially, but Americans seem to me to be lacking in heart-to-heart intercourse. I wish I were mistaken in thinking this way.

Their human spirit and human heart are surely much warmer than they seem. *(Translation)*

T. MIYATA: I had a wrong idea about America, till some years ago, as the country of Coca-Cola and nothing else, crowded with proud people who experienced no defeat—suffering bitter defeat makes the people wiser and stronger, but gaining victories, sometimes, makes the people proud and spoiled—whose dollars lord it over other countries. At least I had thought like this until I happened to meet an American—an unforgettable character.

It was a couple of years ago. I was on the train—going home, after two years' stay in Kyoto. My heart was leaping at the mere thought of being in the sitting-room after another four hours, with parents and brothers gathering around me and talking to each other.

Some minutes before the train left the Kyoto station, an American came into my coach hurriedly. He asked a conductor something and took a seat near me. Soon the train got started. He looked like a soldier, rather tall—at least to us Japanese—with calm blue eyes. When he appeared, I said to myself, "Kilroy was here." For some time he seemed to enjoy outdoor scenes changing. He took out of his suitcase some photographs which had become yellowish. Perhaps they had been taken long, long ago and he carried them always with him. He handed them to me and asked me in pantomime to see them. These were, he explained, his house, his parents, his sisters and so on. He had been a preacher before he was enlisted. Explaining, he seemed to be remembering his happy life back home. He talked about his country, home, and many other things. To tell the truth it was *au pied de la lettre* the first time that I ever talked with a foreigner, so I could not grasp his explanation well.

While I was looking at the pictures with some interest, he took some pieces of paper out of the same suitcase and handed them to the passengers in the

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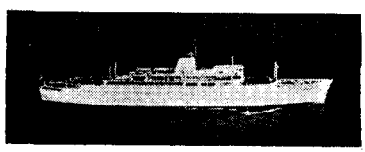

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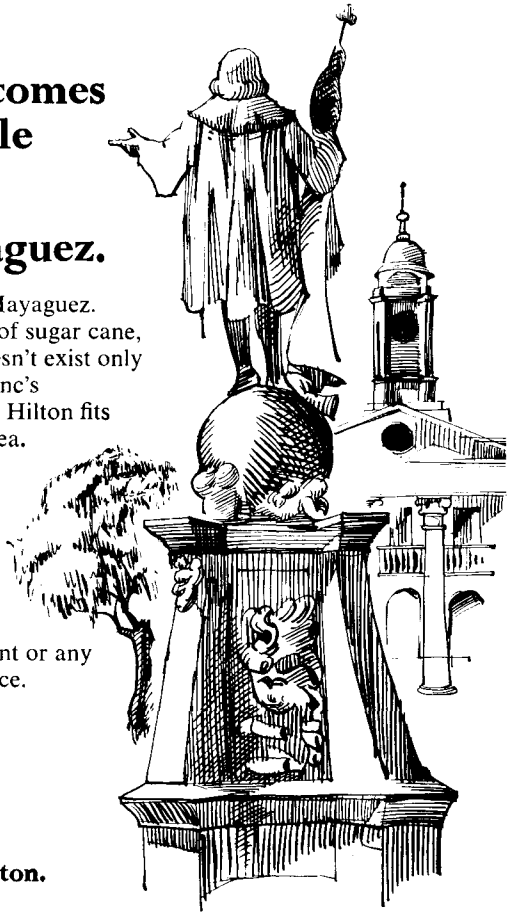

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coach. Of course I was given a piece of paper. Some read it in a loud voice, others glanced at the paper, crumpled it into a ball and threw it out of the window. He sorrowfully looked at the ball disappearing in blue air. Only the title was written in English and the rest in Japanese. In it there were written the life of Christ and his salvation of the world. I was very much impressed by his faithfulness and vigor to his duty to change pagans into Christians.

He and I happened to get off the train at the same station. He said to me, "Homecoming?" Since then I have never met him. I cannot forget him. Every time I happened to see Americans in the street, I remember him handing the paper to the passengers.

I had thought that the spirit of pioneers and *May Flower* disappeared a long time ago from the minds of the people in the United States of America. They were drinking Coca-Cola and spirits, and dancing all night in half-naked costumes in the artificially warmed room. But meeting him, I knew that the spirit of *May Flower* which made America was still flowing in the bloods of Americans.

KATUJI TAKAGI (boy): From my childhood I despised Americans. As I grew older, I despised them all the more. For one thing, they were very arrogant in their attitude toward Japanese. Also, I learned of many faults of Americans through various communication media. The mere sight of them disgusted me. I laughed in my heart whenever they announced their "democratic policies." In addition, there was something deep in my heart which prompted me to hate them. I cannot express it in words. However, there came a time when all my thinking about them changed.

One day I was in the train when several American soldiers got on and sat talking in loud voices. Then an old Japanese lady entered, carrying a baby. One of the American soldiers instantly stood up and offered his seat to her. The old lady was glad and thankful. I was ashamed of myself. There she had been standing, but I had never thought of offering her my seat. I suddenly realized I had been prejudiced against Americans.

Yet, I have to confess there still remains something

MIEKO TOGAMI (girl): I take it as one of the national characteristics of Americans is their activeness. For instance, one of the American teachers thought our school rooms were very dirty, and decided to clean them up. She, of her own accord, took the responsibility for the cleaning, ordered students to cooperate with her by observing rules, and she herself was often seen cleaning rooms, window glasses, etc. As the result

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the school rooms became much cleaner and more comfortable.

HIROKO MIZUNO (girl): An American who was our teacher of English conversation gave us a lecture pleasantly, eating a chocolate, sitting on the desk. It is quite contrastive with majestic and grave atmosphere which were made by English man who had teached us English conversation before. I think this contrast is reflecting the national character of each country, America is new country and English is old.

MASAHIDE KOIDE (boy): They are soon hot, soon cold. They don't have deep view of things. For example: There was an American teacher in my former school. When she left Japan she cried and said she never forgot us. But when my friend wrote her a letter in America she didn't write him. She forgot us.

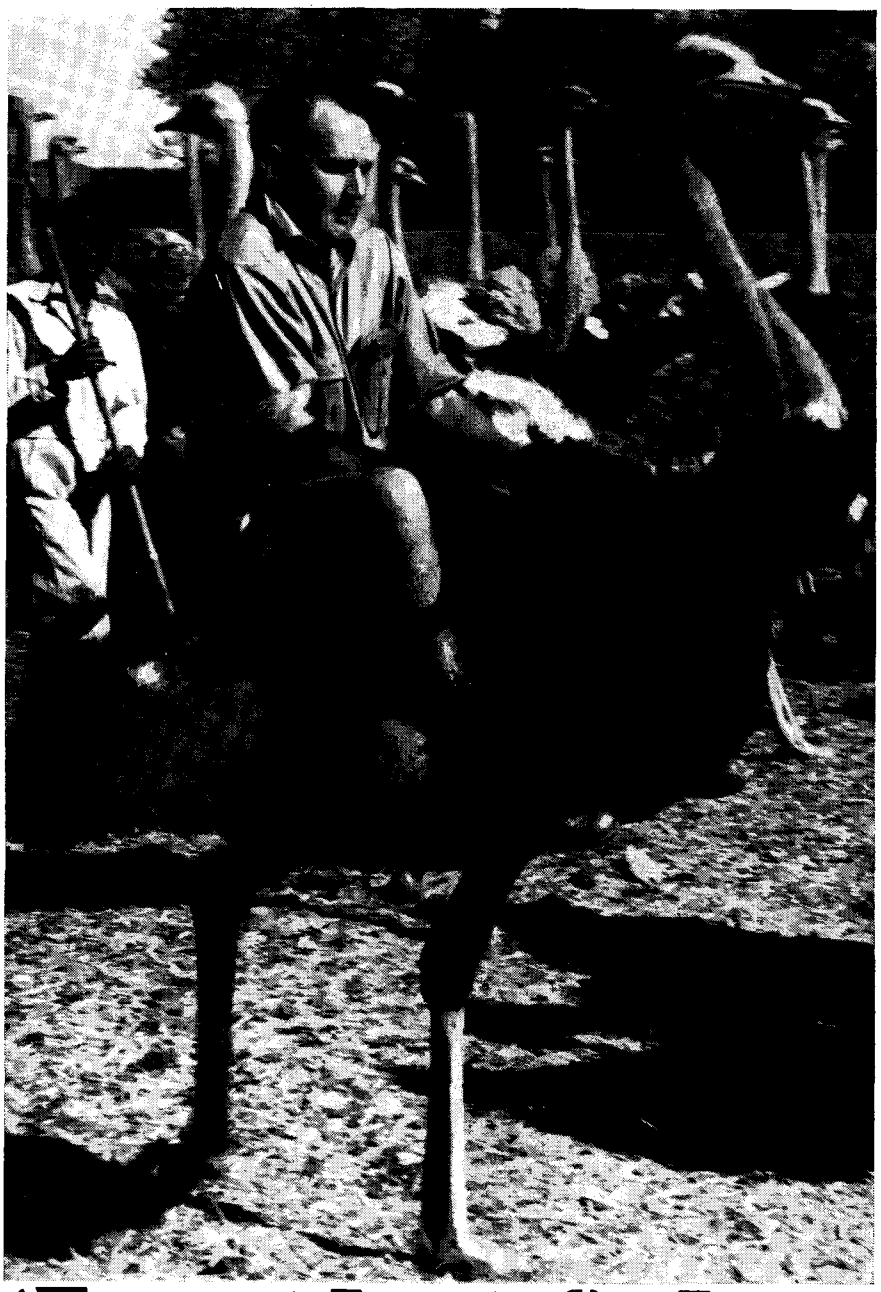
MASUTERU SEKIGUCHI (boy): One day, about ten years ago, when I was eight years old, two young American soldiers were taking lunch in a corner of the street near my house. And it so happened that we were playing marbles close by them, when one of them said something to us, but it was all Greek to us. Then he beckoned my sister who was looking at them with couriosity, and gave her a big juice-can nearly twice as big as her own head. To say nothing herself, all of us were much surprise to see such an unexpected kindness of them.

It may be quite a trifling matter but I can not deny that this trifling experience of my sweet childhood has always had a great influence upon my feeling toward America.

MASAAKI TOYOOKA (boy): In the war time we were taught by our leaders many false things purposely such as they, the Americans, were cruel like a devil or something like that. But later the fact proved how far it was apart from the true state. We knew it only by seeing them, but when we got acquainted with some of them, it became clear. They are very kind, open-hearted and bright. I think that the American soldiers are one of the best armies in the world. For, it is not all for an army to be only strong.

Of course it can not be denied that some of the American soldiers have committed crimes in Japan, or to Japanese, since they advanced into Japan. But I am surprised to know that there have been only a few cases which called world attention. I am sure that even such cases can not lose Japanese their good impressions of Americans.

MIHO SUZUKI (girl): The American people smell like butter, although they



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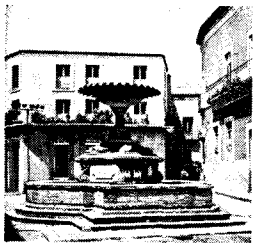

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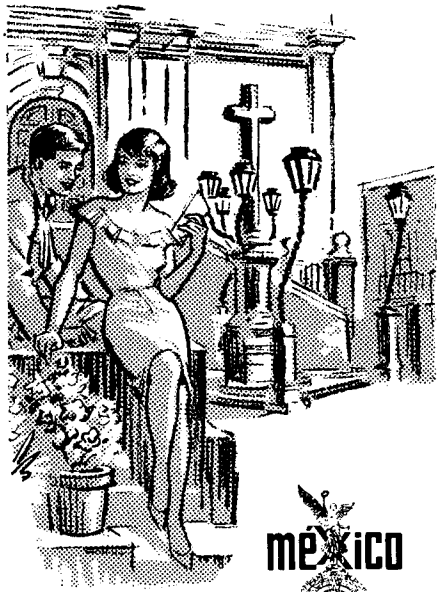

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say we Japanese smell like fish. . . . *(Translation)*

TAKEHIRO TAGO (boy): Americans are cheerful, friendly, sociable, generous, liberal, self-assuring, energetic, optimistic, frank, yet slightly superficial, naïve, self-centered, and conceited.

TEIKO YOSHII (girl): When I was in Godakara Primary School, I once went to Kyoto on an excursion. I saw many American ladies in Kyoto. They were middle-aged, yet they wore red dresses and had manicures. Therefore, they easily caught peoples' attention.

My mother is now 48 years old, is stout, and wears dresses of a quiet tinge. She seldom wears western garments. I suggested to her that she wear brighter garments, but in vain. I think the average Japanese are too sedate, and should clothe themselves in prettier dress, like the Americans. *(Translation)*

KATUTOSHI ISHII (boy): It has been thirteen years since the troops of America came to Japan to be stationed here, and I was a primary school boy at that time. One day I saw five or six Americans walking on the street wearing different colored shirts, such as red and yellow. It gave me a hope of freedom, because in Japan we boys could not wear any colored clothing at that time. The Americans were not frustrated like Japanese and they were doing everything fearlessly. Their appearance was very cheerful as they walked on the street. . . . *(Translation)*

SACHIKO KUWATA (girl): Americans should make Englishmen their model and become gentlemenlike in appearance and manners. *(Translation)*

FUMIO SAITO (boy): United States of America—it is a gigantic flower garden that has a curious beauty. . . . *(Translation)*

HIROTERU SHIMAMURA (boy): America at once reminds me of a tall, slender person. . . . *(Translation)*

NORIKO OKUMURA (girl): I think, if America were not in this world, this world should be vapid and should not be worth living for us.

KAZUHIKO SAKURAI (boy): I think Americans are violent in their sexual behavior. . . . *(Translation)*

TATUO TAKIZAWA (boy): We have never heard nor seen the word "America" without wishing to go there. Why do we have such a friendly feeling for the USA and Americans? There must be something we do not know about them that makes us feel so. *(Translation)*

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Americans as Host

Continued from page 56

beyond mere pleasure. To be truly satisfactory, a trip abroad should combine education with escape. The phrase "foreign travel" has the ring of adventure that quickens the pulse and sharpens the eye. This heightened awareness can result in a truly educational as well as a pleasurable experience for all but the jaded or the immature.

The exchange between people who are "at home" in the travel situation and those who are visiting is one that holds great promise of world-wide peace and understanding. It is a safe assumption, I think, that the average incoming traveler to the United States is more serious-minded—and far more in need of assistance and insight from friendly hosts—than most Americans who are outward bound. According to the U.S. Travel Service, overseas visitors have consistently reported that a visit to an American home was one of the highlights of a trip to the United States. Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson just one year ago formally launched a nationwide Americans-at-Home program. Today, in more than fifty cities all over the United States, a foreign visitor may dial a number and make arrangements for a home visit there. Information on this program is printed in nine languages and distributed all over the world.

Sister-city programs, exchange of high-school students between the U.S. and foreign lands, the Experiment in Living project—all are upgrading the International trip-abroad experience and broadening the basis for world peace and understanding.

Far too often, I think, we take this country for granted. We forget the concentrated energy that went into winning our personal freedoms and we underestimate the impact these freedoms make on the foreign traveler.

The visitor to our shores, while he is enjoying the zest of "a foreign experience," does not need a political science lecture to impress upon him the structure of our government and society as it applies to what concerns him most—the individual. Depending upon his country of origin, he may be impressed by the nonchalance with which we skim across state lines, unhampered by customs inspection or other official red tape. The news media with their widely divergent interpretations of current events may appal and then fascinate him. The obvious affluence almost everywhere he looks—the plethora of material goods available to any buyer—the American way, not just of life, but of living—all these come through over an extended period of touring.

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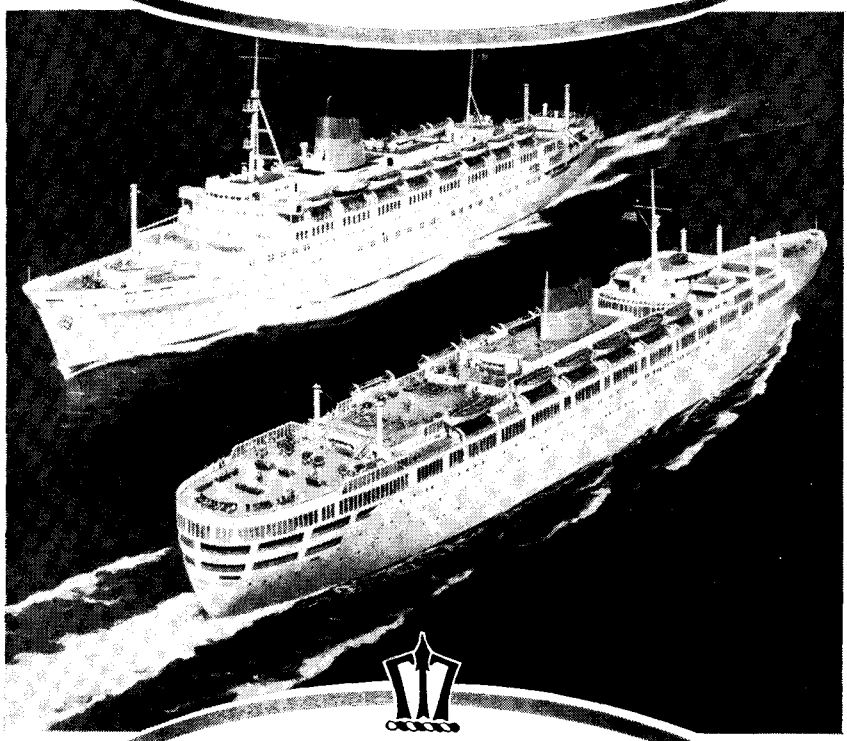

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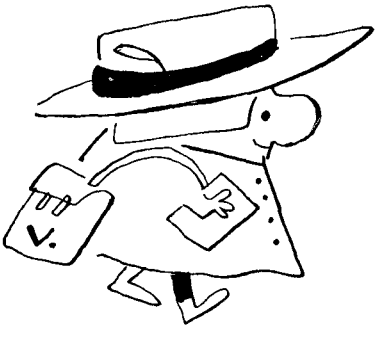
money spent by foreign visitors in this country and what our American tourists spend abroad contributes heavily to the current balance-of-payments deficit. As a result, much attention has been focused on the importance of foreign-travel spending in this country. The Department of Commerce estimates that the average overseas visitor spends $400 during his stay in the U.S.

In our concern with balance of payments and the travel gap we may be laying too heavy an emphasis on the dollars a visitor brings to this country and too little on the understanding he takes home. In the long run the latter consideration is paramount.

More than ever before, this country needs world understanding of its aims and policies and not just from the ranks of prime ministers, cabinet members, and key government officials, but from the plain people. In democracies around the world these are the real decision-makers, and foreign travel is, I think, probably the most logical and direct way of establishing meaningful contact. In years past, our government has recognized this by encouraging travel abroad. Our present encouragement of greater travel *to* this country reflects not only the change in our balance-of-payments situation but also today's need for a greater understanding of the United States, its institutions, and its people. The individualism, spirit of enterprise, and sense of community in the American society can best be appreciated by viewing the crucible in which they were compounded.

Dickens in Philadelphia: It is a handsome city, but distractingly angular. After walking about it for an hour or two, I felt that I would have given the world for a crooked street. The collar of my coat appeared to stiffen, and the brim of my hat to expand, beneath its quakery influence. My hair shrunk into a sleek short crop, my hands folded themselves upon my breast of their own calm accord, and thoughts of taking lodgings in Mark Lane over against the Market Place and of making a large fortune by speculations in corn, came over me involuntarily.

—Charles Dickens, *American Notes*, 1842.



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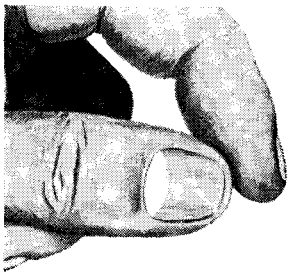

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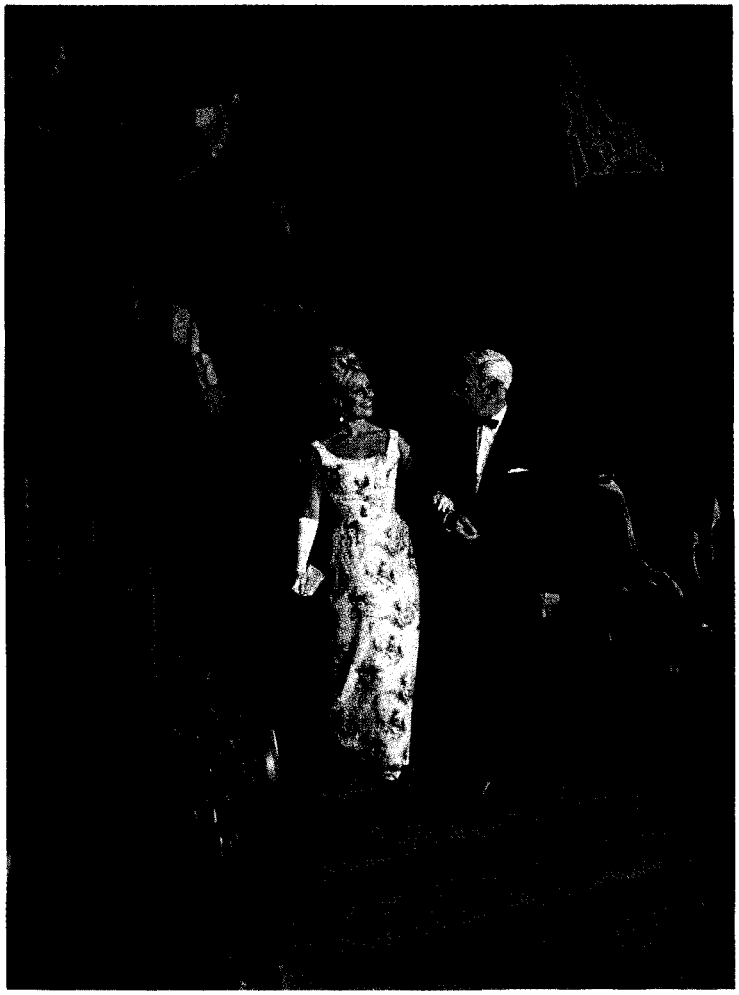

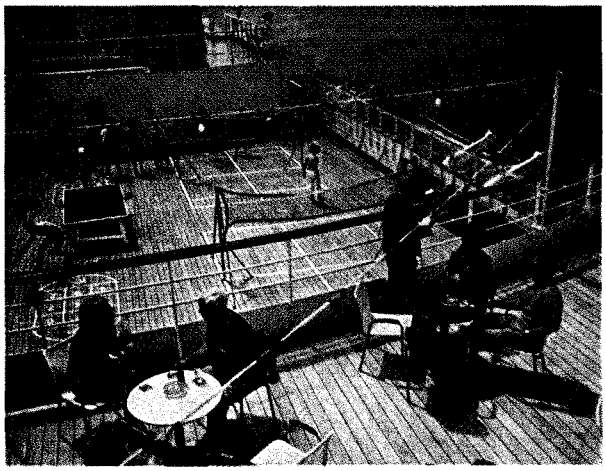

Above: The sweeping staircase to the Ritz Carlton Lounge on the flagship s.s. Rotterdam.

Top Right: One of the s.s. Rotterdam's spacious First Class lounges.

Below Right: Overlooking the s.s. Rotterdam's First Class Sports Deck.

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Red, White, and Blue

Continued from page 51

realized that the way to close the travel gap is not to restrict America's constitutional privilege but to launch a spirited campaign to bring foreign tourists here.

Washington is, it is true, encouraging domestic travel attractions to do more promotion. Travel ads are, as Black says, "99 and 44/100ths per cent foreign travel." If the traveler is bombarded heavily with advertising for foreign countries chances are that he will take a foreign vacation. "Encouraging such a campaign through industry," says Black, "is far different from putting on a head tax."

There are some indications, so far somewhat tender and green, that the Administration also realizes that the prime way to offset the travel gap is to mount a spirited campaign to bring foreigners over here. Vice President Humphrey has stated publicly that for the first time the Administration has requested for fiscal 1966 the full authorization ($4.7 million) allotted to the Travel Service by congressional appropriation. While Black realizes a big advertising and publicity campaign abroad won't turn the tide by itself, neither is he inclined to be apologetic about America's readiness as a tourist nation. "Every taxi driver in Pocatello doesn't speak French," he says. "We shouldn't be apologetic about the way we handle foreigners. If you take the same two tourists who arrive perplexed in the United States and plunk them down in Switzerland instead, they'll scratch their heads there, too." While it might be convenient if all the hotels in the U.S. changed foreign currency into dollars, such a transformation seems unlikely. "Dollars are hard currency and desirable," says Black. "When visitors come here they are coming to the States, period—with the possible exception of those who might also visit Canada and Mexico." Foreign visitors would do well to put their money into what he calls "dollar instruments." The situation is quite unakin to an American abroad in Europe or even Asia, traveling to several different countries using different currencies.

In Black's opinion the main impediment to increased foreign travel to the United States is not the national ineptitude of its domestic travel plan in handling foreign visitors. And although the United States still requires photographs and answers (albeit blanket answers to its embarrassing questions), he does not feel that red tape at our borders is a serious drawback either. In any case, there is very little he or the Travel Service can do about it since an act of Congress lists thirty-one classes of people as nonadmissable. Some of these classifications were added by the late Senator McCarran in 1952 when he and the late Congressman Francis Walter conceived the McCarran-Walter Act. The same Francis Walter later vetoed President Kennedy's proposal, early in his administration, for abolishing the visa.

The biggest handicap to a large-scale program of travel to the United States is cost. The big Japanese rush to Hawaii and on to the West Coast of the United States, so heavily publicized and so tensely awaited, failed to materialize. The Japanese found they could go to Hong Kong or Bangkok for less. Japan Air Lines routings were strung clear to London by way of the Near East, and Europe successfully promoted itself in Japan. While fares have lowered markedly to Europe, they have not dropped in the Pacific. Though the impression of an average Englishmen on the cost of travel to the United States is believed to be better now than it was in 1961, the overall impression of high cost inside the country still persists. There remains the irrefutable fact that a Briton can take his holidays in Spain for perhaps a quarter of the cost of an excursion to New York and Niagara and still have the excitement of a foreign trip.

The Travel Service estimates that there are, not counting Mexico and Canada, only about 3,000,000 people in the world who can afford a trip to the United States. Still, if we could lure a bumper proportion of them we could certainly tone up the unhealthy pallor of the dollar imbalance, not to mention the subsidiary benefits of the understanding between peoples which Congress remembers when it considers the budget of the USIA and seems to forget completely when its committees meet each year to decide the financial future of the U.S. Travel Service.

Dickens in Boston: When I got into the streets upon this Sunday morning, the air was so clear; the houses were so bright and gay; the signboards were painted in such gaudy colors; the gilded letters were so very golden; the bricks were so very red, the stone was so very white, the blinds and area railings were so very green, the knobs and plates upon the street doors so marvelously bright and twinkling; and all so slight and unsubstantial in appearance—that every thoroughfare in the city looked exactly like a scene in a pantomime. It rarely happens in the business streets that a tradesman, if I may venture to call anybody a tradesman, where everybody is a merchant, resides above his store; so that many occupations are often carried on in one house, and the whole front is covered with boards and inscriptions. As I walked along, I kept glancing up at these boards, confidently expecting to see a few of them change into something; and I never turned a corner suddenly without looking out for the clown and pantaloon, who, I had no doubt, were hiding in a doorway or behind some pillar close at hand. As to Harlequin and Columbine, I discovered immediately that they lodged (they are always looking after lodgings in a pantomime) at a very small clockmaker's one story high, near the hotel; which, in addition to various symbols and devices, almost covering the whole front, had a great dial hanging out—to be jumped through, of course.

The suburbs are, if possible, even more unsubstantial-looking than the city. The white wooden houses (so white that it makes one wink to look at them), with their green jalousie blinds, are so sprinkled and dropped about in all directions, without seeming to have any root at all in the ground; and the small churches and chapels are so prim, and bright, and highly varnished; that I almost believed the whole affair could be taken up piecemeal like a child's toy, and crammed into a little box.

The city is a beautiful one, and cannot fail, I should imagine, to impress all strangers very favorably. The private dwelling-houses are, for the most part, large and elegant; the shops extremely good; and the public buildings handsome. The State House is built upon the summit of a hill, which rises gradually at first, and afterwards by a steep ascent, almost from the water's edge. In front is a green enclosure, called the Common. The site is beautiful: and from the top there is a charming panoramic view of the whole town and neighborhood. In addition to a variety of commodious offices, it contains two handsome chambers; in one the House of Representatives of the State hold their meetings: in the other, the Senate. Such proceedings as I saw here, were conducted with perfect gravity and decorum; and were certainly calculated to inspire attention and respect.

There is no doubt that much of the intellectual refinement and superiority of Boston is referable to the quiet influence of the University of Cambridge.

—Charles Dickens, *American Notes*, 1842.

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The "Waltz King" and His Ancestors

By ROBERT BREUER

BIOGRAPHERS AND MUSICOLOGISTS who have dealt with the life and work of Johann Strauss father and son have not traced their ancestry further back than to Strauss the Elder's parents, the alehouse keeper Franz and his wife Barbara (née Tollmann), who were the owners of the tavern, *To the Good Shepherd,* in the Leopoldstadt district of Vienna. A new and purely scientific ancestry research was started independently by several Viennese genealogists three years before the Nazi occupation of Austria (1938) and resulted in the unearthing of important family documents. These records disclosed (with incomplete biographical data) the names of the beerhouse owners' parents and grandparents. However, the research had not progressed to a point that warranted publication, and the results of the genealogists' endeavors remained unknown, save in a small professional circle.

Only today, after the passing of three decades and in the light of new extensive research, an absorbingly documented and well-organized volume on the ancestry of Johann Strauss has been published in Vienna *(Hanns Jäger-Sunstenau: "Johann Strauss, der Walzerkönig und siene Dynastie," Verlag für Jugend und Volk.)*

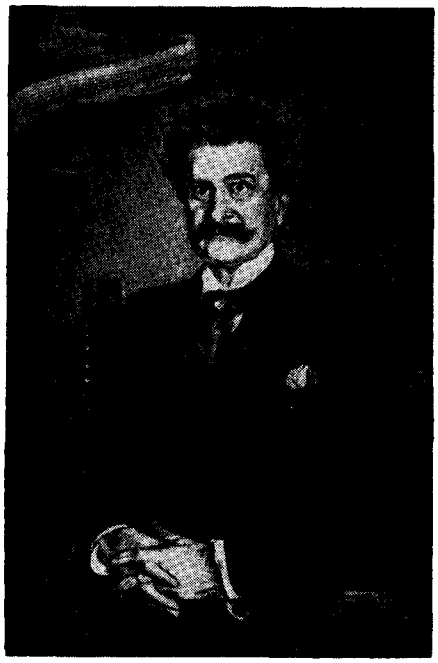
This Strauss study (omitting any critical evaluation of music), has been compiled by an *Archivrat* of the Vienna City Archives. As a high-ranking municipal officer, as well as the author of several genealogical books published before and after the Thousand-Year Reich's short-lived interregnum, Dr. Jäger-Sunstenau proves to be excellently equipped for such a task. Both parts of the 458-page volume—the "Family History" spanning eight generations of Strausses, and the "Documents" bridging the period 1762 to 1930—contain entirely novel material. An additional sixteen pages of photo reproductions of significant documents precede the first-published genealogical table of the Strauss family, and the detailed family tree of Strauss the Younger and his brothers Josef and Eduard.

Long before the advent of Hitler, in the still unperturbed era before World War I, men like George von Schönerer, the notoriously chauvinistic representative of Pan-Germanism, and Dr. Karl Lueger, Vienna's popular mayor, circulated anti-Semitic slogans that evoked unexpected public reactions regarding the supposed or real Jewish origin of prominent people. Thus, as early as 1905, the writer of a letter to the editor of a Vienna weekly felt obliged to state that "since it must be divulged that Franz Strauss's father was born from Jewish parents, the entire Strauss clan's Jewish origin can no longer be kept a secret." Both Franz Lange and Ernst Decsey, competent Strauss biographers, denied this once hotly disputed fact.

The clue to the problem had been found in the matrimonial records of St. Stephen's Cathedral, however at a most inappropriate time and quite disconcerting to the authorities. Had not Streicher's *Der Stürmer* just called the entire Third Reich's attention to the bitter fate of Strauss's "own [sic] descendants," blaming Jewish legacy-hunters for their dire situation? Streicher's work proclaimed: "All the world knows Johann Strauss, the Waltz King, and his incomparable melodies; there is no other music so genuinely German and truly mirroring the folk character"—words announcing the forthcoming serialized publication of "shocking factual reports on this tragic topic."

THE Nazi bigwigs had to act promptly and cunningly, lest they risk the banning of Johann Strauss's music. The party's Vienna district office had installed a branch of the newly created *Sippenamt* (office for ancestry research). There the Strauss researchers were brought before a uniformed official and were ordered to observe full silence on certain unwanted facts or else. . . . Paradoxically, rumors created by gossiping party members started to spread, and as they increased a more radical solution for suppressing the unpleasant discovery had to be found.

The matrimonial fascicle No. 60 was thus confiscated and sent to the *Sippenamt's* central offices in Berlin. A page-by-page microfilm copy was made, which was then reproduced in four volumes on vellum paper. The inside cover of Volume I bore a statement of certification to the effect that these volumes were a true photographic copy of the original. The statement was dated Berlin, February 20, 1941, bearing the seal of the *Reichsippenamt.* The falsification dealt with page 211 of the record. There, under the date February 11, 1762, and next to a Latin text, these lines in German were inscribed concerning the following marriage partners:



Johann Strauss—"entirely novel material"

The respectable Johann Michael Strauss, servant of his Excellency, the Field Marshall Count von Roggendorff, a baptized Jew, single, born in Ofen, legitimate son of Wolf Strauss and spouse Theresia, both Jewish, deceased, and the respectable and virtuous Rosalia Buschinin, born in Gföll, Lower Austria, legitimate daughter of Johann Georg Buschin, formerly a hunter, and Eva Rosina, spouse.

The names of two witnesses were added. This entry was now eliminated and replaced by another, minus the mention of "Jewish." Since the fascicle bore a name index, a second falsification had to be made on page 361, eliminating the number 211 after the word "Strauss" which originally showed entries on both pages 51 and 211.

The two fascicles were now returned to Vienna, the original to be placed into a safe of the *Haus-, Hof- und Staatsarchiv* (the National Archives), the copy to be refiled in its proper place at the rectory of St. Stephen's, where it had to receive another seal of certification. The hoax ended shortly after Austria's liberation with the return of the original to St. Stephen's where it is available for inspection alongside the falsified copy for anyone interested in these painstaking machinations by the Nazis.

Beyond Wolf Strauss, the family line could not be traced. The Hungarian fortress city of Ofen (Buda), situated on the right bank of the Danube, had been inhabited by many craftsmen from Germany, among them several families of the Jewish faith. The city's registers of the years 1725, 1735, and 1744 list these Jewish names, but with the exception of one Wolff Marcus, no one was called

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Strauss or Wolf. Dr. Jäger-Sunstenau presumes that Wolf and Theresia (both of whom died before 1762) were not members of the Jewish community, but lived rather within the fortified district of Ofen that was governed by the Imperial Military Administration. And since their offspring, Johann Michael, was employed for many years by an Imperial general, the father himself may have had good business connections with the military authorities. The possibility that some of Wolf Strauss's forefathers could be traced back to the inhabitants of the house *Zum Strauss* in the Jewish quarter of Frankfurt, and even the question of whether Wolf's life ended in Germany or in Hungary, had to remain speculative. It is obvious that Johann Michael, who later made his living as a paperhanger, did not fall heir to a fortune.

No particular weight is attached to this drop of Jewish blood in the Waltz King's veins. But the concept of Johann Strauss as a "true Viennese," shows a rather distorted picture according to the genealogical and ethnical background now incontestably established by Jäger. The following countries and places of origin share in the ethnic heritage of his great-great-grandparents: Vienna and environments, 18.75 per cent; Lower Austria, 37.50 per cent; Hungary, 12.50 per cent; Northern Italy, 6.25 per cent; Bavaria, 6.25 per cent; Central Franconia, 6.25 per cent; and Luxembourg, 12.50 per cent.

The scope of the 386 documents—from the previously quoted marriage contract (1762) to the certificate of death of Adele Strauss (1930)—mirrors many multifaceted aspects of human existence.

Strauss the Elder, sometimes a bit too well-disposed toward a fame of chance, was sentenced, in 1835, to pay 900 Gulden for indulging in gambling. Along with seven other men arrested for playing Macao, he preferred paying to being jailed.

The first professional references for Johann Strauss, Jr., date to 1844. It is a statement from a Professor Josef Drechsler testifying to "Schanni's" progress as a pupil of figured bass "befitting his innate talent." Also quoted are the words of Anton Kohlmann, a violinist with the Imperial Opera Orchestra, regarding his abilities on the violin and his aptitude as an already precocious composer. Immediately upon receipt of these recommendations Strauss felt secure enough to ask the Municipal Council to inform the police department of his intention to become a "wage-earning *Musikdirektor*." The authorities were reluctant to grant the request of a mere eighteen-year-old youngster and required the father's approval before reaching an affirmative decision. During the revolution of 1848, Johann, Jr., got into trouble because he consented to play (and even repeat) the strictly forbidden *Marseillaise* which "part of the public" clamored to hear during a concert in the *Saal beim Grünen Thor*. Strauss testified: "While I personally disregard the political or national character of my program numbers, I shall be most careful in the future respecting the law. As part of the audience wished to hear *The German Fatherland*, I responded with our own national anthem. Later, as more and more voices insisted to hear the *Marsellaise*, I obliged, fearing a riot. The piece was both applauded and booed. . . ."

Strauss's first application to receive the title of a *Hofball-Musikdirektor* was flatly denied. A confidential report written in 1856 by Field Marshal Lieutenant Kempen to the Police Commissioner makes mention of his "often openly documented revolutionary tendencies," and states that Strauss, Jr., was known to be of an "irresponsible, immoral and overlavish character" before finally assuming a more orderly style of life. Emperor Franz Joseph was handed a lengthy report by his Lord High Steward, which expressed doubts regarding the stability of the applicant's improved behavior. Only on the third petition—in 1863—did officialdom grant the long-delayed fulfilment of Strauss's wish.

Before embarking on his journey to America, Strauss—on May 19, 1872—wrote, "free and uncoerced," a last will and testament, making his wife Henriette sole heiress of his entire estate including "my unedited creative products," and providing funds for establishing a "Johann and Jetty Strauss Foundation Center" for needy and ailing musicians, "should both I and my wife die by accident or sickness."

While the collection of documents contains nothing on this hectic and spectacular trip, it presents a list of contributors to the "Johann Strauss Wreath" that was presented to the Waltz King by his American admirers on October 15, 1894, the fiftieth anniversary of his accession to conductorship. A total of 138 names of great renown appeared in three columns beneath a reproduction of the old Austrian coat of arms, among those of Oscar Hammerstein, Walter Damrosch, Reginald De Koven, Leopold Godowsky, John Philip Sousa, William Steinway, and Theodore Thomas.

In my correspondence with Dr. Jäger, he wrote: "This address certainly was stitched into a preciously ornamented cover which, alas, did not survive that long span of time." Strauss-music did, and so did the Strauss dynasty. Eduard Strauss II (born 1910) will revive the tradition of the Johann Strauss Orchestra when he visits our shores and Canada this autumn with the recently founded Vienna Johann Strauss Orchestra on a thirty-concert tour.

Gilbert and Sullivan: Two Views

THE HISTORY of Gilbert and Sullivan on records is almost as old as that of the flat disc itself. As early as 1908 a complete *Mikado*, a *Pinafore*, and a *Yeoman of the Guard* entered the catalogue, though without the then carefully guarded original orchestrations. In 1918, HMV produced nine of the operas complete and in authentic versions in conjunction with Rupert D'Oyly Carte, and when electrical recording came about in 1925, these versions were again remade. Today the D'Oyly Carte productions are recorded and issued by English Decca (London here) under the supervision of Bridget D'Oyly Carte. This company has been gradually redoing its G&S in stereo, and the most recent addition is the stereo remake of *Princess Ida* (London OSA 1262, $11.58). At the same time, RCA Victor, on its Victrola label, comes forth with a new *Pirates of Penzance* produced by Martyn Green.

These two new sets bring to mind a change in philosophy about G&S performance that took place a few years back when EMI (Angel) embarked in its own series by the Pro Arte Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent with the Glyndebourne Chorus and such well-known English singers as Richard Lewis, Gerairt Evans, Monica Sinclair, Elsie Morrison, Heather Harper, Helen Watts, and Alexander Young. To many, these EMI sets have been a revelation, for through the years D'Oyly Carte had conditioned G&S fans to equate small, "operetta" voices as part and parcel of *echt* G&S style. But to hear an operatic spoof like *Gondoliers* (choose your own parallel—I always think of *Trovatore*) sung by Evans as the Duke of Plaza-

(*Continued on page* 131)

**Sir Malcolm Sargent—
". . . sure, light hand."**

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Henry "Red" Allen: *Feeling Good*. Allen, trumpet and vocal; Sammy Price, piano; Benny Moten, bass; George Reed, drums. Columbia CL 2447, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	This is the record that "Red" Allen's legion of admirers has wanted for many years. Judiciously selected from performances taped live, it presents the man's uninhibited vitality and happy showmanship in a palatable balance with his unquestioned musicianship. Occasionally the treatment is too theatrical, and the rips, smears, flutters, and throaty growls suggest dubious taste, but on a number like "Patrol Wagon Blues," which he first recorded in 1930, his ability to create and sustain a mood is compellingly demonstrated. The quiet sobriety of Price's playing makes a telling contrast; the pianist has good time and this, like nearly all the records he has ever played on, swings steadily.
Count Basie: *Basie Meets Bond*. Basie, piano, with 16-piece band. United Artists 6480, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	None of the James Bond movie themes is particularly memorable, but George Williams and Chico O'Farrill have written arrangements on them which, with the help of excellent recording, well reveal the superb tonal qualities of the band's ensemble and sections. The soloists, in fact, have rather less space than usual, but Lockjaw Davis, Al Aarons, and Al Grey prove very effective when they are given opportunities. The leader himself is heard frequently in pertinent understatements, and the rhythm section, with Sonny Payne back on drums, has its previous assurance. The group can also be heard accompanying Arthur Prysock, a good baritone singer of ballads, on Verve V-8646. The arrangements here are by Frank Foster, Billy Byers, Dick Hyman, and Mort Garson, and the drummer is Rufus Jones, but the same soloists are responsible for the obbligati, Davis and Basie (on organ) distinguishing themselves on "Come Home."
Dukes of Dixieland: *Come On and Hear!* Frank Assunto, trumpet and vocal; Fred Assunto, trombone; Jac Assunto, trombone and banjo; Jerry Fuller, clarinet; Gene Schroeder, piano; Red Brown, bass; Barrett Deems, drums. Decca 4708, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	The Assunto family and friends play a program of old jazz standards and recent hits, vigorously applying to most of them the familiar devices that spell Dixieland in the public mind. The rhythm section, when Papa Jac doesn't elect to play banjo, is quite spry, and pianist Schroeder is a graceful soloist. Frank Assunto plays and sings sympathetically on Louis Armstrong's "Someday," but the most rewarding performance is of "Yvette." Introduced by melodic clarinet and piano choruses, this proceeds logically to the final ensemble chorus dominated by a clear, confident trumpet lead.
Woody Herman: *Woody's Winners*. Herman, clarinet and conductor, with 15-piece big band. Columbia CL 2436, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	Recorded live, the three longest tracks in this set are unpretentious blues essays, in which the band's enthusiasm and power are devoted to jazz expression and rhythm rather than to flag-waving. Sal Nistico's relaxed entry and solo on "Woody's Whistle" expose a side of his musical character too seldom shown, while Dusky Goykovich's many muted choruses on "Opus de Funk" clearly inspire the musicians riffing behind him. Nat Pierce's long solo, which introduces this ten-minute performance, creates a congenial atmosphere for swinging in much the same way as Basie's preliminary choruses do.
Gary McFarland: *Tijuana Jazz*. McFarland, marimba and arranger; Clark Terry, Joe Newman, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Barry Galbraith, Toots Thielemans, guitars; Bob Bushnell, electric bass; Grady Tate, Mel Lewis, Willie Bobo, percussion. Impulse A 9104, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	It was inevitable that the extraordinary success of Herb Alpert's *Tijuana Brass* would be echoed in jazz. McFarland has been conscientious in the matter of local color, even managing to transplant "Limehouse" and "Sweet Georgia Brown" to Mexico, but the responsibility for placating the jazz audience has been left mostly to Clark Terry, who happily shrugs himself free of the context in several cases. Records like this, like *Skitch . . . Tonight* by Skitch Henderson (Columbia CL 2367) and *Classic Bossa Nova* by Marty Gold (Victor LPM 3456), will presumably be esteemed by Terry collectors of the future just as some of Paul Whiteman's were by Beiderbecke collectors.
Eric Kloss: *Introducing Eric Kloss*. Kloss, tenor and alto saxophones; Don Patterson, organ; Pat Martino, guitar; Billy James, drums. Prestige 7442, mono and stereo, $4.79.	Eric Kloss, sixteen and blind, plays with impressive facility for one so young, and he preserves good tone throughout his extraordinarily broad range on both instruments. The first side is all fire and energy, but the second shows more promise, especially in "That's the Way It Is" and "All Blues," the latter combining authenticity of feeling with originality of phrasing. Patterson and Martino support him well and take solos that are compatible in spirit.
Jimmy Smith: *Got My Mojo Workin'*. Smith, organ; Ernie Royal, trumpet; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Romeo Penque, tenor saxophone and flute; Jerome Richardson, baritone saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Ron Carter, Ben Tucker or George Duvivier, bass; Grady Tate, drums. Verve V-8641, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	At the peak of his success some years ago, Ray Charles became "The Genius." Now, similarly, Jimmy Smith is "The Incredible" on all his latest records. Incredible his popularity may appear to those who dislike the organ, but this album offers some cogent reasons for it. Smith's close rapport with Kenny Burrell is especially fruitful on the first side, where he works with a rhythm section only. The tempos are danceable, the beat imperious, the rhythm patterns familiar, and the repeated melodic motifs simple and catchy. The four horns added on the second side are used to provide backgrounds and extra emphasis, not solos. Two other recent albums by Smith, each made in trio with Burrell, are *Organ Grinder Swing* (Verve V-8628) and *Softly as a Summer Breeze* (Blue Note 4200): the former stresses blues and drive, the latter ballads and a more lyrical approach.
Gerald Wilson: *Feelin' Kinda Blues*. Wilson, arranger and conductor, with big band. Pacific Jazz 20099, $4.79; stereo, $5.79.	The number from which the set derives its title is an unusually successful attempt to incorporate the repetitively mesmeric patterns of rock-'n'-roll in a jazz arrangement. The performance has considerable impact, although the soloists fail to impart the tantalizing rhythmic quality that Johnny Hodges so notably does in his interpretation. The other arrangements, with one exception, give pride of place to the powerful brass in a fashion Wilson has made recognizably his own. The exception is Ernie Wilkins's "One on the House," where a Basie-like feeling and the reed section's prominence offer an agreeable contrast. Teddy Edwards, on tenor saxophone, is deservedly the most featured soloist. —Stanley Dance.

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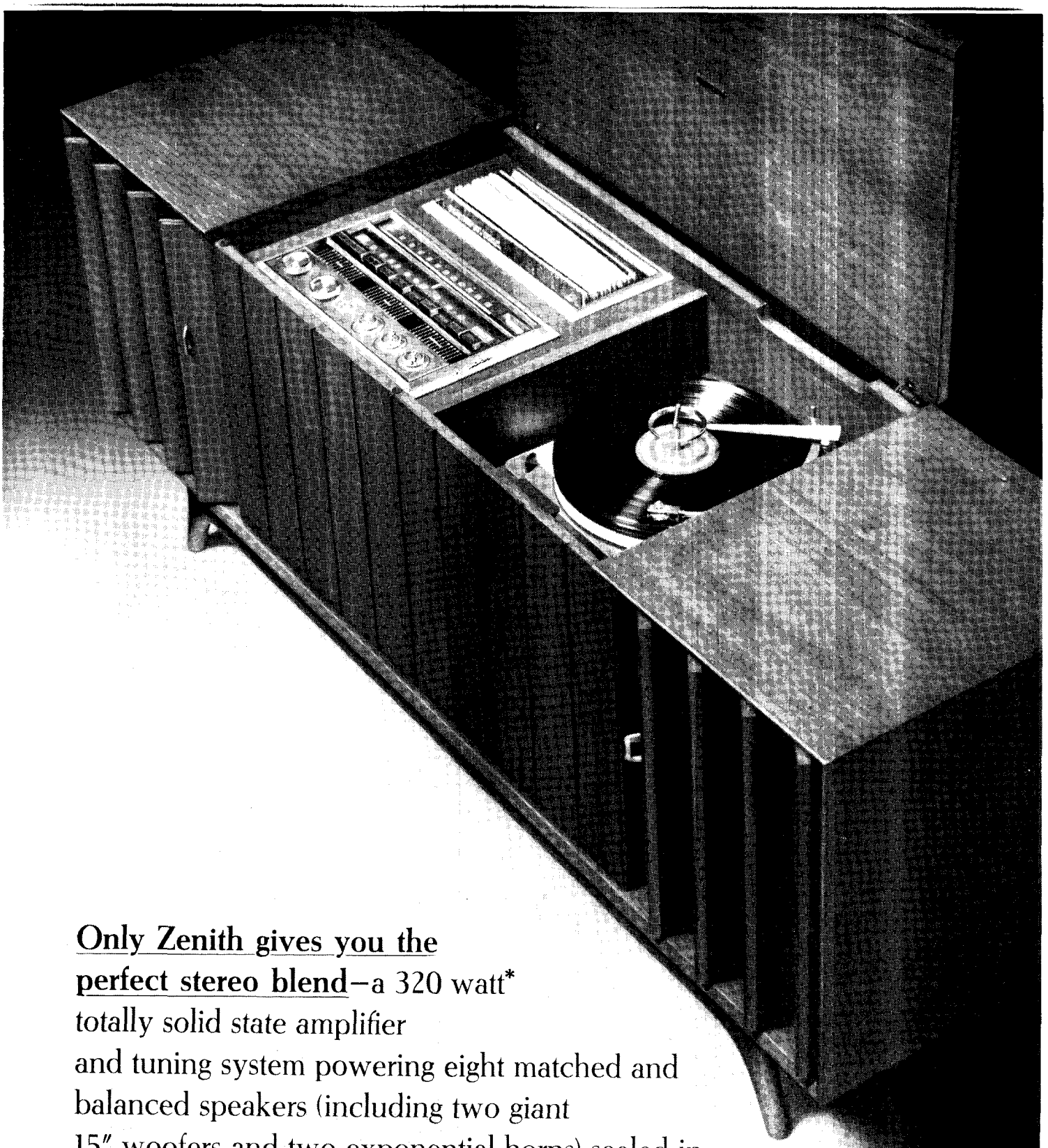

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Mostly About Pianists

THE REPUTATION of Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton as a jazz composer, leader, and pianist should be firmly established, for his work is one of the glories of pre-Armstrong jazz. But it is not, partly because some commentators will not admit that pre-Armstrong jazz had any glories. And partly because Morton—personally a braggart and blowhard, an all-around colorful character—was something of his own worst enemy. And partly because only Morton's best work does him real credit.

For that latter reason particularly, I don't think that a new Vintage reissue *Hot Jazz, Pop Jazz, Hokum & Hilarity: Jelly Roll Morton* (RCA Victor LPV-524) can do his reputation much good. The album begins with very good Morton in "Wild Man Blues." It includes an interesting but only partly successful piano solo, "Freakish," in two different "takes" (both of which, contrary to the commentary in the liner notes, have been previously issued). It offers a fine little arrangement called "Hyena Stomp," damaged because Morton, basically a humorless man who was sometimes determined to be comic, introduced into it a few "animal imitations," as the label puts it. And it has a bristlingly effective piano solo by the leader on a piece called "Tank Town Bump." For the rest we have monotonous efforts by Morton to adapt himself to the then developing "big band" style (or to modify his small band approach along similar lines), or we have good accompaniments to bad vocals, or we have selections on which Morton functioned almost anonymously as a sideman to clarinetist Wilton Crawley. It is rather as if we put together a Shakespeare anthology that started with *Coriolanus* and *A Comedy of Errors*, followed by *Timon of Athens, Pericles, Titus Andronicus, King John*, and *Henry VIII*.

There is a difference of course: Shakespeare's reputation, real and academic, would survive. Morton's, as I say, must suffer.

Perhaps Vintage has scraped the bottom of its Morton barrel, and issues this LP in the interests of completeness or to satisfy the curiosities of antiquarians and jazz scholars? Not so. Still unreissued, for example, are the better version of Morton's masterpiece, "Dead Man Blues," or his two best trio performances, "Wolverine Blues" (recorded in two almost equally interesting and quite different takes) and "Mr. Jelly Lord," or Morton's most successful "big band" score, "New Orleans Bump."

"Jelly Roll" Morton—"his own worst enemy."

Victor-Vintage owes us a careful anthology of Morton 1926-28, plus an enlightened selection of Morton 1929-30. The appearance of a catch-all set like *Hot Jazz, Pop Jazz, Hokum & Hilarity* can only mean that once again that debt will be postponed.

To switch from Jelly Roll Morton to pianist Ramsey Lewis is to leap forward in time, and perhaps public success, but not in artistry. *Hang on Ramsey!* (Cadet 761) is a kind of follow-up to Lewis's recent hit recording "The 'In' Crowd." On the surface, Lewis performs his basically Ahmad Jamal-derived style quite ably and pleasantly, and while listening I frankly found myself wanting to get up and dance more than once. But after the 300th tremolo and 500th blue note had gone by, and after the second minute into a pointless ostinato, I had the feeling that with Ramsey Lewis everything is made pleasant, everything from joy to anguish. It gets pretty monotonous.

Nina Simone is a singer who accompanies herself on piano and who takes an occasional piano solo. She apparently has a large following, large enough so that she records prolifically and so that she has had a successful evening of her own at Carnegie Hall. Yet, as far as I know, her records are seldom played on the air, and if she has ever made an appearance on national television, I am unaware of it.

Nor are these the only puzzles involved in Nina Simone's popularity. I do not think that the appeal of Tony Bennett, for example, is particularly musical, but his popularity does not surprise me and I think I understand it. But I confess I have no idea what Miss Simone's appeal is.

I will, for whatever it's worth, apply a few jazz standards to her newest record, *Let It All Out* (Phillips 200-202; Stereo 600-202), and not unfairly, I think—she has been called a jazz singer and she certainly has done a deal of borrowing from jazz and blues singers and players.

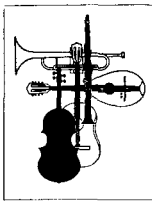
As a pianist, she does not swing, she has few ideas, and she has the precious habit of interpolating her youthful study-pieces into her act. As a singer, she affects up-tempo hipness (on "Mood Indigo," of all inappropriate pieces), she affects close-to-the-microphone lushness, she postures torchy and she postures cute. She wears the mask of Billie Holiday for "Don't Explain" and the mask of blues shouter Big Mama Thornton on her *double-entendre* "Chauffeur." I will say that she undertakes a variety of tempo and of attitude on this LP, and that it is an aspect of her presentation which some more professional singers might learn from.

Pianist Phineas Newborn, Jr., has recently been called "the greatest living jazz pianist." I must say that I think that pronouncement raises comparisons that are quite unfair to Newborn's talent; that is, if greatness in an improvisational idiom has to do with originality, with emotional depth, with melodic organization, and logic.

Newborn does have a prodigious digital technique and fleetness of touch. More technique than *any* jazz pianist? Well, one can mention only a few in the same sentence—Tatum, Solal, Peterson, Peiffer and Hank Jones . . . One should also mention Bud Powell, for he is obviously Newborn's prime stylistic instructor, and, after Powell, Newborn is the only virtuoso pianist with a *rhythmic* grasp of modern jazz.

If the sheer virtuosity of difficult runs that are intelligently selected and cleanly played with a deft touch and perfect time can be its own reward—and it can be, particularly if one expects nothing else—then Phineas Newborn, Jr., can be a rewarding pianist. And "The Sermon," "Blue Daniel," and "Hard to Find" on his new LP *The Newborn Touch* (Contemporary 3615) are highly rewarding.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.



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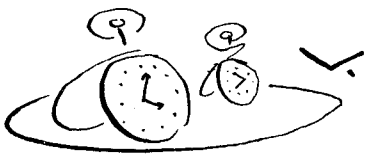
Two Views

Continued from page 127

Toro and Miss Watts as Inez doubles not only the pleasure of the music but the juiciness of the joke.

We have long ago abandoned the unenlightened idea that Sullivan was little more than a platform for Gilbert's wit. Time and exposure have shown that Sullivan in his own way had as great a gift of parody (how perfectly he lampooned Handel, Verdi, and Wagner!) and as great a sense of humor. His melodies deserve to be set forth in as handsome a way as possible, and this EMI accomplished brilliantly by placing its fine singers in the deft hands of Sir Malcolm, who had been at the helm for most of HMV's prewar D'Oyly Carte sets. Of course, for the indispensable patter parts, EMI retained the dry, voiceless quality needed for a Major-General Stanley, a KoKo, or a Learned Judge (for these roles are really declamatory) by enlisting the famed George Baker. His parallel at Decca was Martyn Green, then Peter Pratt, and now John Reed, who is heard in the new *Princess Ida* as he was previously in *Ruddigore* and *Patience*.

However, those who shelved their D'Oyly Carte sets in favor of EMI's had second thoughts in 1960 when London began to redo their versions with dialogue. The first was *Pinafore*, followed by *Patience*, *Iolanthe*, and *Gondoliers*. These were greeted almost with tears by the true believer. For the first time these four could be heard as a whole rather than as a string of musical numbers (I know one rabid fan who feels that *Pinafore* without its colloquy is as unthinkable as *Magic Flute* without dialogue). It cannot be denied that in omitting the spoken parts much prime Gilbert is lost and that music numbers tumble in one on top of the other too quickly. So it is disheartening to find this new *Ida* shorn of dialogue, and with the Counsel in *Trial by Jury*, "with all respect, I do object."



Otherwise London offers a typical, sound, polished D'Oyly Carte performance. Sir Malcolm presides here, replacing the venerable Isadore Godfrey, and outstanding in the cast is the rising young English soprano Elizabeth Harwood (was this thanks to Sir Malcolm?). In addition to Miss Harwood (Ida) and Mr. Reed (King Gama), the cast includes Philip Potter (Hilarion), Kenneth Sandford (King Hildebrand), and Christene Palmer (Blanche).

It is a sure, light hand such as Sargent's that is so missing in the RCA *Pirates*, for the drawback here is Alan Ward's earthbound conducting. The center of attention is the durable Mr. Green, for the other singers are generally run-of-the-mill in spirit and voice. Mr. Green's diction is as clean and crisp as ever, though he fusses a bit too much with the part of General Stanley for my taste. The rhyming joke in "I am the very model of a modern Major-General" usually occurs in the last verse, but Green chooses to employ it in each verse, diluting, to my ears, its effect. With overwhelming competition from both Angel and London, RCA's *Pirates* has only the virtue of giving two records for the price of one. With Mr. Green are Tudor Evans (the Pirate King), Ivor Emmanuel (Frederic), Julia Shelby (Mable) and Janet Howe (Ruth).

—John Ardoin.

Judith Raskin: "A great American beauty with a great American voice."

That's how the New York *World-Telegram and Sun* described Judith Raskin's electric appeal. Her charm is such that a Boston critic unabashedly wrote: "As for Judith Raskin, I cannot review her; I only want to write her love letters."

After her December 5, 1965 Town Hall lieder recital, the reviewers were unanimous in their praise. The New York *Times* described her as "astonishing," "radiant" and "a phenomenon." The New York *Herald Tribune* called the recital "triumphant." And the New York *World-Telegram and Sun* said that she "combines the attractions of a goddess and an angel, looking like (the) one and singing like the other."

Much of the repertory that Miss Raskin chose for this recital is included in her Epic album of Mendelssohn and Mahler songs. It has received superlative acclaim. Discover why.

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Overwrite, Underthink

Continued from page 23

dents to do exercises in a variety of conventional forms. Formal writing tends to become a habit that may not serve the interests of the writer's true development, and then it becomes difficult to shake off. Yet it may be argued that in teaching poetry—an unteachable subject about which nonetheless a lot can be learned—you have to make it an "academy," for it to be a subject at all. And some students gain from doing academic exercises.

Perhaps one should divide students into the group of those who can gain from using conventional forms, and of those who stand to lose. The imagists —within their narrow limits—were the only true modern poetic "schools" in English (in France, Mallarmé and Laforgue may have been another) in the sense of teaching poetry. What they taught was that the poet must create an image in language true to a "real" image, and realized with concreteness and the utmost economy, without regard for music and conventional form. Pound taught poetry by *reduction* of its aims to a minimum that can be taught.

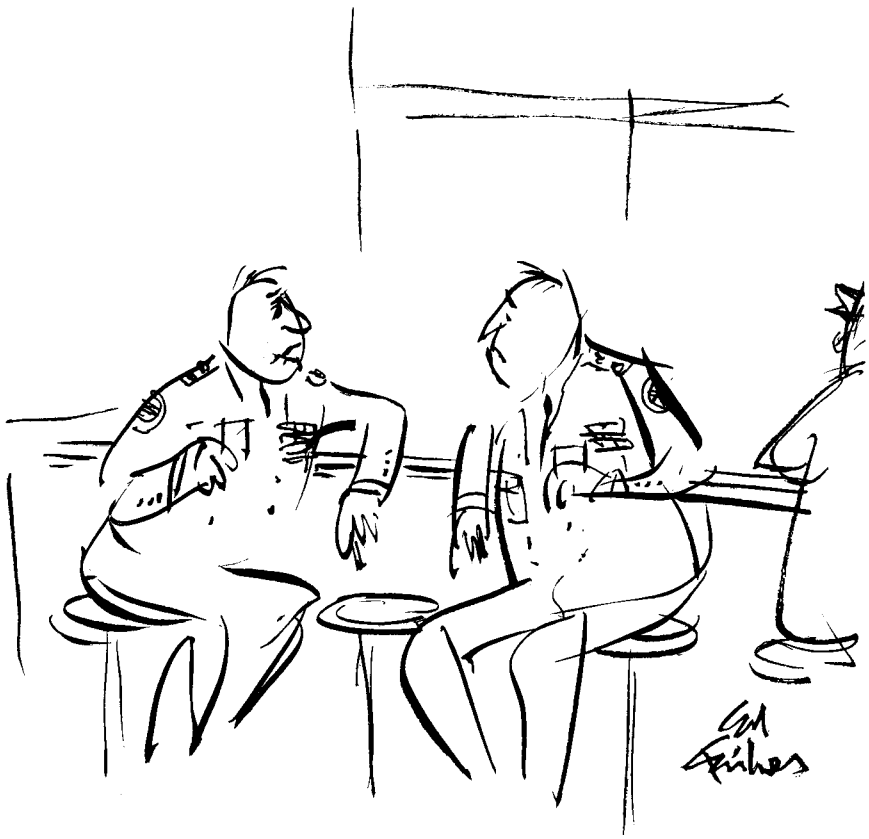
There are, in general, a few learnable things about writing poetry—for example, to be careful about the consistency and concreteness of metaphors, to reduce adjectives to a minimum, to avoid archaisms, to realize that there is a certain literalness in poetry about the action of prepositions ("through" in a poem is like a line drawn through the diameter of a circle). Also the student can be taught to avoid being intoxicated by his emotions about other poets (*e.g.*, about Ginsberg) and to look carefully at those poems which, of their kind, are models (*e.g.*, Robert Graves and some of Auden).

IF we instill a little discipline into some students, perhaps others can be taught something by an attempt to loosen up their imaginations through free-association, surrealist games. I have always thought that it would be a good idea to encourage each student to write for class at least one thoroughly erotic poem. Lastly, the teacher can use himself as a guinea pig for the benefit of the class, describing his own approach to writing poetry and illustrating the development of a poem from his own sketches.

I have heard that Auden made his students at Michigan learn by heart a canto of Dante in the Italian without regard to whether or not they knew the language. This sounds zany, but it might be inspired. Without knowing Italian, the student can get hang enough of the language to see the crystalline qualities of Dante, the greatest of all teachers of other poets. To look at a poem in another language is a way of seeing—projected as it were onto a screen—how the unfamiliar words work. One is too involved with one's language to have the same sense of the pure function of words as poetry in it, as one may get from the Italian, French, German, or Latin. Artistic effects appear more deliberated in a language not one's own. And deliberation is all that can be taught; spontaneity has to come of its own.

The most difficult thing in teaching an art is to make a student recognize his mistakes. This is no doubt partly due to the confusion of standards today, which may result in the student genuinely writing, or going through the act of writing, according to standards quite different from those that the teacher brings to bear on his work. But in America today there is a type of student who seems to write poems as though they were briefs to be defended in a court of law. He justifies what he has not expressed by explaining at length what he intended to express, and why he thinks it is there. This makes teaching extremely difficult because the most important of all things for an artist to know is where he has gone wrong. What the teacher really has to contest is the student's idea that writing is just a lottery: you put down something and maybe someone else will think it is marvelous. Or you wanted to say something and it is only ill will on the part of others that makes them refuse to see that you have said it. Once I received the following letter from a student: "Dear Mr. S.: I was just about to throw these poems away, when it occurred to me that you might like them." So he enclosed two hundred pages of manuscript.

Possibly these experiences of teaching creative writing will seem too advanced for schools. But they may suggest an attitude toward teaching English in school that could be helpful. This is to draw attention to language as an instrument, by comparing the different uses to which language is put in poetry and prose. Students are intrigued by questions such as: "What is poetry?" "What is the difference between poetry and prose?" One may point out to them that the answers to these questions are not absolute. There is no line completely dividing some poetry from some prose, some prose from some poetry. The difference between poetry and prose lies in the kind of use to which language is put, the direction in which it is being made to move. Prose directs language in one way, poetry in another. We get the feel of the difference between prose and poetry from the pull, the tug of language in one or the other direction, rather than from language arriving at a prose or a poetry goal. In the prose use of language



"My wife seems to be less mobile, but she makes up for it with greater firepower."

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the words used tend to disappear into the object, of nature, of events, of ideas, or persons conveyed, so that the reader is left with the object (scenery, a love affair, the categorical imperative, M. Charlus) without the particular verbal formula in which it was conveyed. With poetry there is the opposite tendency. The object tends to disappear into, to become replaced by, the words, which become verbal objects. We do not think of the nightingale in Keats's ode as something having a life independent of the words used by Keats. On the contrary, the function of the "dryad of the trees" is to bring us back perpetually to the words, so that we cannot even begin to think about anything in the poem without thinking of the words. The poet sets experiences and words chasing one another in a vicious circle.

EVERYBODY does not have to like poetry. This is a truism but it is not obvious to some enthusiastic teachers who seem to regard poetry as a crusade. In order to write or read and enjoy poetry you have to take a sensuous pleasure in words for their own sake, and not regard them as mere conveyors of a sense that can be replaced by other words. Rather few people enjoy words for their own sake, and though something can be done to stimulate such enjoyment (perhaps discussion of words themselves, interest encouraged in dictionaries, the use of Roget's *Thesaurus*, etc.), some students will resist poetry. They may even do so because they have a passion for accurate prose, exact language disappearing into the objects described. It would be wrong to be snobbish about this and to risk putting the student off literature forever simply because he does not like poetry.

People who do like poetry find in it such significance that they are tempted to think that poetry nonlovers scarcely live their lives. For the poet, everything significant has poetic significance, and consequently whatever does not have poetic significance seems to him routine material, at best the potential stuff for a future poetry. The essentially cultist attitude is deplorable at all times, but it should especially be kept out of education. What is vitally important in education is that people should communicate, that they should develop to the greatest extent their awareness of themselves and of others, that they should learn to have contact with the life and the values of the past enclosed in masterpieces with the same freedom as they might speak to a wholly articulate and vividly alive friend or neighbor. Language is the lifeline between person and person, contemporaries and the past. Teachers of English therefore have an immense responsibility because they help a young generation make consciousness articulate.

State of the Arts

Continued from page 25

of Education and local school boards, acting companies of the highest quality possible will be created to bring classical theater for secondary-school students to three cities where such theater is not now available. Further, plays of merit and interest, currently unproduced because there would be too much risk for the Broadway producers, will be given productions out of New York in university and community theaters.

To promote the creativity of artists, approval was given to the creation of an American Film Institute. It will be, in part, archival, conservatory, and restorative, three functions the film industry has largely ignored through the years. But the institute will be chiefly devoted to the training of directors and writers for the movies. Again, grants were authorized to composers not only as commissions, but also as money specifically earmarked for copying and related costs —a need that has heretofore resulted in a condition where a good musical copyist has often made more money out of a musical composition than has the composer.

And again, grants were authorized to fifty artists who will get one-semester sabbaticals from their teaching assignments in colleges and universities and hence have some kind of professional achievement. "This is important," Frank Getlein of the Washington *Star* has written, "because so much of private foundation aid to artists concentrates on youth. If you're an unknown painter with a beard and bad manners, you find it very difficult to avoid getting a foundation grant. . . . But if what you have is not promise but achievement, you will often find yourself whistling up the drainpipe for either cash or museum exposure."

One more detail, and it again concerns the survival of the artist. The council authorized $100,000 for use in planning the renovation of old buildings to make them studio-residences for artists of all kinds. The actual financing will come from government-underwritten loans. But once the first renovating jobs are completed, the $100,000 planning outlay is returnable, and the council can use it as a revolving fund for the renovation of additional buildings that can be used as studio-residences.

In setting forth these details, I have tried to steer clear of excessive zeal. The National Council on the Arts can overthrow itself in its infancy if it tries to do too much too fast. It has seemed wise to proceed with caution, to try to lay out a strong foundation for lines of future conduct before errors made in haste are confirmed by habit—including the habit of self-inflicted wounds. I believe the measures so far taken within the four corners of available funds hold out the promise of survival under strain—that they can in their own way prove to be multipliers of America's involvement in the arts, and at the same time promote the quality of that involvement.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

BY ANY OTHER NAME

On your left, the *noms de plume* used by some famous literary people; on your right, their actual names. Whose is which? Robert Hendrickson of Far Rockaway, N.Y., and Lois Corkery of Long Beach, Calif., independently contributed names to this puzzle. Identifications on page 148.

Jules Romains ( )	1. François Marie Arouet
Richard Saunders ( )	2. Marie Henri Beyle
Saki ( )	3. Eric Blair
Geoffrey Crayon ( )	4. Charlotte Brontë
Isaac Bickerstaff ( )	5. Amandine Aurore Dupin
Maxim Gorki ( )	6. Mary Ann Evans
Currer Bell ( )	7. Louis Farigoule
Stendhal ( )	8. Benjamin Franklin
Voltaire ( )	9. Washington Irving
Molière ( )	10. Hector Hugh Munro
Sholom Aleichem ( )	11. Alexei M. Peshkov
George Orwell ( )	12. Jean Baptiste Poquelin
George Sand ( )	13. Solomon J. Rabinowitz
George Eliot ( )	14. Sir Richard Steele

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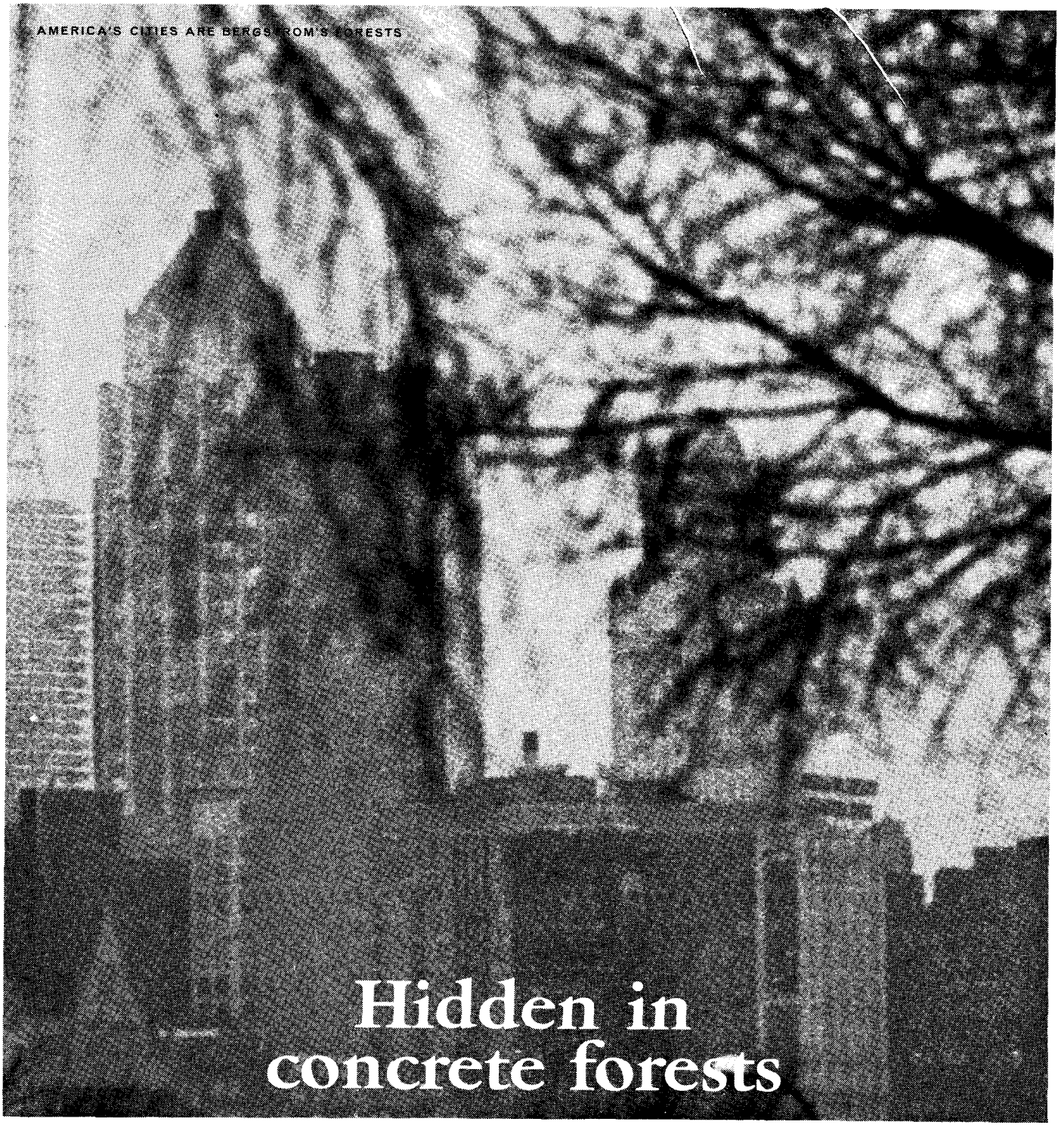

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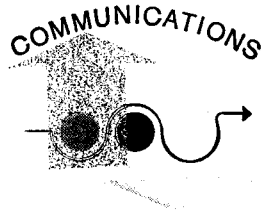

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News Is Where You Find It

OUR GOOD FRIEND and neighbor *Editor & Publisher* ran a lead editorial in a recent issue pooh-poohing a Trendex survey, just announced by the Radio Advertising Bureau, that claims that radio is the leading news medium, not only as a first news source but for continuing coverage. Said *Editor & Publisher*: "Broadcasters are now fighting among themselves as to which is the 'dominant source of news.' On the basis of an Elmo Roper survey, television has claimed that it took the laurels in this area away from newspapers in 1964. Now, radio, by way of the Radio Advertising Bureau and a Trendex study, claims there was something wrong with the Roper study (which is what newspapermen have been saying all along) and that radio is the public's major daytime source of news. RAB concedes the lead to television after 6 P.M. but adds that even then radio outranks newspapers."

The *Editor & Publisher* editorial goes on to berate both the Roper and Trendex findings because they were based on fewer than 1,500 interviews, which, says *E&P*, is two-and-one-half-thousandths of 1 per cent of daily newspaper buyers. Certainly, says the *E&P* editorial, "there is no doubt that radio and television are able to broadcast news bulletins before they are printed in a newspaper. But to claim on the basis of such a limited sample that they are the 'major' or 'dominant' source of all the important worldwide, national, state, and local news occurring every day is to prey on the gullibility of the public, especially advertisers."

We've had a feeling for quite a while now that in the trade press, particularly in communications where truth needs to be recognized with quick candor, the traditionally partisan editorial posture is old-fashioned and outdated. We've noticed that if anyone takes any sort of a crack at advertising, regardless of facts or critical justification, trade publications like *Printers' Ink* quickly editorialize against the accuser in a blanket pattern wholly foreseeable and, therefore, of not much importance. Though radio and television trade papers are less inclined to belittle their competition, probably because they are younger media and less set in the defensive mold of trade clichés, they do discount the printed word to the distress of logic. Practically all trade-paper editorials make a point of seeing the world of communications from one point of view only, often *ad nauseam*. It was not too many years ago that some daily newspapers in this country refused to publish radio program listings on grounds that there was no sense in giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Eventually, of course, their readership insisted on such nominal services and it is a brave publisher indeed who nowadays ignores TV program listings in full.

Fortunately, the recent *E&P* editorial admits that "there is no doubt that radio and television are able to broadcast news bulletins before they are printed in a newspaper," a fact established and wholly apparent to anyone with a vague connection with news handling since World War II. The newspaper is, on the other hand, something without which the average American cannot get along if he is in any way informed. Walter Cronkite recently pointed out that CBS's entire early-evening telecast could be

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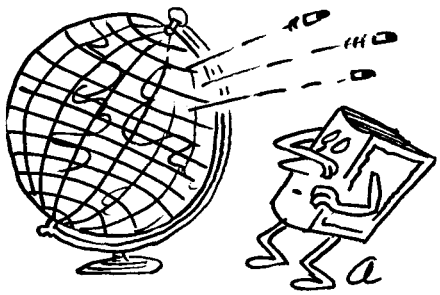
contained in less than a page of newsprint. What remains of the news is where the newspaper is and will ever be invaluable, for news, particularly the local and regional event, is but accumulated minutiae for which radio and television have neither the time nor the audience. Theirs is, for the most part, headline stuff, with and without pictures, but something that comes and goes quickly, unrecorded. The printed page, on the other hand, is here to stay, it is for the record, it can supply hundreds of tiny facts electronic news misses or avoids, and there is simply no substitute for it, which makes sarcastic editorials in the newspaper trade press unnecessarily defensive.

What we are trying to say is that all three media of news communication—newspapers, radio, and television—are here to stay and indeed complement one another, particularly in times of strike and stress. Each has its place in the sum total of democratic communication. Looking at the fascinating longer film documentaries, the news magazines, and high-level nonfiction on the printed page in all of its forms from newspapers through magazines to books, we observe a sort of road map of a com-



modity called information. It is as salable as bread and as necessary to the working of a democratic society.

In recent months, particularly since the dramatic blackout in New York when the transistor came of age, we have been increasingly aware of portable radio as a conveyer of news and we are inclined to agree with Trendex and Miles David, RAB president, that, at least during the daylight hours, radio is now truly the leading news medium—for wide and quick dissemination of headline facts. But we would be as lost without our morning, evening, and Sunday paper as we would be without our on-the-spot TV sports coverage. We like all three news sources, and for different reasons. Having seen our favorite athlete in an event on television, we are more than ever inclined to read about it the next day in the paper, and we are perfectly sure that the all-time high in newspaper readership established last year was a direct result of greatly widened interest in news attributable largely to the electronic media *Editor & Publisher* seems so needlessly afraid of. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Arbitration & Communicators

I FIND Richard L. Tobin's editorial entitled "Compulsory Arbitration in Communications" [*SR*, Feb. 12] very sensible indeed. Making arbitration a prerequisite of any paralyzing strike dealing with the most vital forms of communications and transportation makes good sense. The recognition of differences on the part of the executives and the employees is the greatest means of labor communication ever. This exchange serves not only for the benefit of the employer and his laborers but also for the benefit of the populace since the services performed can continue uninterrupted.

Looking closely, the proposed court, similar to a court of law . . . may add to the feeling of making any contract a necessity. I feel that more can be accomplished in a cordial and mutual atmosphere. It seems only fitting to have a random selection of the employees as witnesses to express themselves accordingly. This idea of compulsory arbitration is for the betterment of business in general.

I have agreed with everything in the editorial except for the mention of compulsory arbitration for only a distinct number. I can't blame you for your interest in this medium but you have to agree that radio is still the most frequently used means of communication in time of disaster. . . . The radio has become very portable and is a most necessary means of communication. A strike in this medium, even though it does provide entertainment, would be tragedy especially in the wake of an emergency. I do find the editorial very well written in respect to the means of arbitration and I hope that such negotiations would be successful in every way.

DAVID STUKENBERG.

Belleville, Ill.

Chapter & Verse from Thoreau

THE QUOTATION which Fanchon Hamilton credits to Thoreau is almost correct but not quite. In the first chapter of *Walden*, Thoreau said: "We are eager to tunnel under the Atlantic and bring the old world some weeks nearer to the new; but perchance the first news that will leak through into the broad, flapping American ear will be that the Princess Adelaide has the whooping cough."

RALPH CHAPMAN.

Brattleboro, Vt.

Flat Fees for Best-Sellers?

JOHN TEBBEL's excellent report on mail-order bookselling in your issue of February 12 omitted one interesting fact which Time-Life Books and American Heritage Books have in common, and wherein they differ from old-line publishers. That is that the authors of these best-selling books do not share in the sales bonanza—they are paid outright, a flat sum, no matter how well their books do. This can hardly be called an innovation; like their selling and production techniques, it is rather a reversion to an older and sadder day before authors managed to establish their right to a stake in a book's profits.

MARIE RODELL,
Literary Agent.

New York, N.Y.

FROM READING John Tebbel's article on mail-order books, I was pleased to learn that a few publishers actually want to sell books so much that they will make it easy for the customer to buy. Here in the hinterlands fifty miles from Manhattan I find it almost impossible to buy anything but best-sellers and the current paperback pre-pack selections. I can only hope that many more publishers will initiate mail-order sales.

The problems of obtaining books are not the fault of the local bookstore owner. Either the publishers ignore his orders entirely or the paperback jobber is not interested in supplying single copies from houses like Avon, Ballantine, Dell and Signet. Books from these houses, ordered after being mentioned in *SR* paperback articles, require six to eight weeks for delivery, if they ever arrive at all. Cash orders for technical books placed with Benjamin and Macmillan are ignored completely, as are the follow-up letters. One Benjamin order was finally filled when the bookseller drove to Manhattan and personally collected the book at the Park Avenue office, after ordering it by phone earlier in the day. The original order is still lost somewhere in a paper-shuffling limbo.

On the average my husband and I try to order about twenty books a month, mostly paperbacks and technical books, and we are just one family in an area where extensive built-in bookcases are a real-estate selling point. Our hardcover purchases are already made by mail through book clubs. It would be wonderful if we had available something like the defunct Harper & Row *Paperback Sampler* which we could use as a mail order catalogue. I am sure authors and the top managements of publishing houses want to sell books, but somewhere between the sources and the would-be buyers is a giant bottleneck that keeps them locked in stockrooms. Perhaps mail order on a large scale is a solution.

JUDITH M. BRADOW.

Beacon, N.Y.

The More Exciting Weeklies

ALFRED BALK's article "Where Are Tomorrow's Journalists?" [*SR*, Jan. 8] is most illuminating. This journalist agrees emphatically with the author's perfectly couched statement that "never before has the im-

(*Continued on page* 151)

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Sarnoff at Seventy-five

—*Karsh of Ottawa.*

David Sarnoff—"one of the great success stories."

By JOHN TEBBEL

THERE IS no one quite like David Sarnoff in American corporate life today. Seventy-five years old on February 27, at an age when most hard-driving executives are dead, nursing heart conditions, living in warm climates, or at best serving as honorary chairmen of the board, Sarnoff is still at the helm and in firm control of the largest communications organization in the world, the Radio Corporation of America, which does nearly $2 billion worth of business annually and employs 100,000 people. The RCA complex is based solidly in radio and television, but it also includes phonograph records, sound film, various kinds of automation equipment, and electronic devices for rockets, missiles, and satellites. At the moment it is adding book publishing, particularly educational materials.

This incredibly complicated worldwide and spacewide network of men and machines is, more than any other comparable enterprise in America, the work of a single man—the man who sits in a vaguely eighteenth-century paneled office on the 53rd floor of the RCA Building in Rockefeller Center. His son, Robert W., became president on January 1 this year, and Dr. Elmer Engstrom, who had occupied that chair, moved over to be chief executive officer and chairman of the executive committee. In this shuffle Sarnoff himself relinquished the chief executive title, remaining as chairman of the board under a new five-year contract. But regardless of what title is on the door of his office, no one is under any illusion about who rules the RCA kingdom.

Last month, General Sarnoff, as he likes to be and is customarily called, was celebrating not only his birthday but the publication of the first full-length biography of him, titled simply *David Sarnoff*, by the veteran journalist, Eugene Lyons, who happens also to be his first cousin. (See Paul Hoffman's review in last week's issue). Whatever the public may think of it—and there were 20,000 copies of the book in print as of mid-February—the result has not wholly satisfied either subject or author. It is, so to speak, a biography by consensus.

Lyons, a senior editor of *Reader's Digest*, biographer of Herbert Hoover, editor of the *American Mercury* in its better days, and once the United Press's man in Moscow, found himself confronting one of the most difficult assignments in a lengthy career when he undertook the biography of his cousin David. There was, to begin with, the scarcity of printed and documentary source material. As this writer can testify, having written a short biography of Sarnoff for young readers two years ago, the long gray rows of filing cabinets in the RCA executive suites contain precious little that is biographical. When it is all gathered, it barely fills two large manila folders. Contrary to what some of his detractors may imply, Sarnoff has always avoided personal publicity, as those relatively empty files attest. There are, of course, hundreds of speeches, thousands of letters, and innumerable memos. Most of these, neatly bound and classified, are in Sarnoff's own library in his six-story, thirty-room town house on East Seventy-first Street.

That collection, and RCA's own voluminous documents, await the attention of some future business biographer. Lyons's professional instincts, however, told him that in Sarnoff's life he had one of the greatest personal success stories in the history of American industry. Some of its elements were nineteenth-century traditional—the story of the little immigrant boy from a tiny Russian village who comes to the promised land and rises to wealth and fame.

The general is irked by those who use the Horatio Alger cliché to describe his rise, and with good reason. Despite popular belief, Alger's heroes did not climb the ladder by reason of hard work and virtue, but were translated from pious poverty to the beginnings of affluence by fortuitous circumstances, like saving bankers' daughters from runaway horses. Sarnoff readily admits that a few such circumstances, some of them spectacular, shaped his own career, but these are far overshadowed by other ingredients, and he insists that his greatest piece of luck was the day he arrived in America.

To Alger's heroes, moreover, success meant riches and position. Sarnoff has never cared much about either, although he is naturally gratified by what he has achieved. Like his late friend Bernard Baruch, Sarnoff did not even begin to amass the wealth that could have been his if money had been his goal. Neither man's fortune would place him in the list of the major American accumulators.

What *were* the Sarnoff goals, then? As Lyons points out, they were both tech-

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nological and sociological. Sarnoff's special genius has been his ability to understand the scientific development of communications, to forecast its progress better than anyone else, and to foresee the means by which technology could be shaped into consumer goods. He has always been at once fascinated by theoretical science itself, and absorbed with devising the methods to convert its laboratory results into a constant pushing back of social frontiers.

In the process of carrying out these aims, Sarnoff's life has been an absorbing struggle to make his intuitive visions into viable realities, and then to defend the results in a bitterly competitive business world against enemies both inside and outside his own business, against tough competitors, at times against the government itself. It was this struggle that Lyons, the professional writer, saw in his subject, and hoped to relate as a fascinating personal story. His long family relationship with Sarnoff placed him in an enviable position to tell it.

But he ran head-on into Sarnoff's own idea of what the book should be. To Sarnoff, his life was in reality the history of electronic communications in America, beginning with the wireless and continuing through short-wave radio, the home radio receiver, network radio broadcasting, and television, in all of which he pioneered. It was the story of this dramatic transformation of the American scene, with all its implications of the past and its promise for the future, that Sarnoff wanted to relate.

Both men plainly were right. It would be impossible to tell one story without the other. But the major question of emphasis, in a book which, as far as Sarnoff was concerned, was to be the definitive biography, led to constant differences of opinion. The book, as they say in the trade, was hammered out, first in New York and finally during two weeks in Florida, during which the hammering was fairly continuous on both sides. Strong wills run in the family. In the end there emerged a volume which is not quite the one either subject or author had in mind.

Sarnoff has been engaged for some time in getting RCA into the book business (it recently acquired the Random House enclave), but when his biography was published he found himself subjected to a new experience (for him) in that business—the publisher's promotional interview at publication time. Sarnoff consented to be interviewed by a fairly representative gathering of writers about books from magazines and newspapers. He wanted to talk about his favorite subject, the future of communications, but his questioners had read about that. They wanted to talk about television, and a few appeared to hope that they could pin responsibility for the medium's sins on him. Affable at the beginning, Sarnoff shut off this line of questioning with the chilling acerbity he reserves for the business world.

There were worried questions about the future of the book itself as a communications medium, in an advancing era of microfilm and instantaneous sight and sound communication, with the prospect before us of huge information storage and retrieval centers that could be tapped by a man in his own home, equipped with a list of code numbers, a dial, a television receiver, and a copying device that would enable him to take off in printed form anything he saw on the screen. The implications for the publishing industry are, obviously, staggering.

But at his press conference, and in a later conversation, Sarnoff exhibited an optimism about the book trade befitting a man who had just bought into it. Far from disappearing, books would become part of a single integrated communications system reaching a global audience, he said. Microwave channels, satellites, and high-capacity cables have eliminated distinctions among means of communication, he believes. Technologically, they have all become identical pieces of energy that can be transmitted over any distance and converted at the receiving end into visual, aural, or printed forms. The man of the foreseeable future, sitting at his electronic console in whatever privacy remains to him by that time, will be able to choose from the riches of the world whatever form he desires.

RCA, which got into the computer business a bit late, is currently making some giant strides in research and development likely to affect all the print media profoundly. Now on the drawing boards is a giant electronic photocomposition and makeup system that forecasts a startling advance in typographic computerization. It is a digital scan generation system (in computer language), capable of handling text composition at 5,000 characters per second. That, however, is almost the least of its capabilities. It will also produce half-tones, from 65- to 200-line screens, and screened color separations. Instructions may be fed into it from 50 to 100 associated keyboards. Moreover, it embodies an electronic proof printer that appears to mean the end of the proof press. It will also display text and page makeup by means of a cathode ray tube. In its final output, the machine will turn out a standard, complete newspaper page every minute.

The revolution this contraption suggests is not likely to occur overnight. Its cost will be prohibitive initially for all but a few publications; the first systems, to be tested next year, may cost as much as $1,500,000. Nevertheless, one expert predicts that by the end of 1967 two American newspapers will be fully computerized through this new system.

To David Sarnoff, sitting serenely in his Radio City office, such marvels are already history. His mind is on the future, as it has been since the day he got into electronics by way of the telegraph. His detractors continue to minimize or to scoff at his prescience, but he is supremely confident about who has been right, and the record bears him out. His admirers, who are numerous, regard him as something of a national monument.

There *is* something monumental about him at that, although it does not emerge at once. When he leans back in his leather desk chair, relaxing, he looks like everybody's uncle, a well-groomed businessman who appears ten years younger than he is, a stocky five-feet-eight-inches, fighting to keep his weight at the 185 which his doctor and his devoted wife, Lizette, insist he maintain. Sarnoff has been able to curb his food intake, and lately he has been doing a great deal more of what he has never had time to do before—exercising. But he cherishes one small excess, his ever-present cigar. (For the information of connoisseurs, he smokes Monte Cruz, perhaps the last cigars available in this country that bear any resemblance to the late, great pre-Castro Havanas.)

Leaning back and drawing thoughtfully on his cigar, Sarnoff lets his real qualities emerge as the talk goes beyond pleasantries and he begins to discuss matters he regards as important. Then the powerful, driving elements in his personality that have carried him through seventy-five rugged years coalesce and the steely, brilliant interior of the man is displayed. If Sarnoff were given to looking backward, he could without modesty sum up his career as a major contribution to American life in a half-dozen different aspects. But amazingly, at seventy-five, he insists on thinking and talking like a man in mid-stride, whose work is still ahead. It would not surprise his friends and well-wishers if he turned out to be the first active centenarian chairman of the board in business history. Cousin Gene may yet have to bring out a revised edition of the biography, merely to bring it up to date. By that time, perhaps, Sarnoff will let him do it his way.

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When the Tail Wags the Dog

By JACK KINKEL

WITH THE REGULARITY of the sunrise, the three major networks present the news, Monday through Friday, all facing common dilemmas, all burdened with similar limitations, all aware of their unmatched opportunity to inform.

Their opportunity is clear, and they seize it. No printed media can capture the Irish anger of the late President Kennedy when Big Steel raised its prices; or the contorted hate on the faces of the New Orleans "cheerleaders" as they spat on Negro youngsters going to school; or the grime and sweat of a platoon in the Vietnam jungle; or the ugliness of the Berlin Wall.

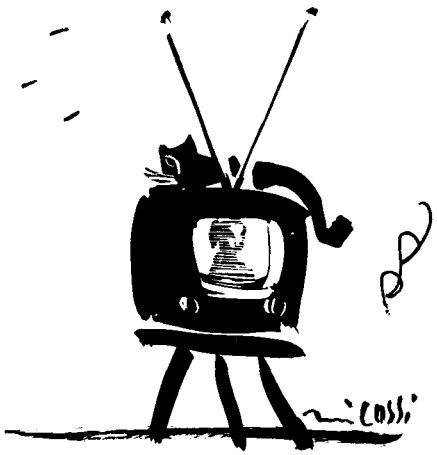
Their limitations are as clear. Some news cannot be told in pictures. A Supreme Court decision on reapportionment requires interpretation and probably cannot be explained briefly, no matter how skillful the writer. Someone, then, must face the camera and tell the story without the filigree of production props. If his analysis is too long, viewer interest may flag. If his version of the story is an oversimplified capsule, he has shortchanged a subject of significance.

That is the common dilemma: whether to play the news for its importance, or for its visual value. It is not the dilemma faced by a newspaper, which has a set policy on whether it wants to be a publication of sober record, a screaming tabloid, or a diluted combination of both. In the case of the television newscast the most important story of the day may also be the best picture story —or it may not. It depends on the day. If two airliners collide over New York the television newscast has it made. Camera crews rush to the wreckage and the graphic artist circles on his map the point of collision. Those days don't come often.

Suppose instead that one day, shortly before air time, Britain devalues the pound; or on another day the Pope decrees that, after all, he finds artificial birth control acceptable. Here are stories to delight any thoughtful editor. But while the wire services and the *New York Times* begin to pour out their thousands of words of copy, the reflex of the television newsman may border on panic. Does he throw out his films of a stockyard fire and of G.I.s teaching Vietnamese children to play baseball? Or does he perform the duty that any serious newspaper would perform, explaining and interpreting the pound devaluation, the papal pronouncement? Through conditioning he is obsessed by picture values. Yet he knows there is no time to obtain a film interview even with the handiest financial expert or with a local theologian grabbed at random. Therefore, of necessity, he must cover the newsbreak without any visual production crutches. He can react in two ways: forget the production pace of the newscast and play the news for what it is worth; or have his newscaster tell the bare bones of the devaluation or the birth control decision and salvage his films of the stockyard fire and baseball in Vietnam.

EITHER choice will have built-in hazards. A prize share of the viewing audience will care nothing about a devaluation of the pound sterling and will fret as the on-camera report of the newscaster unfolds. Another segment of the audience will feel its intelligence insulted if the news on birth control or devaluation is minimized, pictures or not pictures.

So whatever he does, the TV newsman cannot really win. He is tempted to let the nonvisual news slide. In a sense this may be legitimate. It surely is understandable. Big money rides on the network newscasts. Ratings are ever in mind, although pressure or intervention from sponsors on news content is almost nonexistent. The question persists: how long can a newscaster, team of newscasters, or commentator hold the average viewer's attention? An Eric Sevareid may be the very model of taste, style, and clarity, but might not the viewer prefer to watch the fire raging in the stockyards? And there are too few Sevareids capable of lengthening the attention span.



If a newspaper reader has no interest in a story, he skips it. If he has exceptional interest he slows his reading pace, perhaps scans the report again. That lack of time flexibility perplexes the TV newsman. He is anchored to eleven minutes of actual news, or twenty-three minutes, or whatever. He is speaking the truth when he says a newscast, even a CBS or NBC half-hour program, cannot cover all the news.

Nevertheless, the TV newsman too often doesn't try to cover enough of the hard, vital news. A tendency on the three networks has been to rely on a comparatively few stories. Take Vietnam. On a given day the report may be accompanied by first-rate combat film. But on many days the report will include tired film of truck convoys or helicopter flights or pointless interviews with G.I.s. Take a hypothetical domestic story. A Southern sheriff may be locked in a running battle against the Klan. Chances are the film of the anti-Klan campaign will be effective and illuminating. It may well be a network exclusive. But because of the minutes spent on this feature report, however worthwhile in itself, hard news will be omitted or barely touched. The newscast may evolve into a grab-bag of pocket-size documentaries.

Such tendencies would have more legitimacy were the public a different breed. In theory, a happy balance could be struck if the public used its newspaper as the basis of daily information and its television set as a valuable supplement.

Then, without qualm, the networks could concentrate on the kind of reports at which they excel: film and video tape of disasters and civil rights marches, of dramatic speeches and debates, of Vietnam hamlets and Appalachia ghost towns. Unfortunately, television news is not a supplement. For millions who don't have the time or who won't take the trouble to read, television is the primary source of what is happening in the world. Moreover, the theory of the happy balance is weakened further by the fact that many communities have inferior newspapers, and network TV becomes the

(*Continued on page* 150)

Jack Kinkel, who lectures in the School of Communications at the University of Washington in Seattle, is a former writer-producer of network news and special events for ABC.

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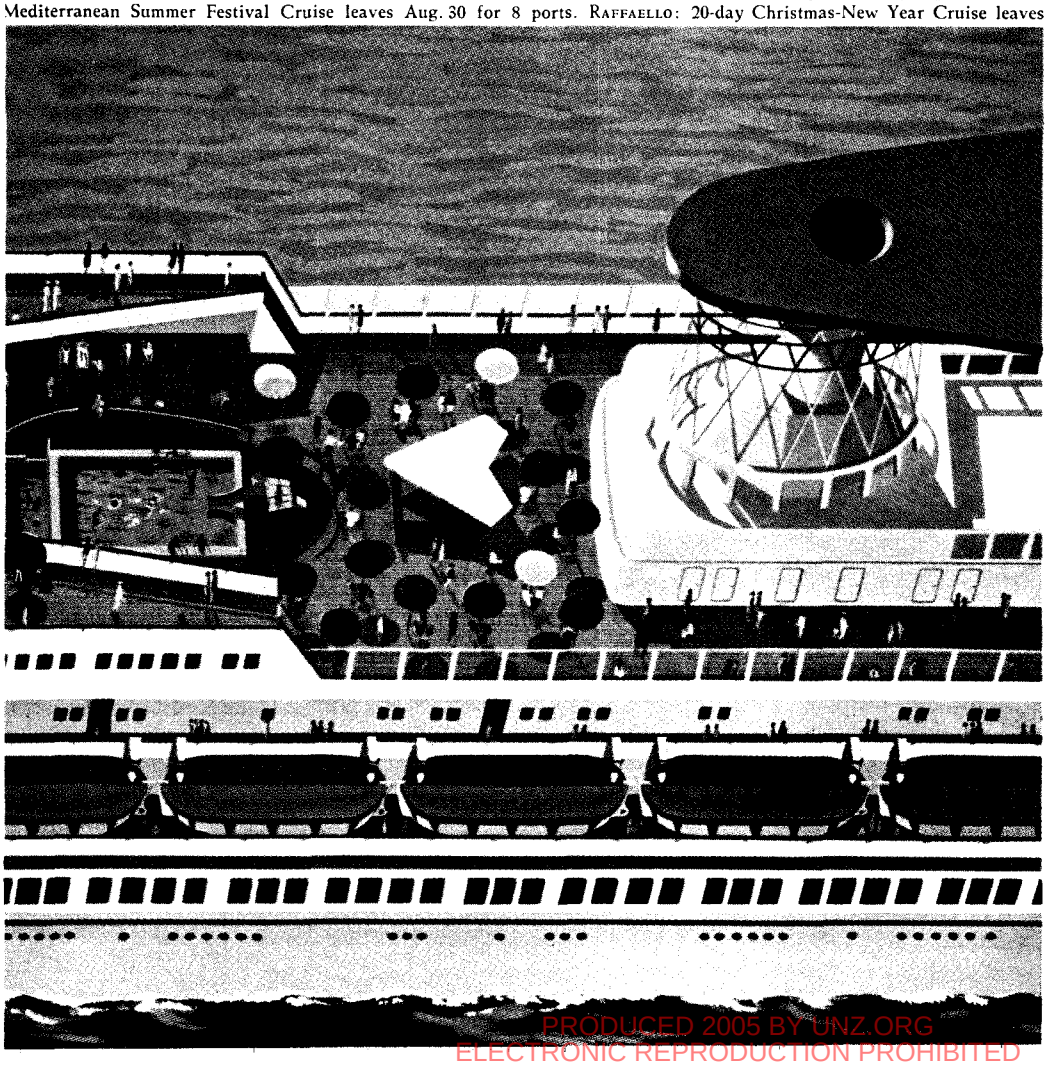

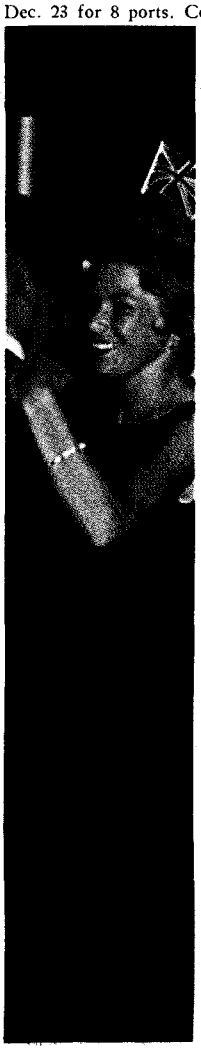

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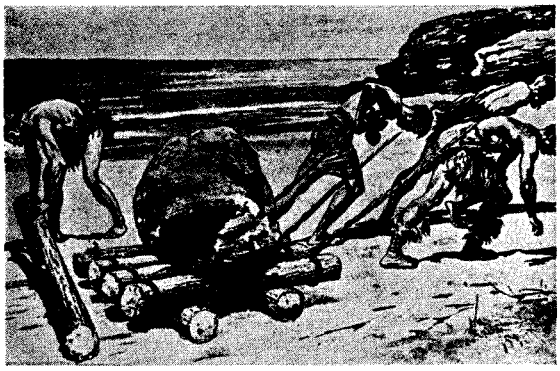
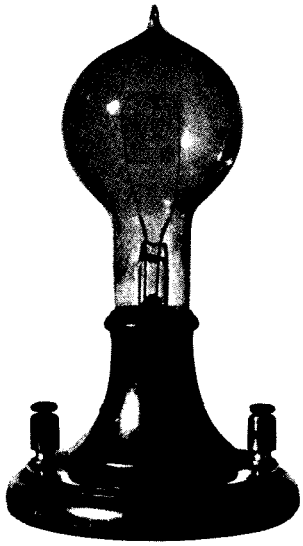
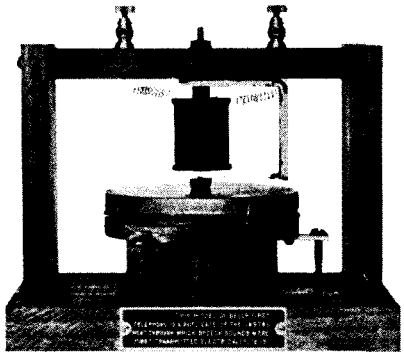
They laughed.



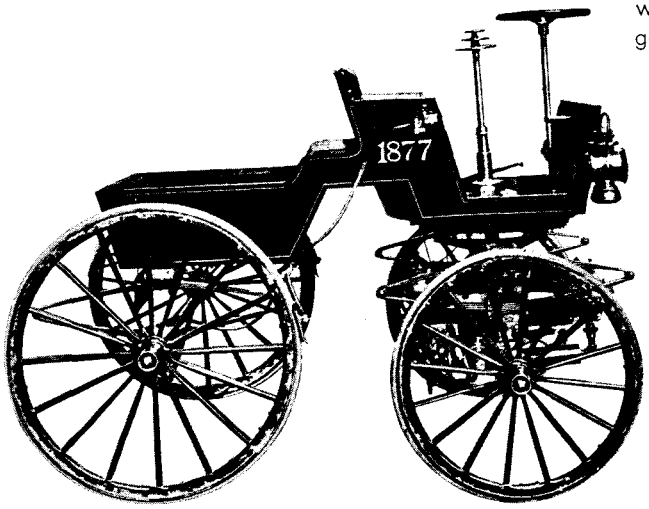
3000 B.C. Somebody invented the wheel. It was round and funny. And since the road wasn't invented yet, everybody laughed.



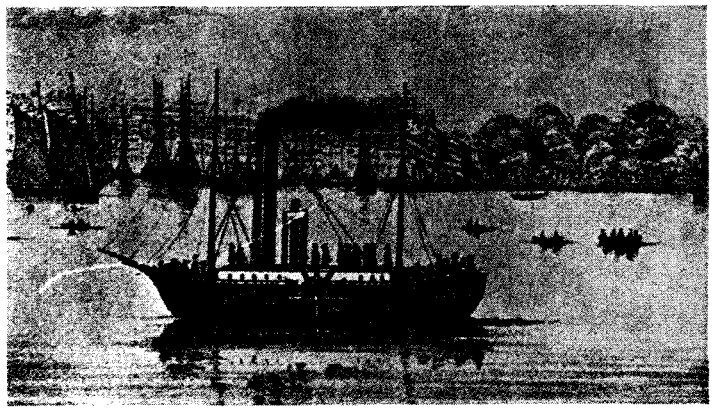
1879. The electric light bulb. It was so dim, people had to use a gas lamp to see it. They laughed.



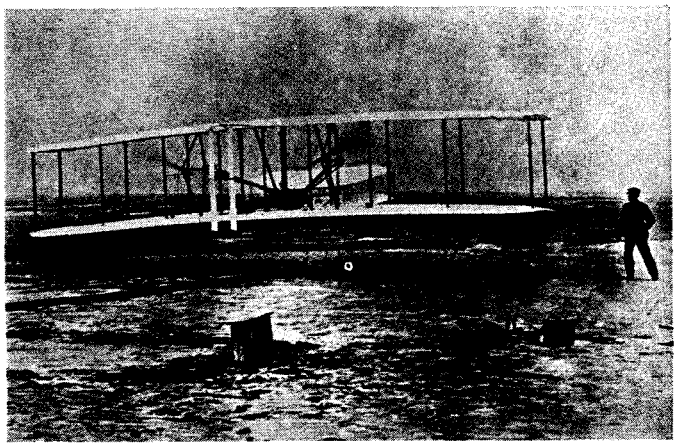
1875. The telephone. Who'd want to stand and talk to a box full of wires? They laughed.



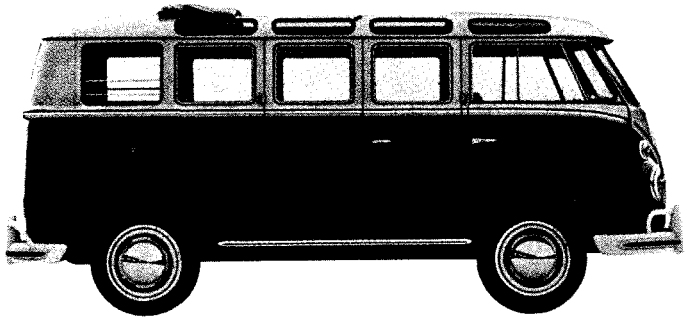
1877. The automobile sputtered down the road. The horse and buggy passed it like it was standing still. And it usually was.



1807. The first steamboat in America made it from New York to Albany in 32 hours. A small boy could've beat it in a rowboat. They laughed.



1903. The airplane. Off it soared into the wild blue yonder; down it came 59 seconds later. They laughed.



1950. The Volkswagen Station Wagon. It was square and homely. But it held almost twice as much as un-funny wagons, took 4 feet less space to park, never froze up or boiled over, and cost about half as much to run.

The VW Wagon is still a pretty funny sight. And people are still laughing. But the laughter is dying down.

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Journalism's Guerrillas

By ALFRED BALK

DISPERSED sparsely throughout the world, its communications and supply lines connected only loosely to organs of wealth and power, a tiny, fragmented, but formidable battalion of editorial guerrillas functions quietly alongside the better-heeled armies of organized journalism. These guerrillas, of whose ranks I have been a part for nearly a decade, are known as free-lance writers.

The premise by which we exist is simple. That is, that regardless of the skill, perspicacity, and resources of large publishing enterprises, society is so vast, varied, and complex that the people, problems, and accomplishments about which individuals must know never can be wholly discovered and covered by journalistic organizations. Further, that in many instances the free-lance, by the nature of journalism and communications, may be best able to fulfil this function.

The number of American fulltime free-lances is relatively small. The current directory of the Society of Magazine Writers, professional organization to which most fulltime free-lance contributors to prominent magazines belong, lists only 216 members. Of these, nearly one-fifth earn a significant share of their livelihood from pursuits other than free-lancing (mainly teaching, public relations, and newspaper writing or editing).

Several dozen others who are not SMW members also free-lance similar nonfiction articles and books fulltime. In addition, at least two to three hundred other Americans are thought to devote their full time to free-lancing for trade and technical magazines and institutional publications. But nobody knows for certain. A distinguishing—and, to some, refreshing—characteristic of the field is its lack of structure and statistical profiles.

What do free-lances have to offer enterprises which, for the most part, command enough money and prestige to employ regularly almost any writer-reporter they choose?

Even free-lances who have survived early travails and become reasonably well established ponder this question with wonder and trepidation. For by all logical analysis of major media staff and resources it seems impossible to earn a livelihood as a free-lance.

Free-lances, however, don't – and, constitutionally, can't—reason this way. Instead we look at ourselves and society, and conclude that, if our article or book ideas, depth of insight, ability to communicate with editors, and dexterity in transferring thoughts and research to manuscript are of sufficient quality, editors and publishers will – must – find space (and pay well) for our work.

This concept, in fact, is so widely accepted throughout the industry that most national magazines (including *Harper's, Atlantic, Saturday Review, McCall's,* and many others) maintain surprisingly small headquarters staffs of writer-reporter-essayists, and purchase most articles from outsiders. Others, such as *Life, Look, Reader's Digest,* and (for the past three years) the *Saturday Evening Post* employ staff writer-reporters or outside writers under contract to produce the majority of their content, but still purchase professional free-lance contributions regularly.

LEST the uninitiated be startled by inclusion of *Reader's Digest* in this category, it should be noted that for some years half to two-thirds of a typical issue has been material written to *Digest* specifications, paid for first-hand, and either printed directly or offered to interested magazines for first printing, then reprinted in the *Digest's* usual expertly condensed form. Some books also are subsidized. Cornelius Ryan, for instance, in the Acknowledgments section of *The Longest Day,* unhesitatingly stated: "At the onset I wish to thank DeWitt Wallace, editor and publisher of *The Reader's Digest,* for under-writing nearly all of the costs and thus making this book possible. . . . In locating veterans, gathering research and in the final interviewing I was ably assisted by *Reader's Digest* researchers, bureau representatives and editors in the U.S., Canada, Great Britain, France and Germany."

Free-lance writers are clearly indispensable to magazines financially unable to maintain bureaus or large traveling staffs, yet requiring material from various regions and information sources. But regardless of a publication's wealth or depth of staff, none has a corner on all conceivable ideas and useful expertise.

Free-lances are also in great demand for writing nonfiction books, not only because of their ever-renewing wells of ideas and know-how for implementing them, but also because they control their own time—and time is one of the single most intimidating elements of book authorship. Six months to a year are usually required. Few staff journalists can be freed of regular responsibilities for that long.

Then, too, for miscellaneous reasons a number of talented writer-reporters who once consented to hold staff positions now are available only as free-lances. Among them are such best-selling authors as Theodore H. White, Vance Packard, Ken Purdy, Alex Haley, Bernard Asbell, and Robert Bendiner. Editors who want their work thus must employ them for single assignments or, under contract, for a specified series of assignments over a given period.

How does a free-lance become established and successfully pursue his career?

Here the guerrilla element weighs heavily, for free-lance writing, like any other career, has its intricacies, and seldom can a lone free-lance expect to "infiltrate" prominent media consistently without adequate training and at least minimal apprenticeship. Usually, this consists of a sound liberal arts (or, in special fields, specialized education), then some reporting or editing for reasonably discriminating newspapers or magazines. Almost all who succeed also have previously written or sold free-lance articles part-time.

In my case, after completing graduate study in journalism, I reported for a Chicago newspaper, worked on the news staff of a TV station, and served as a writer-public relations representative for a large international advertising agency. I sold my first free-lance articles while in the Army, and began free-lancing fulltime only when I was able to attract more assignments than I could complete in my spare time, and was certain of my ability to get still more assignments.

Free-lancing of fiction, of course, works somewhat differently, for except for a select few fiction writers whose names are deemed to carry extraordinary "sales" potential, the demands of

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the art are so great and the variables so interrelated that one must produce a finished manuscript before having more than an inkling as to whether it will sell. Consequently, all but the most adventurous or fortunate fiction writers teach or have other dependable sources of income.

Nonfiction, however, can be sold on the basis of an article or book outline plus the assumption that, if one is a competent journalist, he can carry out the reporting necessary to complete a publishable piece. In essence, then, the only pure speculation is the time required to screen and investigate article or book ideas and present them to editors.

The attrition rate for ideas is enormous—only one of every ten or twenty presented by professionals to an editor of a major magazine may lead to an assignment. At the idea stage, moreover, the editor can indicate approximately how long the finished manuscript should be, roughly the fee it will command if accepted, and his relative degree of interest. If, because of the subject matter or proposed treatment, he estimates its chance of acceptance as marginal, even if superbly done, the prudent professional usually tables the idea, unless he considers it so important or so relatively easy to carry to completion that the gamble is worthwhile.

Two weeks to a month or more may be required for research and writing of a major magazine article, and still longer for special assignments and even short books. Thus professionals almost never produce a manuscript without first having queried an editor and receiving a "go-ahead" on speculation or firm assignment.

Most large magazines guarantee expenses and a "kill" or "disaster" fee to established free-lances, but this rarely is large enough to compensate a professional for his time. Consequently, except when there are overriding reasons for a calculated risk, one's survival instinct soon leads him to avoid needless pitfalls. These include proceeding on speculation, accepting assignments from junior editors who lack decision-making power or may not be attuned to the thinking of their top editors—or even seeking assignments from large magazines at which it has proved difficult or impossible, by querying or calling in person, to establish a secure personal contact or "pipeline" to the center. Just as water finds its own level, so ultimately do certain writers and editors establish a mutually reassuring rapport.

All this requires development of accurate working knowledge of magazines and their special interests, an ability as sure as an editor's to screen and shape ideas, at least intermittent self-discipline and efficiency comparable to that of a successful self-employed salesman, craftsman, or corporate junior executive, plus several less obvious traits. Among these are passably good health (including mental health), the prudence to provide one's own insurance and other "fringe benefits" normally bestowed by organizations, and willingness to belt-tighten and ride out occasional shortages of cash because of 1) successive rejections of manuscripts which painstakingly must be recast and sold elsewhere; 2) an epidemic of major revisions of completed manuscripts, for which one is not paid until their ultimate acceptance; and 3) a medieval slowness of the manuscript processing and accounting machinery of some publishers in cranking out money owed for accepted work.

"Sometimes magazines owe me so much money I feel like a junior General Motors Acceptance Corporation," one writer complained recently, with considerable justification. (Though a professional may expect to receive $1,500 to $3,000 for most articles, the vagaries of the business are such that it is not uncommon to be owed $3,000 to $6,000 or more in article payments or book royalties, necessitating serene patience and resourceful asset management.)

In contrast to popular myth, though, free-lancing can provide a comfortable—even handsome—income. A recent Society of Magazine Writers survey, for instance, showed that the typical SMW member who free-lances fulltime earns $15,000 a year, and one-fourth earn $20,000 or more. Members who write especially promotable articles or best-selling books—John Bartlow Martin, Vance Packard, Maurice Zolotow, Betty Friedan, and others—have earned much more.

But in the manner of life itself, most positives in free-lancing also contain negatives. During research and interviewing, sometimes on lengthy trips, for example, free-lances enjoy incomparable intellectual and social stimulation. Yet as Jean Libman Block, present President of the Society of Magazine Writers, remarked to members not long ago, the normal routine of free-lancing entails a not insignificant social sacrifice.

"We have deliberately excluded ourselves from the regimentation and the sometime indignities of office life," she conceded. "At the same time we have deprived ourselves of the day to day companionship, the simple human association, the occasional sparking of ideas between sympathetic individuals that are part of the office world."

To the less introverted among us this, as much as anything else, is reason for pause before considering free-lancing fulltime, or for contemplating returning to an organization career after a time. Still, the attractions of free-lancing are many.

One is that for those who apply themselves it can provide an adequate livelihood without the physical, psychological, and tyrannical time drains of daily commuting. Also, because one's office can be at home, a closer, more rewarding relationship with one's family than that experienced by most commuters is possible. Too, in summer or other vacation periods, because one can move his office almost anywhere, extended shore, woodland, or foreign sojourns usually restricted to the wealthy or retired often are feasible.

But most of all, there are challenges to and opportunities for personal and professional growth that only the freedom inherent in free-lancing can offer. I chose the field solely to win quickly an opportunity to write regularly for acceptable pay on subjects of consequence, while retaining the option, on one editor's refusal to recognize a subject as important, to take the idea elsewhere for publication. To date I have had no reason to regret my choice.

Most free-lances, I suspect, feel much the same way, for while we might leave the field at any time for a specific, more attractive opportunity, the knowledge that we have free-lanced successfully—and therefore presumably always can do so—has made us forever free in a rare and priceless way.

This article is an extension of remarks at a Careers Panel at the annual convention of Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalistic society, in Los Angeles.

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—*Photos courtesy Hallmark Gallery.*

Behind the scenes: payday for the performers.

The Big Top's Mathew Brady

TO HIS turn-of-the-century neighbors in Brockton, Massachusetts, photographer Fred Whitman Glasier was known as "a real character, with an adventurous spirit, and quite a ladies' man." Audiences for his two-hour slide-lectures crowded into the New Jerusalem or the Baptist Church. The Ladies' Sewing Circle, the Men's Club of the Porter Church, and even the membership of the Brockton Bar Association welcomed the Stetson-hatted speaker with his evening of *stereopticon entertainment*. Who else could speak so vividly from first-hand experience—and with eyewitness pictures to prove it—of circus life, carnival spectacles, traveling Wild West shows, and Indian lore?

Proud of his mixed Pilgrim and Indian ancestry, Glasier showed an early interest in both the familiar Berkshire countryside and the more exotic Western frontier with its blend of Indians, cowpokes, and carnivals. It was for a view of the latter terrain that he first left his Main Street studio in Brockton and remained to photograph Indian settlements and the Wild West shows of Buffalo Bill Cody and Pawnee Bill. At this point in his career, Glasier made two lasting decisions: that he would adopt Buffalo Bill's style of goatee and garb, and that the Big Top would be the focus of his future camerawork.

With three 8x10 King cameras and a 5x7 Graflex—and with none of the advantages of today's fast films and facile equipment—he succeeded in becoming the country's first full-time picture reporter of life under the canvas. An early experimenter in high-speed photography, by 1897 he was shooting with specially constructed shutters that were fast enough to stop action at speeds up to 1/3000 of a second. From all accounts these shutters operated smoothly but quite noisily, and there was more than one instance when Glasier narrowly escaped injury as a frightened animal trampled his camera or sent it flying through the air with appropriate ease.

OVER the years, Glasier's work earned him the title of "official photographer" for most of the big-time traveling shows—Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey, Sells and Floto, Adam Forepaugh, among others. His camera coverage was in effect one long photo essay entitled "The Circus." Notes in a 1927 lecture brochure, prepared by his wife Emma, who also hand-colored his slides, reveal this picture-story approach: "You will see the advance men posting the paper; the trains unloading; putting up the canvas; the parade (that once-glorious occasion for the small boy, which owing to the increase of traffic of the present day will soon be but a memory); then back to the lot for dinner; the menagerie; the performers; a Wild West concert, and the baggage wagons on their way to the trains to make a night jump to the next town. Mr. Glasier will take you to the dressing rooms and show you bits of home life of the Troupers, a side of Circus life that very few are privileged to see." And then came this final teaser: "Some of the intimate touches will be a most agreeable surprise to the uninitiated."

Glasier retired in 1942 at the age of seventy. During the remaining eight years of his life, he turned his camera to recording the changing season's palette reflected in the Berkshire landscape. But he kept an eye on circus arrivals, too, always ready to share reminiscences with performers or have them serve as models for his finely detailed carvings of wood and ivory.

The Glasier collection of circus photographs came to light when Hallmark Gallery's design staff was on a research mission at the Ringling Museum in Sarasota. Now on view through April 29, among the sideshow attractions in the Gallery's "Circus Reminiscence," 100 of these prints document the spangled sawdust trail Fred Whitman Glasier followed during his half-century as the Big Top's own Mathew Brady.

—MARGARET R. WEISS.

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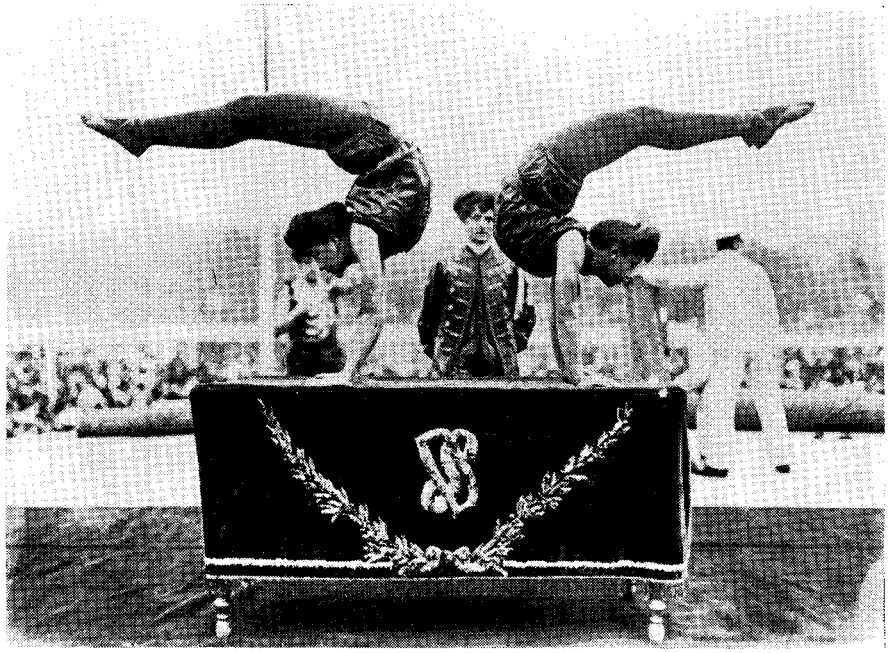
A turn-of-the-century trapeze artist.

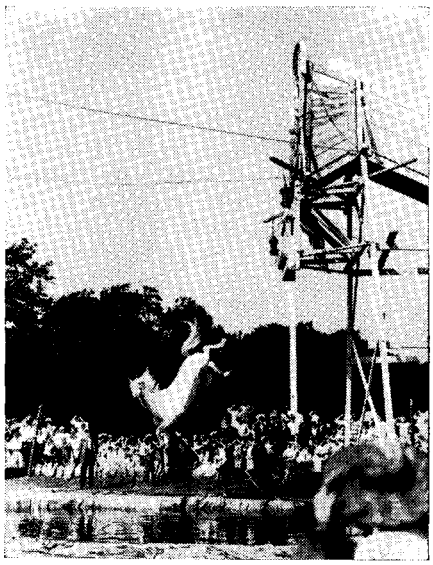
The traveling circus rolls into town.

Always leave 'em laughing.



Acrobats and high-wire artists caught in the act.

Annie Oakley in action.



Stopping the show—an early experiment in high-speed photography.

Buffalo Bill Cody—one of Glasier's Wild West favorites.

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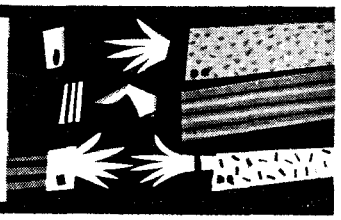
Public Relations



Hard-Nosed ITT

IT MAY SEEM almost unbelievable to the business-page editor of a metropolitan newspaper, flooded as he is by press releases, but corporate publicity has been seriously downgraded by public relations directors of some large corporations. With the building of staffs to deal with the many special publics the company has to be concerned with, they have pushed the publicity function further back in their shops. There are many reasons for this, including the bad overtones the word publicity has taken on, and the greater "difficulty" in getting space in the better newspapers.

And there are other, and perhaps more basic, reasons. Many of the newer breed of corporate public relations directors have never had newspaper experience of any kind. They themselves are afraid of dealing with the press and so have little esteem for those who can. They often think it is beneath them to speak to newsmen when they call seeking answers to questions.

It is a pity that this is happening, for a corporation's policies, fine as they must be to have public acceptance, have much less value if the public doesn't know about them through one of the best channels—the newspapers. Few public relations directors who really know their jobs look down their noses at corporate publicity. In a large public relations department there must be generals to do the planning but sooner or later someone has to be the infantryman, and that is what the corporate publicity man is.

A good example of a publicity-minded public relations department is that of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. It is loaded with men who not only know how to develop a news story and the best kind of publication to submit it to, but are quick to get answers to a newspaperman's queries when he is on a deadline. Nor has this happened by accident. Since 1959, when ITT's publicity staff began to get a quick buildup, hard-nosed newsmen were hired to do the job and the results are impressive.

It is not that ITT's public relations department expects to perform miracles through corporate publicity. Its members know, as the department's handbook points out, that "no lasting PR success is built on thin air or based on a lie. PR men do themselves no favor when they encourage the common illusion that they are magicians who can create something out of nothing or change black into white if only the budget is large enough. Over the long run, a company's reputation will be very like its reality."

ITT, the world's largest international manufacturer and supplier of electronic and telecommunication equipment, has a public relations department in which the employee with no newspaper or wire service or magazine experience is the rarity. Its New York staff has twenty people, exclusive of clerical and secretarial help, with an aggregate media experience of 315 years. Its Washington staff and that of its California regional office are equally as experienced. The American subsidiary companies and divisions have twenty-three public relations staffers with an aggregate media experience of 235 years. Nor are these staffers, two of whom are women, youngsters. The average age of these pros is forty-nine years.

Abroad, ITT has six public relations people in Latin America; thirty-five in Europe, the Middle East, and Africa; and four in the Far East and the Pacific —with an average of more than ten years' experience in the media of their countries. Of these, almost all are nationals of the countries in which they work. Only one is an American. The overseas staff gets help in special cases from the New York office. For instance, to strengthen the Latin-American operation, three men in New York supervise its public relations work, traveling frequently to make studies of local problems and lend a hand when there is a special event that needs extra aid. The same kind of help is available for other parts of the world.

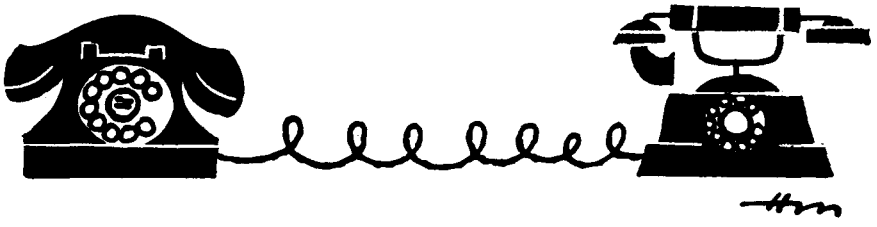
Of course a good reason for this emphasis on corporate publicity is the insistence of Harold S. Geneen, the president, who has been building his company quickly (the newest acquisition, American Broadcasting Company, is still subject to the approval of government agencies). And the man who is directly responsible is Edward J. Gerrity, Jr., whose experience in public relations has all been with ITT and who came to the company from the Scranton, Pennsylvania, *Times*. He is senior vice president and responsible for the company's advertising and government relations as well as its public relations. A good publicity man himself, he set up his organization along the lines of a news room to gather copy for local, national, and international news media.

In ITT's type of operation there can be no prima donnas. A staffer has to be able to do placement one day, brochure writing the next, and research the day after. This is possible because of their long experience.

Probably the best way to understand the kind of men who make up the public relations department of the company is to look at the publications they came from. They are a mixed bag and include the Asbury Park (New Jersey) *Press*, United Press, the Associated Press, Washington *Evening Star*, Cleveland *Press*, New York *World-Telegram* and *Sun*, *New York Times*, *Middle East Journal*, *Editor & Publisher*, and *Aviation Week*. And for radio and television background there are men from the National Broadcasting Company, the Columbia Broadcasting System, and the news departments of independent stations in smaller communities.

Publicity never was and never will be any more than an arm of a public relations department. But it is an important arm, as necessary to the proper functioning of the whole department as are good policies and good programs. To fail to do the publicity job properly is to ignore a vital element. And if the public relations director lets some kind of silly snobbery about publicity get in the way of getting the whole job done, sooner or later his boss will be looking for a replacement.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.



LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 7, 8, 10, 9, 14, 11, 4, 2, 1, 12, 13, 3, 5, 6.

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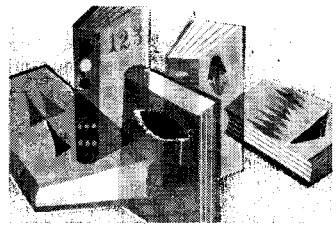
Books in Communications



Stitches in Time

THE HASTINGS HOUSE publishing company has just launched a new series, "Studies in Public Communication," and in the process has, it seems to me, raised at least one fundamental question about the whole idea of anthologies. The first volume, *Mass Media and Communication,* sells for $11.50, is edited by Charles S. Steinberg, Ph.D., and is, in his own words, "predicated on the conviction that there are affirmative social values implicit in an understanding and proper utilization of the media of mass communication." In translation, I take that to mean it's a good idea to know what the mass media are up to and how to use them, a thesis difficult to argue with. But I can't help wondering whether Mr. Steinberg's choices are really suited to helping a reader reach that goal.

The book is divided into sections on newspapers, magazines, movies, broadcasting, book publishing, and the effects and philosophies of the mass media, with two or three articles to a section. The section on magazines serves as well as any to illustrate my point. Its two articles, by James Playsted Wood and Roland E. Wolseley, were published in 1956 and 1951 respectively, but in the years since they first appeared so much has happened that they are now conspicuously outdated. Couldn't anything have been found to reflect at least some of the recent changes?

It is only fair to point out that some of the articles are little short of classics of their kind and make very good rereading indeed (see, for example, those by Walter Lippmann and David Riesman). But it's also fair to observe that, even as this department predicted in the issue of January 8, there's a reference not to *Saturday Review,* as the magazine has been called for fourteen years now, but to the *Saturday Review of Literature.* Time brings all things.

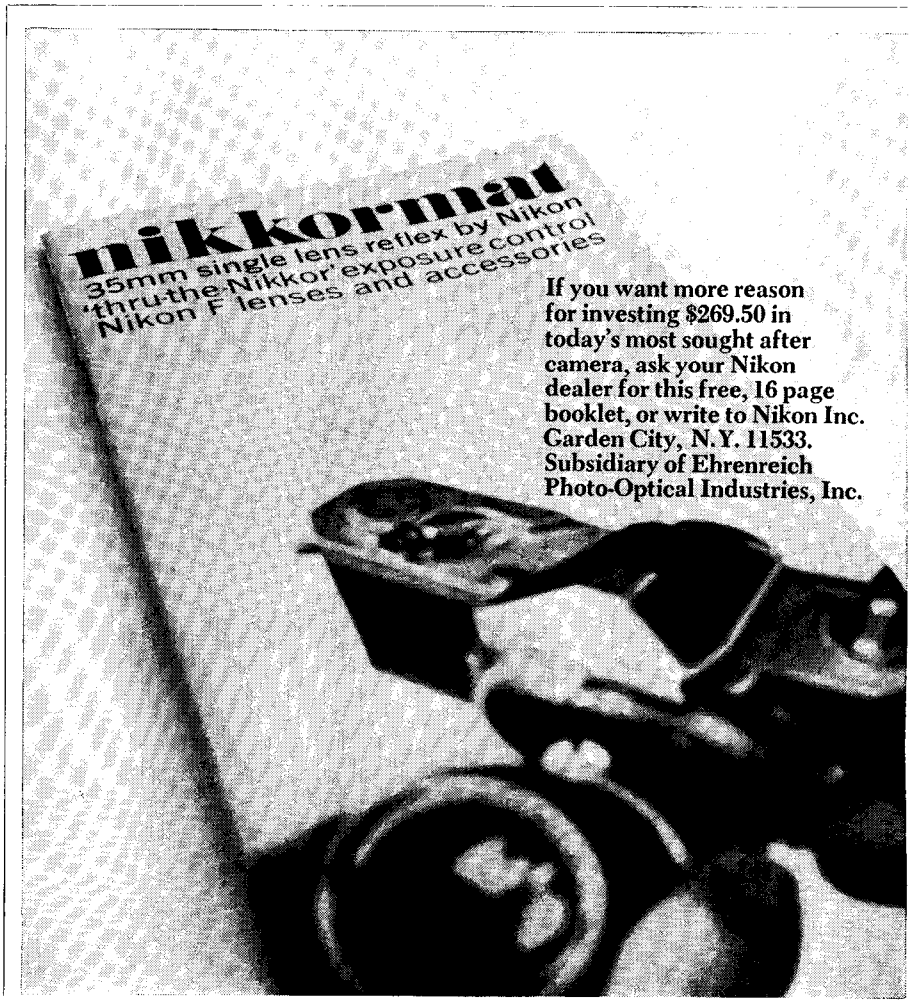
Think Now, Write Later: Is your doctor a faker and a quack? Is your lawyer a pettifogging shyster? Are your colleagues crooks, liars, and rogues? Do you consider every journalist a humbug, fraud, and plagiarist?

If so, a timely word of advice may help you: Keep it to yourself, for those words and phrases are among a long list that the courts consider libelous *per se* when used in print. They, and a whole prickly mountain of others, are among the intelligence to be found in a brief (169 pp.) but enormously valuable handbook called *Say It Safely* (University of Washington Press, $3.95), by Paul P. Ashley. For any publication that can't afford to keep a lawyer constantly at the copy desk, this is probably the next best thing.

Ashley, who practices law in Seattle, views the treacherous problem of libel not as one invariably to be avoided, but as one simply to be aware of. His quotation from Cicero sums it up neatly: "We should never so entirely avoid danger as to appear irresolute and cowardly. But, at the same time, we should avoid unnecessarily exposing ourselves to danger, than which nothing can be more foolish." True, he makes it clear that libel can arise "despite the most innocent of motives," and that copy needs to be thoroughly combed for lurking libel unintended by the author. (Such thoughts are hardly calculated to inspire uninhibited, free-swinging critical prose.) But he also reminds the reader that Benjamin Franklin observed, "If all printers were determin'd not to print any thing till they were sure it would offend no body, there would be very little printed." Accordingly, Ashley is refreshingly liberal when it comes to what lawyers and journalists know as "fair comment."

I must confess myself puzzled by one passage that appears under the heading "A Practical Hint." In certain cases, Ashley suggests, it may be possible for a publication or broadcasting station to avoid a libel action by agreeing with the injured person to publish "a pleasant story telling of his fine work in the Elks Lodge or of his daughter's wedding." It may be practical, all right, but isn't that just how blackmail works? And just think what's likely to happen once word gets around among the boys down at the Elks Lodge.

But that's a matter perhaps best left to the editor's conscience. What counts is that in virtually every other respect *Say It Safely* is everything it sets out to be—a clearly written guide, nicely indexed to minimize searching when a deadline is upon you. —JAMES F. FIXX.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Communications Letters

Continued from page 136

perative of the First Amendment . . . been more vital to national–and human–survival than in this complex, fast-changing, perilous era."

At the risk of making a biased suggestion to both "the newspaper career-information committees" and aspiring journalists, I believe that the more than 9,000 small rural and suburban weekly newspapers–unlike the giant automated and often bureaucratic big-city dailies–offer perhaps the most exciting and comprehensive training ground for budding newspapermen. Where else but under the tutelage of a grass-roots editor-publisher can a young man or woman really dig into all the ground-floor basics of the newspaper business: reporting, editing, layout, production, circulation, or advertising?

RALPH O. SAMUEL,
Editor and Publisher,
Delaware Valley *Advance*.
Langhorne, Pa.

I READ with interest your article "Where Are Tomorrow's Journalists?" but found it rather perplexing. Just where are the 5,000 jobs that Mr. Balk is referring to? Perhaps he could start to remedy the situation by offering just one to me.

I am a graduating senior in journalism at The University of North Dakota. I am a three-point student, active in campus activities, and seeking a future in the public relations field. The best offer to date has been with a large corporation in industrial sales.

Mr. Balk claims that job-placement directors are deluged with requests for names of new journalists. Ours hasn't had an offer in months.

May I suggest a little more hustling on the part of the industry and a little less statistical research and after-dinner agreements on the growing need for qualified journalists? I for one would like to see some offers from the industry which I hope will be a part of my future. In the meantime I will be considering the other industries' offers.

STEVE R. SMIRNOFF.
Grand Forks, N.D.

THE ARTICLE by Alfred Balk should serve to arouse those who are sincerely interested in careers for young people as well as those who are concerned with the future supply of talent in the field of journalism.

It occurs to me that motivating young people into careers is something like selling soap. A sample of the product goes a long way in stimulating interest. This suggests that if all media were to provide opportunities for summer employment for talented young people the payoff would more than justify the time and cost.

SAM N. WOLK, Chief,
Career Service Division,
U.S. Civil Service Commission,
Bureau of Recruiting and Examining.
Washington, D.C.

Authority and Responsibility

IN HIS ARTICLE "How to Write an Editorial," [*SR*, Feb. 12] Herbert Brucker notes: "A paper may appeal to a certain class of reader, though as we approach newspaper monopoly there is less of that than there used to be." On the strength of the foregoing lamentable but–to me, at least–unarguable conclusion, I suspect quite a lot more might have been said concerning the blandly neutral tone of much that passes these days for editorial opinion.

It appears only too evident that the forthright approach of yesteryear isn't possible in the numerous situations where, as Mr. Brucker observes, the writer's authority isn't on a par with his responsibility. Isn't it a fact, though, that as a consequence of the monopoly newspaper pattern prevalent in most American cities any stimulus for controversy has long since vanished?

When you had a Bennett, a Greeley, a Pulitzer, and a Hearst, each eagerly determined that his particular point of view prevail, sparks emanating from such strong convictions were bound to be felt beyond the confines of their respective city rooms. Admittedly, a large part of what those men uttered produced more heat than light. Would anyone maintain, however, that their word battles were unexciting or their contentions a matter of indifference to their readers?

It is sad but true that in the process of becoming all things to all men our newspapers gradually have sacrificed a sizable part of their distinction. Many of the publications once so proud to be considered liberal or conservative seem chary of being labeled anything but middle-of-the-road nowadays. A pragmatic approach toward inoffensiveness? Conceivably so, but I can't help feeling dubious as to whether any such course makes for the rousing give-and-take needed to attract genuinely enthusiastic recruits for journalism in this competitive communications era.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN.
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Can I Have One?

I'VE JUST FINISHED your Feb. 12 issue and have to comment on one of the articles–"Can I Have One?" by Cathey and Edward Pinckney.

They should be awarded some kind of gold medal or something. This strikes home to every author who's ever had a book published. Either the Pinckneys or *SR* should print this up on large, one-page certificates suitable for framing . . . or maybe on large posters for better display. Tattoo transfers that can be washed off would be nice to use just before seeing your doctor for a check-up, too. I believe there would be substantial demand and sales for these items just among the authors themselves . . . and publishers and agents will want to buy them in bulk to give their authors.

I've already violated your copyright, I guess. I just Xeroxed off a copy to frame in my study. My doctor not only keeps asking for a copy of my last book, he's starting to buck for a copy of the new one coming out this fall . . . and he's in at least twenty-fifth place at that!

My hat's off to the Pinckneys and *Saturday Review*.

BUD SELLICK.
Nashville, Tenn.

Network Newscasting

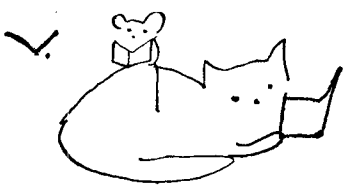
Continued from page 140

chief news source by default. What a vexation to the network newsmen! He tightropes between the viewers who thirst for information and the viewers who will flick to another channel if he tells them more than they care to know.

The money outlay can tarnish the TV newscast in one respect not directly linked to the rating-sponsorship chain. Networks frequently want another kind of return for their investment. Say one of them has a high-priced correspondent roaming the Mediterranean where, in a hypothetical interval, there is no immediate crisis. The Cyprus dispute may have been put to sleep, Nasser may be passive, Israel may be concerned with the high price of opera tickets, and nobody has stoned an American embassy or threatened Western oil interests. Yet the high-priced correspondent continues to roam or to live gracefully in a Beirut hotel suite. The network demands its money's worth of this man. The correspondent knows it. So does his cameraman. Consequently the correspondent sends home feature film reports, some of which may have sound value and some of which may not be worth the sending. In turn the newsman in New York feels impelled to use the reports, for how else can the correspondent's presence overseas be justified?

On a smaller scale, suppose money is spent on a particular day for a special telephone line from the West Coast to feed a film or video tape report back to New York news headquarters. When the telephone line was ordered, a serious riot was in prospect. But the riot petered out. Violence was minimal, no one was hurt, the film was lackluster. Still, the money was spent for the telephone feed and for the reportorial and camera crew. And again, how does the newsman in New York justify the expense unless he makes use of the film. Once more he is the victim of a system. He is a professional journalist and at the same time he is on the fringe of show business.

Those are his burdens: the need to keep one part of his mind on audience ratings and sponsorship and budgets; to keep the rest of his mind on his primary responsibility–the responsibility to inform.



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Editorial

Continued from page 26

tion of Singapore from Malaysia was hastened by ethnic dissension and the Sudan was severely disrupted by religio-racial conflict. These are but two of such instances. Group antagonism within nations is not resolved as a by-product of economic prosperity or national progress. As liberal England retrogressed in human relations, America, though mired in its history of race prejudice, took some forward steps. The lesson to be learned from America's small but significant progress is clear: to deal with prejudice, it must be fully acknowledged and treated like any other social disease that threatens society.

America is one of the few nations that publicly admits to its problem and works at it. Since World War II new laws have strengthened civil rights and a vast network of intergroup relations and civil rights organizations has developed. Public and private agencies, national, state, and community-wide, spend at the rate of an estimated $50,000,000 annually in educational, legal, and administrative programs to improve intergroup relations. In leading universities, departments of social science have applied themselves to analyzing the causes of group conflict and prejudice and to devising techniques for its amelioration. Many of America's religious institutions and a large part of the clergy have supported the movement for racial equality. In this vast program for self-improvement, America stands singularly alone among the nations of the world beset by similar problems.

Civilization, since it increases economic and geographic mobility under some circumstances, promotes rather than lessens group conflict. In undeveloped countries, as political progress loosens traditional bonds of peonage, the desire for racial dignity grows and is linked with economic demands. In the advanced nations where the fact of religious and ethnic diversity becomes more evident, the desire for equality is strengthened. The French inclination toward de facto binationalism in Canada exemplifies this problem. Population movements in present-day Europe will add to it there as well. The 800,000 foreign workers now in Germany constitute an enclave with potential tension and conflict. Four million foreign workers are now forming ghettos in European countries. Equality for minorities can hardly be provided within the old political framework of the sovereign state and the homogeneous nation.

The United Nations, through its Human Rights Commission, has repeatedly addressed itself to aspects of this universal problem of human relations. Its covenant on Human Rights and its declaration against discrimination within nations set standards for the entire world. But considering the inclination of countries to ignore and in fact to subordinate if not hide their own problems of human rights, the goals set by the United Nations may remain goals only. Nations must recognize that intergroup prejudice and conflict do not diminish of themselves; on the contrary, as with other problems that have grown with the complexities of society—overpopulation, delinquency, and the aged—their treatment calls for specific measures. —David Danzig.

"I've a good mind to give you a five-thousand-dollar raise and see how you like being in that tax bracket!"

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 44

ing the back and side walls with absorbent materials. But the projection from the stage is greatly influenced by the position of the performers; when they face each other, the design of the proscenium tends to throw the voices across the theater rather than into it. All these conditions are subject to improvement, but the improvements remain to be made.

Thomas Schippers's best qualities as a musician were engaged to the advantage of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* at his return to the direction of the Philharmonic Orchestra. An excellent chorus trained by Abraham Kaplan and a well-selected corps of soloists made a match of efforts in which the orchestra was assigned a proper share of prominence. To the advantage of all, certainly, was Schippers's identity as an opera conductor, which realized the drama inherent in Mendelssohn's score—and some more that was improvised for this occasion such as the affecting contrast of the boy soprano, Steven Chall, beside the broad-shouldered Elijah, Donald McIntyre.

The last-named, who had not been heard in New York previously, is a vastly talented basso from New Zealand by way of London's Sadler's Wells, who should have a large career whether he choses to make it in the theater or the concert hall. His was an Elijah of the true evangelical spirit, who was not merely mouthing words but reliving a conviction. He inclined to over-produce somewhat in "For God is angry," but the basic sound is solid and well focused, with the kind of free top not common among bassos. Gene Bullard's Obadiah was affectingly sung, a little small in size, and there were fine efforts by mezzo Beverly Wolff and soprano Jane Marsh.

Short of a new production with a thoroughgoing musical preparation, Rossini's *Barbiere* at the Metropolitan is fated to be what it was at its latest occurrence: a mixture of styles and objectives, with individual efforts predominating. The new performer of the evening was Reri Grist, whose Rosina was bright and stageworthy, marked, vocally, by a sure technic (especially at the top of her range) rather than a first-quality sound. In the middle and lower range it is reedy and without much substance. George Shirley performed an amusing Almaviva aided by Nicolae Herlea's bouncy Figaro, and Silvio Varviso kept vocal excesses to a minimum, even from such exuberant performers as Fernado Corena (Bartolo) and Giorgio Tozzi (Basilio). It could have been better, but also much worse.

—Irving Kolodin.

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"Quota"

Continued from page 39

all starts when he meets Florence, whose uncle is manager of Frigibox, a refrigerator company in the doldrums. By selling uncle a huge contraption of problematic utility and his competitor a Frigibox, Professor Quota quickly subjugates both management and staff. Then he proceeds to put the Method to work. Customers, like hypnotized flies, entangle themselves in a web of special rooms, where they are met by programed salesmen who produce contract and pen at the psychological moment. From iceboxes, Quota moves onwards and upwards until he has made the country a model of the industrial state. To assure the "glorious round of perpetual acceleration," wages are tied to spending, taxes are levied on items not periodically renewed, credit cards are made compulsory.

Where will it all end? Don't ask Florence's uncle, who plays his six television sets simultaneously with a different channel on each. Or the Reverend Espositos, who used to beg alms for his poor, but now, in his "scent-spraying shoes" and "balloon-tire trousers for sedentary people," preaches over nationwide hookups that the good Christian is the good spender. As for the author—after evoking Flaubert's stupid monster Catoblepas that devoured its own feet—he just leaves us with the thought that soon we may have gobbled our legs and hindquarters and find our jaws full of our own guts.

Phar-out Phycyx: Call it the S-F Variable: when Science-Fiction goes funny, the odds are you'll get a Suppose Book. Take Shepherd Mead's *The Carefully Considered Rape of the World*, sub-labeled *A Novel About the Unspeakable* (Simon & Schuster, $4.95).

Suppose, for a start, there was a planet named Phycyx (go on, pronounce it). A planet inhabited by ever-so-evolved baboonish types: evolved past nuclear holocaust, in fact. So that they in turn have evolved the Doomsday Variable (the Phycian Formula for Evolutionary Termination), which states: ". . . With carnivorous heredity, when nuclear ability comes before genetic control, nuclear extinction follows within approximately four generations. The chance for survival is computed at one in three point nine—about one chance in four."

Now suppose the Phycians have picked up a few early earthlings—Greeks, say—by space ship (or intergalactic vessel if you're more sci-minded). And have evolved them, keeping their human form. And then equipped them with a sort of seminal atomizer. And sent them to impregnate the ladies of the earth (married, unmarried, even nuns) with higher-baboon-type babies. And suppose one of the ladies impregnated was the silly wife of a silly reporter of ersatz UFO events. . . .

Well, supposing all this supposing has been done by Shepherd Mead (author of *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*), you get some funny situations, some inventive trappings of the Phar-out Phycyx. But you've still got the caricatures, the oversimplifications, the sillies. So although it's not entirely Unreadable, it only makes the Unspeakable seem more Unbelievable. As for the supposition, Invasion by Ape, Rape or Else: "It will be terrifying if it happens," Mead acknowledges, "but, of course, it will be *more* terrifying if it doesn't." What can one say? I suppose.

—Louise Armstrong.

From Heaven to Hilton: Willard Motley's *Let Noon Be Fair* (Putnam, $5.95), an empty carcass of the panoramic novel, is the story of a Mexican fishing village from the time it was an untouched Garden of Eden, inhabited solely by artists and bronzed noble savages, to the days when it is overtaken by phonies and nasty American tourists with their corrupting dollars. Most of the characters are outrageous stereotypes. From the perpetually boozing American expatriate to the prostitute who is really good deep down in her heart, they flit through the pages repeating the few sentences and gestures allotted to them. And the locale, a cross between Acapulco and Puerta Vallarta, is a collage of all the clichés of all the tourist traps in Mexico.

The panorama-novel can dispense with great psychological depth and stylistic grooming (Motley speaks of "famous celebrities" and of "lonely solitude" without batting an eye) but it cannot do without a shape that betokens at least a complexity of intention.

An exposé of corruption seems to be the author's intention. But his story is so linear and so relentless in its tracking of decay (epitomized by the talk, on the last page, of building a Hilton Hotel), that it leaves no place for irony. Without irony, Willard Motley's compassion looks more like sentimentality, and sentimentality is, in the end, lack of knowledge, of understanding, and of respect—no matter how many descriptions of moonlit beaches and how many recipes for exotic dishes the author serves up. On the surface he is bemoaning loss of innocence. But by not exploring the complexities and paradoxes that both innocence and corruption entail, even in the colorful natives south of the border, Mr. Motley leaves us with the suspicion that he is really lamenting what even the cheapest tourist will bewail: the loss of local color in the place in the sun which *he* had discovered, and which has now become so expensive and so sadly "spoilt."

—Jose Donoso.

"Why don't we get out a social register for the Great Society?"

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33rd WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains, July 24th through August 5th, 1966. Juvenile Writing-Ellen Wilson; Novel-Mildred Walker; Poetry-Rolfe Humphries; Short Story-Edwin L. Peterson; Nonfiction-William E. Wilson; Article Writing-Edward Weeks; Book Reviewing-Stanton Peckham. Write: Margaret Robb, Director, Hellems 122W, University of Colorado, Boulder.

PREP SCHOOLS—Want to find a New England Prep School for your boy? Testing, evaluation, placement. John H. Emerson, Educational Counselor, 12 Summer Street, Hanover, N.H. 03755.

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PERSONALS

LUXURIOUS LACEY STOLES handwoven in Ireland of sheep's wool, 30 x 90, suitable also for hostess skirts, cocktail dresses. Line with china silk. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346.

LANGUAGE VOCABULARY LABELS. Learn faster, remember longer. Apply self-adhering, removable labels on household items. Ideal for students, travelers, fun for the family. 300 French, German or Spanish $1.00. K.E. Smith Co., D-17, Box 102, Lathrup Village, Michigan 48037.

FUND RAISING! Sell "Let's Be Better"—the guidebook for solving children's problems. Earn $23.00 per dozen selling to church groups or other organizations. For further information, write Box R-453.

SEMI-SKINNERIAN UTOPIAN COMMUNITY being planned. Gerald Baker, Cresco, Iowa 52136.

GENTLEMAN OFFERS to purchase historical military items. Box R-434.

PHOTOGRAPHER-WRITER TEAM tours Europe, Middle East—April, May. Need photos taken? Articles written? Errands run? Write Tina, Box 506, Fort Rucker, Alabama.

THINKING SUBDIVISION DEVELOPERS. Want branch office southern California? Manager, acquisition through sales, original thinker. Write for resume, budget. Available conference February, March; association May. Carter Darnell, Box 1125, Newport Beach, California.

STUDENT, 28, available for part time challenging volunteer work. Previous experience—office work. NYC. Box R-430.

LIBERAL ARTS GRADUATE, 21, female, desires position. Tutor French, Russian, governess with family abroad. Box R-451.

LIBRARIAN seeks professional post, private collections, part time. All phases Library Science. Experience 5 alphabets, 18 languages, literature, arts, medical, engineering, archives. Box R-424.

COED SEEKS POSITION. Preferably East. Available June through November. References. Box R-432.

COLLEGE GIRL, fluent French, former exchange student, will accompany and tutor family traveling abroad summer 1966. Box R-416.

ARE YOU LOOKING for a rational, personable, experienced secretary, because I am looking for a mature boss whom I can respect. Box R-420.

FEMALE, TEACHER, 22, will live-in, travel. Available mid-June. Box R-443.

GIRL 25, college Spanish instructor, master's, secretarial experience, desires exciting job, travel. Box R-436.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TYPISTS, STENOS — EXPERIENCED—Manpower Inc. needs you for temporary assignments. Work a day, a week or longer. High hourly rates. See telephone directory for address in your city.

SUMMER JOBS in the Rockies! Over 2,000 resorts, dude ranches, camps, construction companies, national parks, etc. shown in Rocky Mountain Summer Employment Guide. Also: how to get free transportation and information on summer stewardess positions (U.S. and overseas). Only $3.00. University Publications, Dept. A14, Box 6013, Denver, Colorado 80206. Money-back guarantee!

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES - September, 1966. All subjects and levels including administrators. Private day and boarding school placement in the northeast. Interview desirable. Reply MacBrien Educational Consultants, Inc., 80 Nassau Street, Princeton, New Jersey.

BOOK MIND NEEDED (Sense of category plus memory) Trade Department college bookshop, New England seacoast town. Have body write Box R-354.

WANTED: Housemother for college dormitory in Manhattan. Good living plus salary. College woman 45 to 55 years of age. Must be attractive, have cultural interests, and be a real homemaker. Job demands ability to work with students and their parents with enjoyment, pleasantness and firmness, as well as with college faculty. Big challenge, hard work with a high purpose, and many satisfactions for right person. Box R-458.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

EXCITING EDUCATION OPENINGS for September 1966: NURSERY-PRIMARY HEAD. Leading New York private school (Mid-Manhattan) requires nursery-primary administrator. Experience vital. Salary commensurate with qualifications. Send full resume.
PHYSICS/CHEMISTRY TEACHER H.S. Science, technical skills important. Sound philosophy and teaching ability vital. Program development possible.
PRE-HISTORY/ANTHROPOLOGY H.S. Other openings possible in all areas. All communications kept confidential. All inquiries and letters will be acknowledged. Write Box R-454.

WANTED: Director of Development for educational television station. Major responsibilities fund raising and writing project proposals for funding. Require proven fund raising record and ability to write. Must be committed to excitement of public and private education. Write Box Z, Durham, N.H.

CAMP ZAKELO (BOYS), Harrison, Maine, requires: Administration assistant, unit head, teacher staff for athletics, crew, fencing, camping skills, cultural activities, journalism, printing, band, electronics, earth sciences, reading dynamics, tutoring. Director Zak Zarakov, 12 East 86th, New York City, 212-BU 8-4000, 393 Clinton Road, Brookline, Massachusetts, 617-LO 6-6200.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

CHARLOTTESVILLE. Anglican stone rectory including hugh room priory style, 16 elevated wooded acres. University 5 miles. $25,000. Illustrated details. Stevens & Co., Realtors, 1939 Ivy Road, Charlottesville, Virginia 22903. Dial 703-296-6104.

OUT LONG ISLAND—quiet, quaint, all-year family home. $15,000. Floyd King, Jr., Route 25, Orient, N.Y.

RETIREMENT JEWEL—Southern New Hampshire's Monadnock Region. On 1 acre at village edge. Mountain views. Dormered Cape, circa 1812. Prime condition. One floor living, if desired. 1½ baths. Guest bedroom (or study) with two car garage in ell. Town water. F.H.W. heat. Occupancy at once or owner will lease-back until June. $27,500. George M. Foster, Real Estate, Francestown, N.H. Telephone: 603-874-2268.

ROCKLAND COUNTY, N.Y.—Sprawling Victorian 9 rooms, many fireplaces, spectacular river view. 1 acre. $43,900. Freda Buchanan, Realtor. 914-EL 8-1025.

For Rent—Furnished

VILLA-VACATIONS ARE "IN." We offer widest selection inspected homes Corfu, Greek Islands, Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, Caribbean, Mexico. Monthly rentals from $300-$8,000 month. AT HOME ABROAD, 136 East 57th Street, NYC 10022. 212-HA 1-9165.

LA CASA—A-Frame, all electric, bedroom and sleeping area. Sleeps six. 2 bathrooms. Between Killington and Sugarbush on Route 100. Available holiday weeks, ski-weeks and weekends. Families only. T. Levins, 8 South Main Street, Rutland, Vermont.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—*Beautiful house by sea*—20 acres. Box R-448.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA—Professor's home for lease, available July 1st for one year or longer. Fully furnished, 4+ bedrooms, 3 baths, library, fireplaces, modern kitchen w all conveniences, washer, drier, huge storage, in Spanish house of great charm. Extremely spacious and lovely grounds, fruit trees, complete seclusion, splendid view. Box R-370.

FARMHOUSE near Siena, Italy. 3 bedrooms, bathroom, furnished, $100 monthly. Write Etruscan Foundation, 275 Voltaire, Grosse Pointe, Michigan 48236.

VERMONT SKI LODGE near Okemo. Sleeps 8. All facilities. Families only. $120 month. Phone Cavendish 802-CA 6-2156 or N.Y. 212-MU 5-6330.

HONEYMOON COTTAGE, Colorado Springs. Broadmoor area. $100 week, available May 1st to September 1st. Box R-441.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

SORRENTO, MAINE. House on shore and harbor. 8 bedrooms, fireplaces, modernized kitchen, bathrooms. Magnificent view. $1,050 plus utilities, season—$600 month. Box R-431.

VIRGINIA MOUNTAIN LODGE. 3 hours from D.C. Swimming, fishing, hiking. Rustic setting, modern conveniences. 3 bedrooms. Box R-419.

ASPEN—Summer chalet for 4-6 with car, $25 day; top music festival, glorious mountains. Write Everett Millard, 4030 Irving Park, Chicago, Illinois 60641.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

FLORIDA HOME on lake, modern, well furnished, for house or apartment in Europe. S. Breakstone, Route 5, Box 142, Orlando, Florida.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

SAN FRANCISCO—4 room, balcony apartment, Russian Hill. Garden, Bay views, roof garden. $190 month. May-October. Box R-404.

For Summer Rental

NANTUCKET—Apartment June 18th-September 30th. Weekly, season. Box R-413.

2½ ROOM APARTMENT, East mid-Manhattan. Air conditioner, doorman. Beginning April for six months. One person only. References. $160. 212-RE 4-1249.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—unusual wooded settings with unparalleled views of Vineyard Sound. Close proximity to excellent community beach. 2-6 acres. $15,000-$30,000. Box R-241.

ESTATE SELLING. Magnificent scenery. 365 acres, 1610 farmhouse, barn, 2 bedroom main house, guest cottage, swimming pool, pond. New Paltz, 92 miles NYC. $175,000. Phone 212-MU 7-1466.

CAMPS

THE ROCK provides a summer of venturesome concerns and adventurous activities. An intimate atmosphere with activities a young person 12-16 would expect to find at a camp plus some in another dimension. RFD Williamsburg, Massachusetts. 413-268-7069.

EXPERIENCE IN CREATIVE ACHIEVEMENT provided by enthusiastic professional staff in vacation surroundings. Music, private lessons: Art, Dance, Dramatics, Equitation. Programs for coeds to 18. Box 885, Madison, Connecticut.

HACKMATACK CAMP—*On Berkshire farm. Natural* sciences, conservation, animal chores, trout pond. Western riding. Swimming, games, singing, a life with beauty and discipline. We encourage interest in beetles, not Beatles. Eight weeks only 35 boys and girls, 7-12. George F. Dillman, Otis, Massachusetts 01253.

LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. The Adventurers' Camp for Boys. Established 1930. 75 boys, 8 through 15. 7 weeks $600. Wilderness canoe and fishing trips. All land and water sports. Tutoring. Outstanding staff. Write Capt. L.R.C. Robinson, 1564 Forest Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois.

WORK AND PLAY the western way. Small cattle ranch. Mrs. Charlie Johnston, Box 658, Livingston, Montana 59047.

ADVENTURE WITH US. July-August, cool, mountainous Guanajuato, Mexico, coed camp. Fifteen 11-14 year olds. Recorder, ceramics, Spanish, horses. Prof. Dirk Hubers, Art Department, Tulane University, New Orleans 70118.

(Continued on page 156)

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CAMPS

(Continued from page 155)

ADVENTURES in living, expression, pioneering, mathematics. Fun and learning in the Green Mountains. 50 coeds. 6-13. TRUMBULL HILL, Shaftsbury, Vermont.

SUMMERLANE CAMP in the tradition of The Little Commonwealth, Summerhill, The Gorky Colony. Continuing an exploration of the boundaries of freedom in democracy; seeking to teach that love is something more than need; that work and creativity are inseparable. Now in our 4th summer. Boys and girls, ages 5-19. Buckbrook Farm, North Branch 20, N.Y.

D-ARROW CANOE TRIPS. 45 boys, 11-18. Four age groups. Separate survival group. On Grand Lake, Maine. Seven weeks. Lake, white water trips: Maine, Canada. Quaker leadership. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

NEW HORIZON—A children's democracy—with everything. Southampton, L.I. Write 9 East 67th Street, NYC.

HIGH/SCOPE—capable youth 11-16. Flexible program with intellectual challenge. 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

THE FRENCH CAMP at Peter Pan Farm. Voluntary French lessons by Frenchman. Voluntary farm chores. Elaborate Arts-Crafts department. Music, Drama. Horseback riding, filtered swimming pool, tennis court, sports. international staff—campers. Coed, ages 5-16. Relaxed, non-competitive family atmosphere. Aart & Johanna Vos. Phone: Woodstock, N.Y. 914-679-6936.

INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, intergrated (coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey.

BURLEIGH HILL. Boothbay, Maine. Boys. Saltwater sailing instruction, racing. Swimming, sports. $775. Lester Rhoads, 251-18 61st Avenue. Little Neck, N.Y. 11362.

CAMP CHOCONUT—A summer of constructive fun, 40 boys, 9 to 14. Campcraft, shop, natural science, work projects, farm animals, sports. Lake. 800 acres 17 miles south of Binghamton, New York. Booklet. S. Hamill Horne, Box 33R, Gladwyne, Pennsylvania.

PERRY-MANSFIELD CAMP FOR BOYS, Ages 7 through 14. Triple R Appaloosa Horse Ranch, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. Riding, Ranching, Camping Trips, Tennis. Tutoring and Remedial Reading may be arranged. Address: Portia Mansfield, Until May, Box 4026, Carmel, California.

A HAPPY SUMMER SOLUTION (Berkshire area) for boys and girls 7-17. Creative experience in drama • arts • science • music. Water skiing, sailing on private lake. Developmental Reading Program. Camps Orin and Sekwa, 1 Vernon Drive, Scarsdale, New York.

GO NORTH for Fun and Adventure to Woodland in Eagle River, Wisconsin. Girls 6-16. Discover how leadership training can give you new interests, new skills, new confidence. Casual, relaxed, flexible camp life. Name your sport or activity, we have it, from riding to 'rithmetic. (Yes, study, too, if you wish, in Tutorial Center-remedial, enrichment, Elementary and H.S.). Trips, horse shows, water skiing. A great summer. Write Miss C. Hanrahan, Mr. & Mrs G. Borck, 400 East Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois 60601.

HAS YOUR TEENAGE SON OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, ranch-travel-work program, provides constructive, adventuresome experiences. 20th summer. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut.

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WILL YOUR RETIREMENT be a pleasure . . . or a problem? All of your retirement needs can be provided at CRESTVIEW CLUB APARTMENTS. The newest, most carefully appointed apartment-type building in the eastern United States for those 60 years and over. Located in suburban residential Toledo, Ohio, near shopping, with good transportation. Meals, services, and guaranteed life care if and when needed for reasonable monthly fee. For full information on life lease program write: Resident Manager, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio. You will enjoy freedom, friends and fine food at CRESTVIEW.

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CHARTER 57' CHRISCRAFT CRUISER. Bahamas or Florida. Captain. Also intercoastal Florida. To N.Y. in May or June. David Blaushild, 16005 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120.

WALL-TO-WALL-BEACHCOMBING! Driftwood castle on the sand offers Spanish antiques, doorstep swimming, fishing, elegant food! Golf nearby. Driftwood Inn, Vero Beach, Florida.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts.

BUCCANEER INN on Longboat — Secluded hideaway overlooking peaceful Sleepy Lagoon. Patio Rooms, Apartments, Pool, Fishing, Boating, Private Gulf Beach privileges. Long time Holiday Award Restaurant. Write: Buccaneer Inn, Sarasota, Florida 33577.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. new year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

HORSEMEN COME TO US from all over the world. Why not you? Beginners, intermediate, advanced, professionals study theory, dressage, cross-country, jumping under cavalry instructors and have the vacation of their life at the same time. Escuela Ecuestre, S.M.A., Apartado 185-S, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico. Telephone: 255.

SNOWMASS LODGE, ASPEN, COLORADO. Relaxed ranch living in the incomparable beauty of the Colorado Rockies. Write Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

FLORIDA KEYS — ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

MORE SNOW, more sun, more fun. The Yodler, Stowe, Vermont.

HIRAM BLAKE CAMP—on Penobscot Bay, Cape Rosier (Harborside P.O. 04642), Maine. Cottage vacation resort, dining room and lodge, American Plan. Also housekeeping cottages; trailer and tent facilities. Nature trails, wildlife preserve, passenger boat trips, island lobster picnics, sailboats, small boats. Mid-June to mid-September. By advance reservation only. Write for literature to M. Venno, Director. Our 50th Season.

PARADISE REGAINED. Write Sam Grant, The Bay Islands, Honduras, Central America.

CAREFREE. Your cottage in lakeshore pines. Delicious food, good beds, fireplaces, sailboats, sundecks, sauna, lobster bakes, fishing, water skiing, canoe trips, tennis. Children and pets, yes. AAA. Write Chute Homestead, Naples 7, Maine.

REMUDA RANCH—Arizona's riding ranch. First name informality. Wickenburg, Arizona.

TIKI—YOUR TROPIC ISLAND HOME on lush Sanibel Island, Florida. Rent new, furnished cottage. Private Gulf Beach. Ideal swimming, fishing, shelling. Utilities, linens included. Week, Month, Season. Brochure. MAyfair 1-3252, L.I., SR Box A-90.

OGUNQUIT—Famous summer vacation center. Finest beach on coast. Majestic cliffs. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, restaurants, tea rooms. Reserve NOW for cottage rentals by the season. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

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SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. (Quote from Horace Sutton's syndicated column) ". . . it doesn't take any special talent to find the local Hilton . . . but have you yet found THE DUFFYS' . . . ?", a small tropical guest house by the sea where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Superb beach. Sympathique bar. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

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TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

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FOR THOSE WHO want every facility and service, plus the tranquility of casual beach life, write the Fields for literature about their delightful Colony Beach Club, Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida 33577.

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STUDY . . . LIVE IN SCANDINAVIA. Nine months program for students and adults. Learn a language . . . live with families . . . study at residential schools . . . in Denmark, Finland, Norway or Sweden. Scandinavian Seminars, 140 West 57th, NYC 10019.

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VENICE, ITALY, Artists Workshop. Summer sessions in art and humanities. Box R-252.

CULTURAL AFFAIRS INSTITUTE, late June, July. Travel Great Britain, Italy, lectures. Youth and adult groups. Drama. Writing. Art. Renaissance Florence. Among lecturers: Albert Finney, Lord Snow, Sir John Rothenstein, Prof. Gulfo Frulla. Write P.O. Box 5181, Santa Barbara, California.

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1666

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Trembling; unsteady.	93 183 98 121 113 180 142
B. In mining, the ventilating shaft up which the used air passes away.	94 132 17 3 191 78
C. Deprive of strength.	2 115 143 108 80 59 164 29
D. Number of leaves to an octodecimo.	158 46 169 38 188 129 119 103
E. One of the replacements needed in *Ecclesiastes xii*, 6 (2 wds.)	82 163 185 127 11 64 41 141
F. Veins, collectively.	176 149 58 124 84 120 7 77
G. Another way of saying how the animals went into the Ark (2 wds.)	160 100 138 21 76 44 67
H. Colloq. for brazenfaced.	118 56 192 104 18 23
I. What Timon of Athens called the sun, sea, moon, earth, in his philosophical speech to the robbers.	37 189 165 69 194
J. Exaggerated; what some unfortunate did to his bank surplus.	35 73 153 116 86 45 60 10
K. Soaked again.	68 57 65 19 88
L. Colloq. U.S. name for the tiny mushroom likely to form the *fairy ring*, which turns black upon being cooked (2 wds.)	72 125 51 190 112 24 182
M. Fur of the young karakul lamb.	139 54 90 187 175 31 79 12 168
N. Cervidae.	123 131 97 4
O. Confuse.	74 152 161 130 49 135 34 140 85
P. *Cynara scolymus*, popular vegetable.	30 26 147 95 136 42 16 166 53
Q. Any of numerous morbid states characterized by stiffness and soreness of joints and muscles.	144 171 52 81 181 106 62 134 87 8
R. Bewitch.	71 33 92 102 61 156 9 193
S. Twining spirally upward around an axis, from right to left.	27 83 50 63 14 170 111 101 133 40 91
T. Bryant's greatest poem, written at the age of eighteen.	22 174 66 184 89 13 151 28 99 154 107
U. White cloth thrown over a baby for baptism.	70 128 157 167 6 39 146
V. Formal English greeting (4 wds.)	105 43 55 20 186 126 179 25 159 145
W. Where we find Beethoven's symphonic message of Victory in Morse code (3 wds.)	32 155 96 148 5 36 137 178 150 15
X. Morning reception or assembly.	162 172 109 122 114
Y. Describing the gentle, sympathetic look (comp.)	47 117 1 173 177 48 110 75

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

■	■	1 Y	2 C	■	3 B	4 N	5 W	■	6 U	7 F	8 Q	9 R	10 J	11 E	12 M	13 T
■	14 S	15 W	16 P	17 B	18 H	19 K	20 V	■	21 G	22 T	■	23 H	24 L	25 V	26 P	■
27 S	28 T	29 C	30 P	31 M	32 W	33 R	34 O	■	35 J	36 W	■	37 I	38 D	39 U	40 S	41 E
■	42 P	43 V	44 G	45 J	46 D	47 Y	■	48 Y	49 O	50 S	51 L	52 Q	53 P	54 M	■	55 V
56 H	57 K	58 F	■	59 C	60 J	61 R	62 Q	63 S	64 E	■	65 K	66 T	67 G	■	68 K	69 I
70 U	71 R	72 L	73 J	74 O	75 Y	■	76 G	77 F	■	78 B	79 M	80 C	■	81 Q	82 E	83 S
84 F	85 O	86 J	■	87 Q	88 K	89 T	90 M	91 S	92 R	■	93 A	94 B	95 P	96 W	97 N	■
98 A	99 T	■	100 G	101 S	■	102 R	103 D	104 H	■	105 V	106 Q	107 T	■	108 C	109 X	110 Y
111 S	■	112 L	113 A	114 X	115 C	■	116 J	117 Y	118 H	119 D	120 F	121 A	122 X	123 N	■	124 F
125 L	126 V	127 E	128 U	129 D	130 O	131 N	■	132 B	133 S	134 Q	135 O	136 P	137 W	138 G	139 M	140 O
141 E	142 A	■	143 C	144 Q	145 V	146 U	■	147 P	148 W	149 F	■	150 W	151 T	■	152 O	153 J
■	154 T	155 W	156 R	157 U	158 D	159 V	160 G	161 O	162 X	163 E	■	164 C	165 I	166 P	167 U	168 M
169 D	■	170 S	171 Q	172 X	173 Y	■	174 T	175 M	176 F	177 Y	■	178 W	179 V	180 A	■	181 Q
182 L	■	183 A	184 T	185 E	186 V	187 M	188 D	189 I	190 L	■	191 B	192 H	193 R	194 I	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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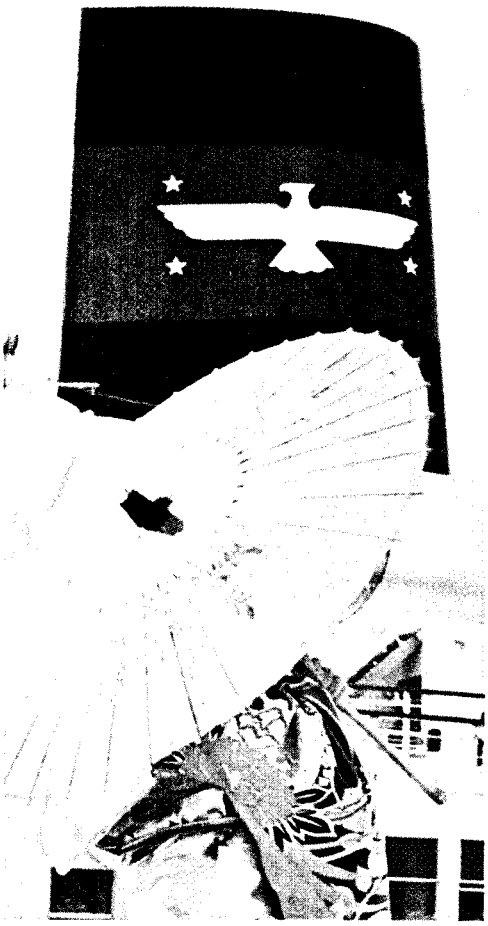

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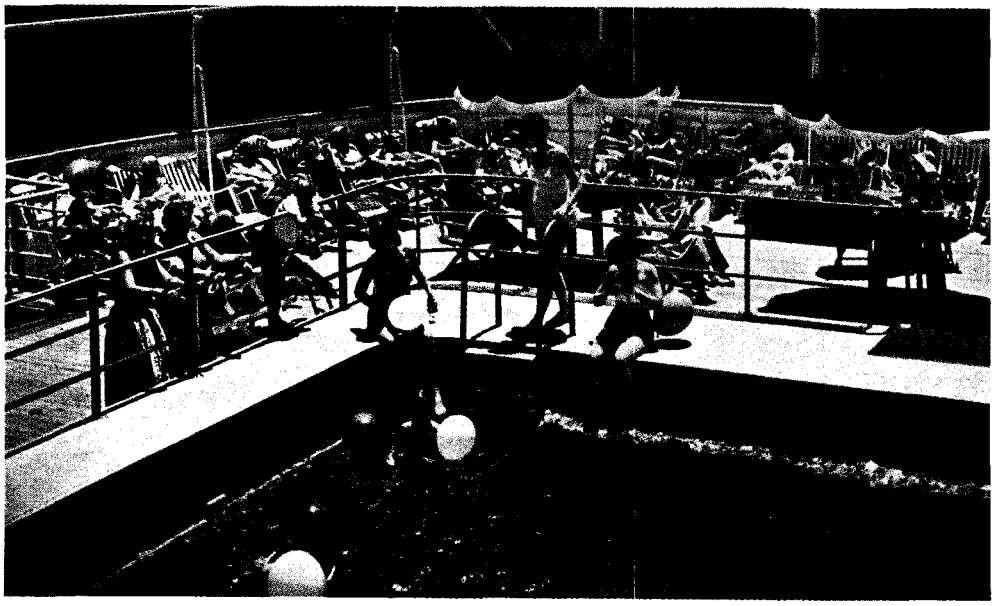

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